

AARON R. GAY,
STATIONER,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK
MANUFACTURER,
No. 130 State Street,
BOSTON.



Small Jan 4. 74
"Not want of heart, but want of art
Hath made my gift so small;
Then bring heart - take heartily how
To make mounds for all.
Take gift with heart - and heart with gift -
Let will supply my want;
For willing heart - was hearty will
"For is nor shall be scant."

And you think that is a pretty verse?

improving manner of
Horn. Chas. do, at return of first - we eat



Lowell Jan 4. 74

"Not want of heart, but want of wit

Heath made my gift so small;

Then loving heart - take hearty love

To make friends for all.

Take gift with heart - and heart with gift -

Let will supply my want;

For willing heart - was hearty will

None is nor shall be scant."

Did you think that is a pretty verse?



Lamps as could conveniently be placed from cellar to garret. on some of the houses I counted over 500 lamps. Paintings - but more doubt on close inspection were arranged in such a manner behind these lights as to give a most imposing effect. They were mostly Indian scenes. But in one house - that of Sarsaboy Murrenson - above beneath an Arch of 210 Lights turning Red White & Blue. Hang a life size portrait of Gen Geo Washington - directly beneath hang a Lithograph of Genl Webster & on each side of him two Engines from the Lowell Machine shop. The Columbia & Leader. Below this again was the scene of Boston Bay with Steamer Lewiston & Montreal & two other in the back ground. & the words "Success to American commerce." - About 11 P.M. we went on board very much satisfied with the scene. Monday there was a dinner party on board the Sabine - Capt Lane of "Lumpstake's" - Capt Barber of Galitia - Capt Knight of "Viradine" - Mr Entwistle from Murchein. & Mr Stephen Maxwell. This party after making merry until 4 P.M. went on shore & rode

to the Country seat of Sarsalhooy & -
& at 10 retired on board. Monday morn-
ing Mr. Fredrick, Capt Lane & Stephen &
& myself set sail to visit one of the
most interesting wonders in India. The
Cave of Elephanta. They are on an Is-
land about 9 miles long & four broad
distance about 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the
ships. There was a very light air when
we started & we did not arrive until
12 o'clock. The water is very shallow &
from our big boat we were obliged to
get in a canoe & be paddled on shore
by a native towed by two. The distance
was about 500 yards - Then there is
a gradual ascent of 214 steps to 13
of a mile in distance. & the mouth
of the cave opens to view - Entrance a
hoof 50 feet wide by 40 high. it ex-
tends back about 200 feet. & leads off
in ten different apartments. The roof
is supported by 22 Pillars or columns left
standing from the solid rock during
the excavation. These are rudely but
elaborately carved. Architecture is Doric &
Corinthian - Many of them are fast falling
down. & all are more or less decayed.
The figures are carved from the solid

rock, & of colossal proportions -
well formed but more especially those
intended to represent females. There are
eigheten of these large ones some with three
heads some with one - some with ten
arms some with only two. 30 feet in height
& proportioned accordingly. of the smaller
ones I did not count. But I should
^{think} there were some 400 or 500. Of this age
there are no traditions, two discovered
by the English very much as it now
stands - & as far back as any record are
traced in India say 1800 years. its ex-
istence has been known & even at
that early date two unrecd. there are
many conflicting opinions regarding it.
Notwith it is the greatest curiosity of art
I have ever visited. though under the
Classical features we so much admire
we can trace in this cone, through every
representation. The Grecian & Roman
more. the deep & thoughtful brow
the Herculean frame & tawny skin.
But without the Ethiopian lips hang
to every face. Even this alone shows
that in those dark ages, they were aware
of the existence of other races & other
countries. For none in India have

seen this lip, except, in those derived
from Ethiopia. There is much in
this com to study - there is much to
learn. & the more one wishes, the
more one learns. Hazard Taylor in
his travels through India & Japan
gives a very interesting account of it.
After partaking of a very good collation
prepared by my Steward which we en-
joyed in the Cabin in Primitive
style, beneath the frowning features of
of Giants. & I have no doubt an un-
approving smile from my Lady with
those cheeks, at whose feet we sat.
We sallied down to the beach to again
embark. The Wind was blowing very
fresh. & a heavy squall was rising
at S.E. Mr Fredrick & Mr Morsett
embarked first, & arrived on board
the boat safe with only a good duck-
ing from the spray - The Boat re-
turned for Capt Lane & myself. &
we embarked in this light canoe.
When about half way from shore to
our large boat, & were back our ca-
noe under the lee & over we went.
But being both good swimmers we
engaged the joke. & towed the Boat to

Sketches of Bombay - for my Journal -
The Bungalows of Bombay are so unique
& pretty. They have beautiful verandas,
wide & high with lofty porches for the
carriages to drive under - & the whole
surrounded with fine shrubs & flowers.
The Parsi women never show their hair to any
except their husbands & their nearest relatives.
The entrance to Bombay harbor is very beautiful.
It is like an immense lake studded with ~~thousand~~
picturesque & rocky islands, of which Salsette
& Elephanta are the largest next to the islands
of Bombay itself. The coast is very fine, ranges
beyond of range mountains, & then a steep
& steep such as we do not dream of at home.
Just outside of the Port is a very fine sitting statue of
Lord Wellesley, with two other figures, & lions beneath
him. The men all wear large dandals quite of a
classic form - huge turbans, & often bangles on their
legs. The Parsis are known by their fair complex-
ions & caps which are made of shining black
oilcloth with a pattern on it. They are a handsome

[illegible]

at a cost of £5,000 £s. by Gov. Duncan to pre-
vent the sea overflowing this part of the Island,
turning it into a salt marsh covered with
dead fish, & thus rendering the whole Island
so unhealthy that Europeans could not live
there over three years. Whereas, since this
work has been made, the Island of Brou-
has become one of the most salubrious
places of all Brouha India. At other times we
would drive to a large tank with towers
covered with pigeon holes for the purpose
of containing lights. Around Malabar
Hill is a beautiful drive. Indeed I
think the whole of Brouha exceedingly
pretty. Next to a famous Chinese Pagoda
kept by a Priest. It is full of beautiful things
Cabinets, trays, & every thing. There are
intricate sects in every of China circled
the mind become bewildered in "celestial"
beauties - I was worked into every im-
aginable form. Badly puzzled. Pagodas -
Temples. Gongs & bells

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 185-
 1934

The pleasure is to know that all these delays
 are apparent for us by our thousands of letters
 in this year than in last for us.

The Wonderful Crocodile

Come list ye Landsmen unto me
To tell ye the truth I'm bound -
What happened to me in gang & lee
And the wonders which I found

Shipwrecked I was once off Peru -
& Cast upon the shore
Where I resolved to take a cruise
The country to explore

When far I had not scathed out
Was close alongside the ocean I ran
I saw something more when first -
I thought twice all the world in nature

But coming up close along side
I found it a crocodile
I saw the end of his nose to top of tail
Was just five hundred miles -

This crocodile you might plenty see
Was not of the common race -
For I had to climb a very high tree
Before I could see his face -

When up in the tree aloft - was I -
It blew a gale from the south
I loved my bed & quilt so you see
Till right in this crocodile month.

He quickly closed his jaws on me
& thought he grabbed a victim -
But I ran down his throat - & eye see
& that's the way I tricked him.

I travelled on for a month or two,
Till I came to his Belly -
Where I found much Ray not a few
And plenty of Rum & jelly.

Of life I cherished my care -
For Grub I was not stinted -
And I lived in this crocodile
Very well contented.

This crocodile being very old
Also one day he died
He was full six months growing cold
He was so long & wide -

His skin was twelve miles thick
Or somewhere thereabout

284
284
0.54

For I was 20 years or more
A digging a Hole to get out.

& Now once more I'm safe on shore
I'm resolved ~~to~~ now more to roam
In a ship that passed I took a Berth
& Now I'm safe at home -

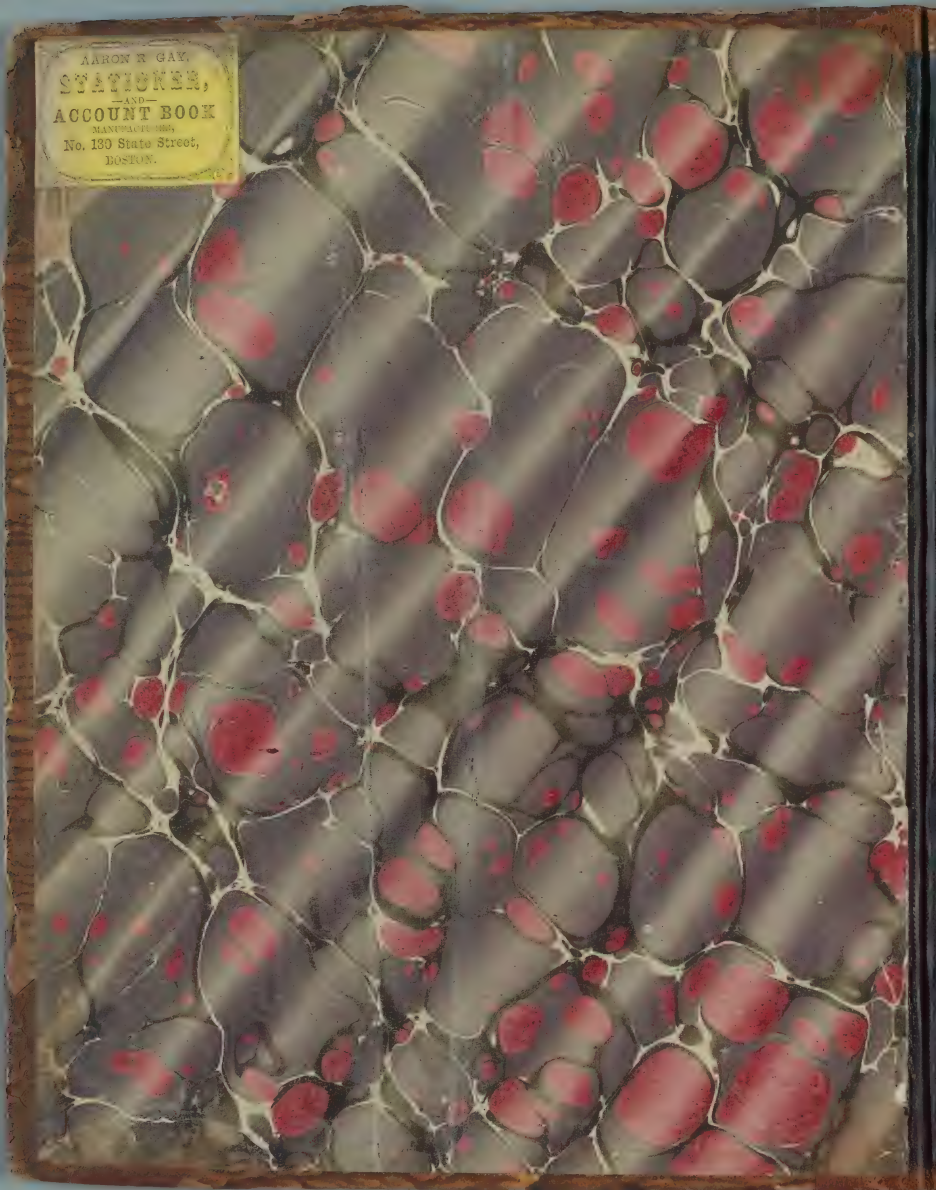
If any one should doubt my tale
Should you ever travel the Hills
Just where he fell you'll find the shell
Of this wonderful Crocodile -

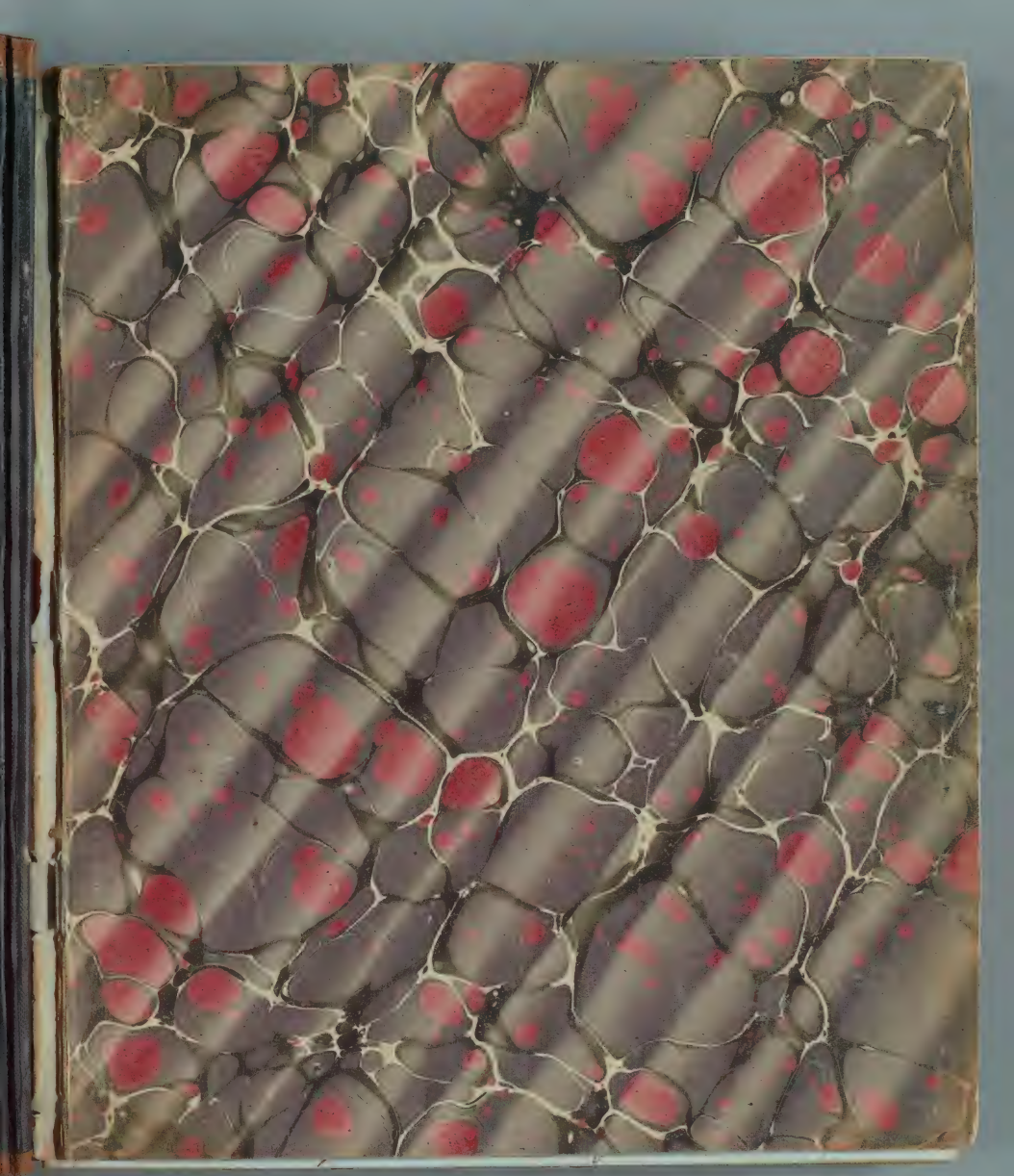
& When he opened his mouth
Perhaps you may think it a lie
His nose went above the clouds ^{times} three
& his tongue near reached the sky

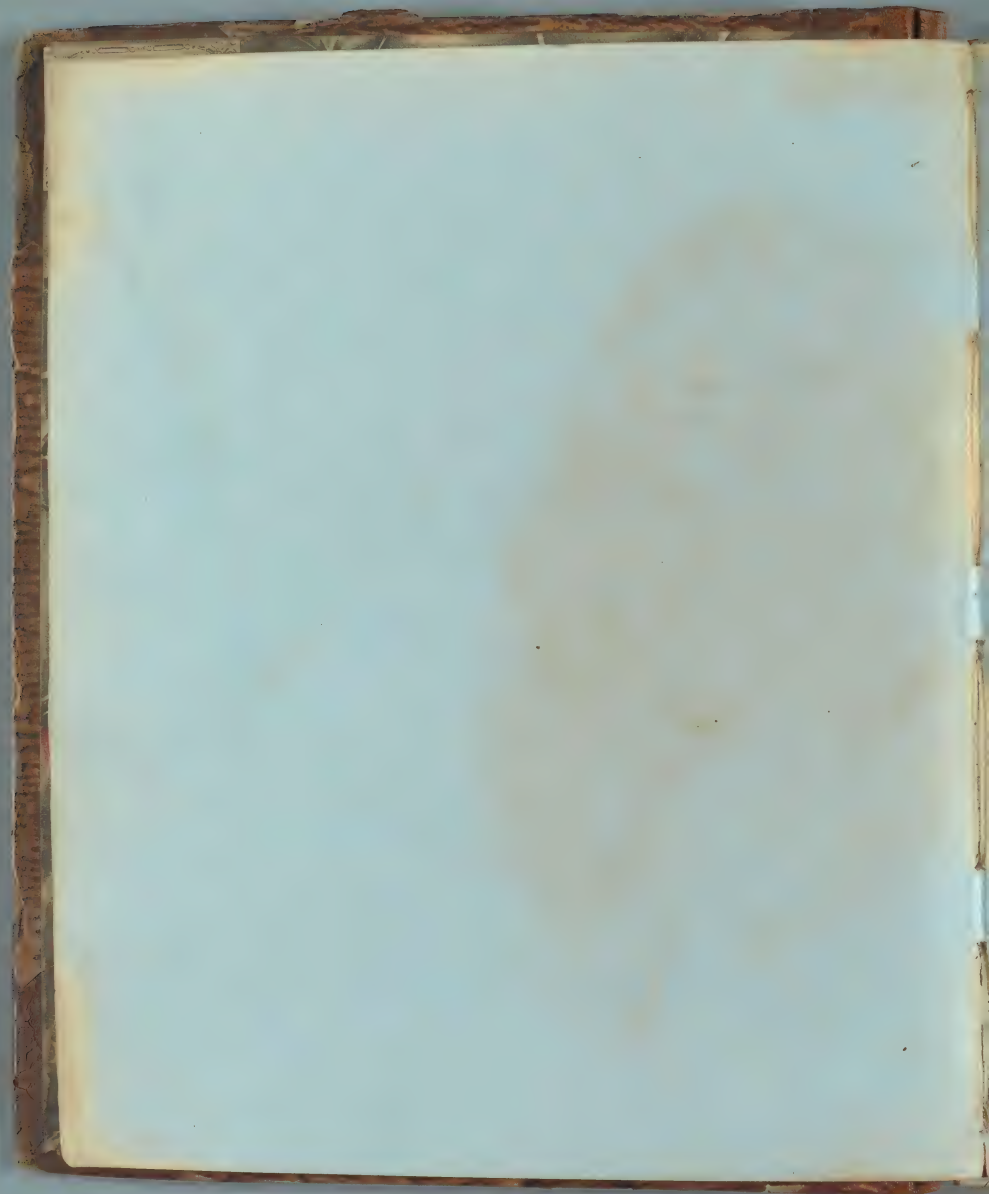
My dear friend
I have just received
your letter of the 10th inst.
and am glad to hear
that you are well.
I am also well and hope
this finds you the same.
I have not much news
to write at present.
I am, dear friend,
very truly yours,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Enclosed find a copy
of the report of the
Committee on the
Education of the
Colored People of
the State of New York
for the year 1854.

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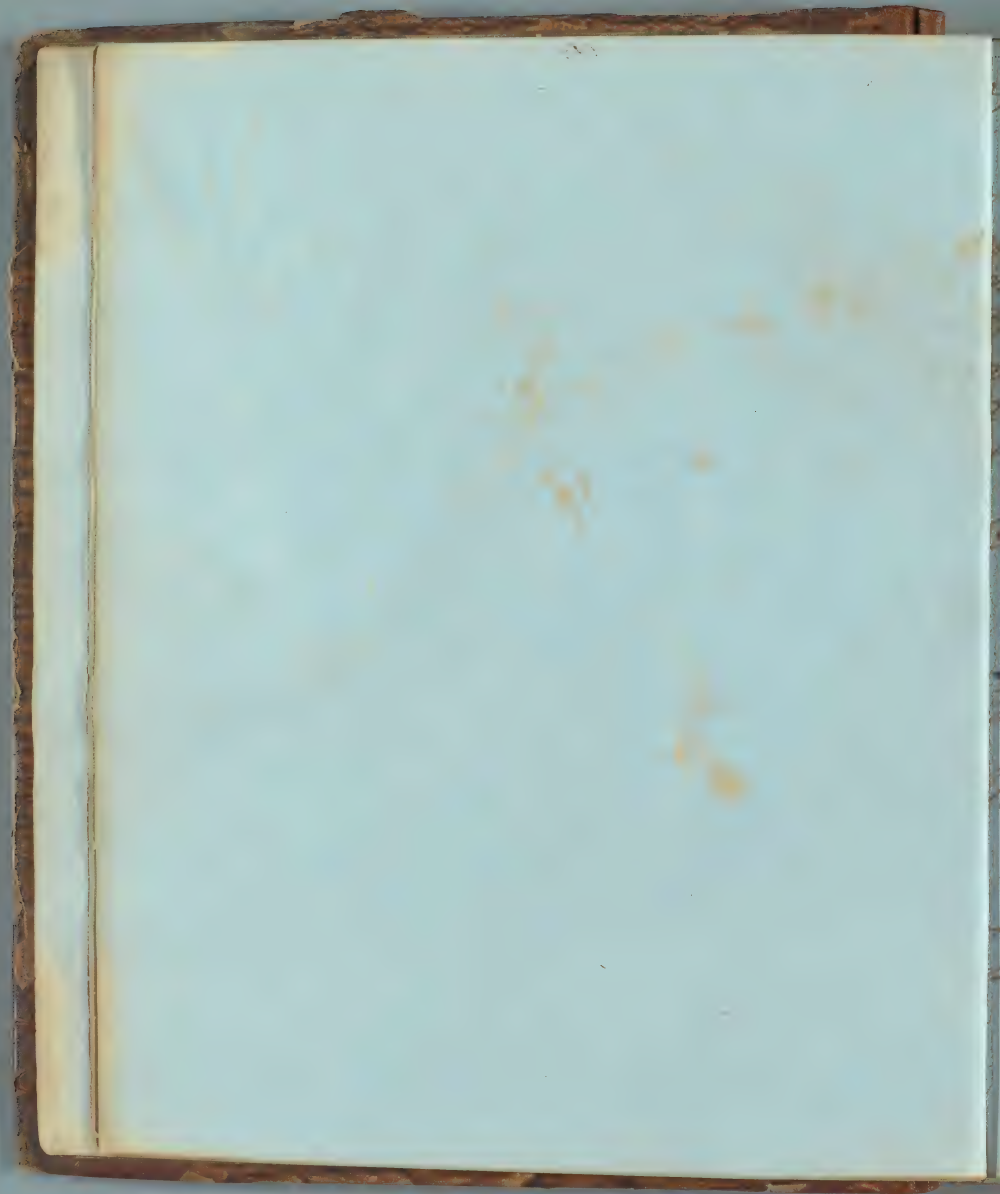




Salix from *Salix caprea* L.
 Leaves 27 mm long, 11 mm
 wide, 1/10 mm thick.



Wings from a *Phaenocarpa* species
 on branch in the passage
 Port of Bombay 1960



Saturday Oct 14th

Left Charleston at 11th AM.
 proceeded down the Harbor - At 1st PM.
 Boston Light House barely with
 most all the day over at home, & for
 the first time in life found myself under
 the protection of my husband.
 At 3rd O went below sick stormy night
 refused on the sofa.

Sunday Oct. 15th

Sick - with Sullivan ideas of
 the sea. Amused during the intervals
 of her sickness watching Cook & others
 still on the sofa, sick & home sick

Sunday Oct 15th

Sick - with most vivid rec-
 ollections of a pompous P. O. man,
 & brother worrying about father
 some - & away I come to home.

Tuesday Oct 17th

Gale of wind, little sick. with
some pains &c.

Wednesday Oct 18th

With moderating began to feel
better - & thought I should be content
to rest for the present. Nothing of no
consequence other than I -

Thursday Oct 19th

Still on reading again, & poor
feels again.

Friday Oct 20th

Spent last at home pleasant
and as usual has a short time. sit
up some - but easier to his down.

Saturday Oct 21st

Still again.

Sunday Oct 22nd

Went on deck during the day
& did some time - but some labor
as well as some -

Monday Oct 23rd -

Stormy & rainy couldn't
go on deck if I would. I am still
hope all day.

Augustus E. Mendenhall

for

Mr. Mendenhall

Tuesday Oct 24th

So long ago I have no

idea of what happened - and since our situation
has so kindly condescended to my friends -
and since I am accustomed to writing in a
kitchen, I shall now I am shall return to
him (instead of to the legislature) to finish
it for me. I tho' I knew it would be more
and giving to my friends at home - if I kept
it myself. Even tho' it might not be as
interesting a book - I'll see what I can do
for the shipping - No more good -

100
Friday - November 18th 1872 - I have proposed
at New Orleans - how many times within the last
few weeks - have I proposed writing in my jour-
nal - and as many have been told since by
attacks of sea-sickness - The first five weeks of
our voyage must be gathered from a letter I have
by return to as to kind in our husbands letters
sent to the dear ones at home - Father's letters on them
I suppose - as their daughter & sister could not get
enough to keep a description of her first voyage at
home to their amusement. The letter spoken of above
was thus - "Ship 'Cabin' - in Route Boston -
I tell the dear ones at home, these sheets are most
respectfully sub-cited - As I find my dear
wife is not going to keep her journal well brotten,
that she may have an idea, how we passed the hours
of the voyage, I will now take upon myself the task
of giving you a full description of our passage -
shortly & positively. To begin then in the good old
style - at the beginning - with Boston light under
our lee - With a fine westerly wind - the "Cabin"
spread her canvas to the breeze. Her bold action
to all our loved ones - with tearful eyes (and one
aching heart -) and cast off - from in the dis-
tance the steamer left us - and on towards the

5

Highlands of Cape Cod sped the good ship - within
whose cabin walls so many hopes were centered.
Gracefully she rode over the pillow, making her
kind adieu to old Neptune, and ere she had
fairly passed Vernal Light - I was alone on the
deck - Above the masts ship was describing in large
circles the sweep of her long spars - while below, Neptune
was receiving his customary tribute - and the Fishes
having a treat. About 8 P.M. we passed Cape Cod light
house, and the wind hauling fair - we reached under
a cloud of canvas - With this fair wind, and all things
in ship-shape order - I gave the course - and made
her spit from the deck to meet my darling wife - "How
do you feel dear?" "Give me the boat quick" - was her answer.
In the boat already was deposited Paul, read - me
& - promiscuously floating about with every motion
of the ship - I tried to have Gus express a sublime
idea of the Ocean - but all to no purpose - Matilda
was always with a puff - Not even did she ask me
to throw her to the fishes - I tried to make her as com-
fortable as possible, with bits of lemon - & the boat
always ready - and succeeded to far - that for
fifteen minutes she did not puff once - and
I fell asleep by her side - that is, she on the sofa - &
I on the floor - Thus ended the first day - with re-

casual spells of bubing during the night. The next
day being Sunday - and no Church - rather a
little rough - and the monotony of the day re-
vived by spewing - Cockroaches in abundance -
and a little (good deal) home diep - with an utter
disput for word of all kinds - Monday - Still as
self as possible to live - with vivid recollections
of a Pump - Pitcher & Ice - So long she came
to sea - and began to call me a selfish mortal
for missing it - and reproaches herself for not
listening to Mother - Tuesday - Fall of mind -
Nausea increasing - more find - nothing to do
with sea-sickness - grand concert of the trio -
& named the "Prima donna" (If I am not
much mistaken - we might call it "quartette",
instead of trio, for I have a recollection, and
all my life - of seeing a certain person
with a Brandy Bottle in his hand - and
that the individual himself, said - "it was
to cure sea-sickness") Magnificent choruses
of the tempo varied occasionally with
spewing. Ship uneasy, tripping one side &
then the other. Wednesday - Gale moderating
and beginning to feel a little better, think she
should be more contented - if the Roaches were

out of the way. Hans still useless, of no use
whatsoever, sicker than Gus. and pale from puffing.
Thursday, gale, increasing, and the same
old routine, sick and murmuring, and then
it continues until we are in the Trade winds.
Here the air is fine and clear, the sky very
slightly mottled with clouds, and Gus con-
tinued to come on deck a little every day -
watches the beautiful sunsets, and thinks Father
was "so mean" not to come on board. Talks
about the Pump & Ice - and wonders if the
expected ice will not bore ice-water. Gus
now seems so much better, the little "Kings"
are in her hands almost every opportunity.
One day she sits up all day - and the next
poor girl is down again, with an insane
mania for washing mittles. - Every morning she
takes her breakfast in bed, and never thinks
of rising till that is finally down - & even then
is obliged to pass a great portion of the
day on the Sofa. Has one little Dress &
shirt all finished, into which she put the
little Maltese fitter, and tossed her up & down.
"Pussus buty," "Mama's fat, I'll have some com-
fort" - Almost every day - Gus taps out all

the little "fixings," and in her mind makes up lots of pretty little things, and winds up "Wont that loaf sweetly with little Diamond Calchups?" Of course I acquiesce, as what happy Father would not. Then at times I am so glad to see Gus so sick I swear I'll become a Baby-hater. We are now in the Goldenrod - 35 days at sea, and 3500 miles from Home. Gus remained about the same, sick most of the time. She complained of sickness at the stomach in the morning, heart-bury during the day, and a queer kind of head-ache most all the time. The weather such as we are having now in these Goldenrod Latitudes, is enough to make he or she, has all the ill flesh is heir to, Damp, dismal & rainy, Wind from all points of the Compass - in the space of an hour - Thus far, & no farther has our dear Thomas got in his descriptive letter to the dear ones at home - I will add the conclusion of the whole matter - as soon as it is issued from his brain, - I can swear in regard to the truth of this journal - it is not exaggerated one particle - Had I had

written it myself I fear I should have written
a great many more sea-sicknesses - some
sicknesses - & indeed heart-sicknesses - for
who would not be discouraged & heart-
sick - to suffer continually for five weeks, &
away from home on the "Blue Blad" man,
and know that the worst was in store for
them. For we know not the "end" or where
it will happen, what is still worse, I fear
I have a good husband who loves me - &
who has loved dearly by me - but at this
time, I must still say - Mother knows best.
Could I have been with Thomas for the 8.
months - and at home the 9th - how very
delightful it would be - however I shall
try to be resigned, since it cannot
be so - and be happy in the thought
that with Gods will - I shall ^{have} a little "Pet"
to present them on our return home -
The five weeks that we have been out have
passed away very quickly - tho' not as pleas-
antly, or profitably, as I could have wished
on account of the sickness - however - I hope
there are better days coming - The thermometer
is from 70° to 85° all the time - Too warm -

Sunday - November - 19th 1859. Very warm indeed -
 especially all day - Saw a school of Black Fish - 12
 Fish nearly as large as a whale - also a Portuguese Man
 of War - a beautiful little Fish - Mr. East undertook
 to show off his agility this afternoon - by going down
 into the water - He did not succeed as well as he
 hoped - and was obliged to call for help - Made
 one little Sambo's garment today - Quite a pretty
 little affair - Which the little fellow was in it.

Sunday - November 20. Another uncomfortable hot
 day - Took a salt water bath in my new "Bath
 tub" which I enjoyed very much - Put on my
 Black Silk - the first time I have seen myself
 look at all natural - and even now I do not - For
 my hair seems to be all falling off - I have
 tried to imagine myself at home this beau-
 tiful Sabbath day - however I find it hard to
 think of them as sitting at home by the side
 of Coal fires - while here we find it almost
 impossible to keep comfortable with fire - & their
 clothing - The thermometer ranges from 82° to
 85° all the time - night as well as day - which
 makes it all the more tedious to bear. We have
 progressed very slowly since yesterday noon - made
 but six miles - God bless & preserve all the dear ones.

Monday - December 21st. Rose starts the season home,
 I find me well, really very comfortable, and take
 my breakfast in bed - and then remain till it has
 perfectly digested - if possible - I must say that I
 find it a disagreeable one - and one that I do not
 abandon just as soon as I possibly can. Light squalls
 of mind and rain - at least went home in the last.
 Charles I shall be glad to see we get out of these
 Old Corner latitudes - for never was more disagree-
 able weather than we have experienced in the last ten
 days - I am feeling decidedly better - hope I shall
 not have any more of those awful phlegm spells -
Tuesday - December 22nd - Still the same kind of weather
 and no change too. I found this morning was taken
 from the day - I was unable to go to the office
 at either Morgant - and indeed could not get up at the
 moment at a time - accomplished but little in
 the line of fine writing -

Wednesday - December 23rd - Much the same kind of weather.
 Feeling decidedly better in reality but at least a
 little ill - for a night since - better retained in my
 head than in my breast - Having it getting along very
 well - Have a great many business to make - and also
 some thing or more right as summer did - but at
 present I am for the most part in bed at all -

Third day - November 24th This day has been appointed
 by our most worthy Captain to his Excellency Mr. Steward
 to a last of Public Thanksgiving & Prayer - & the latter
 I fear there was a little. The day was a pleasant one
 and we had a grand spread on board our good Ship
 Capt. O. - & which I shall keep at my other length soon.
 I have I believe it was a long time since the day if it
 was I am beginning to have - imagined it was - & that
 I could see all the dear ones - For the previous night
 I had - and wondering if I could see all life to be
 put up to it - of one thing I am certain - he would
 not have to produce me as much as it is - That
 I shall be better to - & he is in the house - Mother and
 all & his sister - & sister I was with the - I am
 Mother and sister & mine, I have nearly known - in
 not at last - The last passed as pleasant as
 could be expected - even at sea - and ended with a
 most happy result - and we very good Pass of time
 mine, which I am upon her feet - and into the
 ship where I was - Corporal's seat upon the West
 End - which I saw, through the kindness of the Command
 who called me & assisted me with his kind words
 under the shade - & the Captain had his side
 coming out in the rain - Mr. O. says - I am going to
 the house soon.

Sunday November 20th Feeling quite nicely after our day
of Thompsons - Cut out several little articles - and
made one little sheet - Hope all these little things will
not be made in vain - Now thinking of getting back to
Aunt - That long life you had waits for us - as they come
up out of the water - fly off at a little distance & come
again - We have now been out 42 days - and have
traveled 3834 miles -

Monday November 20th We crossed the river at 5
o'clock, this morning - in fog 51° 30' high - having been
6989 miles - Beautiful weather now - The rainings are
very pleasant - We sit upon deck usually till about
8 o'clock enjoying the beautiful scenery & the fine
scenery in the distance -

Tuesday November 21st A delightful day - found much
life and pleasure in this trip - No church at the
end we pass the day as agreeably as possible - with
our books and writings - Wonder if Nellie has had her
company at church today - I married last night
and a little boy - thought was a laughing little fellow -
and when they put him to our breast - he looked
at me and then laughed - I married of a little too -
Thomas has written some more in his letter which
I will put upon the next page - as a continuation of
the first three pages -

132
This is certainly one of the most unpleasant regions
in the face of our globe. A dense close atmosphere,
except for a shower after a shower - when there is
sun, but - and the air is particularly refreshed - but
a hot glowing sun soon heats the room - and but for
the mysterious shade of the幔s, & continual rapping
of the winds - which but a little air in circulation,
it would be almost insupportable. No person unless
a hot spot, can form an adequate idea of its unplea-
sant effects. There is a degree of latitude uncon-
querable, which even the sun retains grace still so
barbarous & decorating. Our hot Tibet. They are
harder & deeper than the last have seen & never
passed in my life - (because I've had more in life)
unless in the same latitude - and then we have had
Thunder & lightning as an attendant on the rains.
and such lightning was fearful - but then it had
a double purpose - first teaching us we were depen-
dant creatures on the will of our great God & next,
and second, it cleared the atmosphere, and the
Sun would rise in the fresh air, and we would feel
again, as if a little portion of a few clothes would
make no more presentations to those around us.
Up to the present time we have had only a few distant
flashes of lightning, & many "bells" of Thunder -

those issuing from the lungs of my Red Spice. as he
 gives the necessary commands to the Guatemalan
Maisto under his Indispensable. The above needs
 a little explanation which I will take the liberty to
 furnish. Mr. Pratt is the Spice Spicer of - & of the
truth which he told - is rather a prover - I judge.
 His voice is as more commanding on deck than mine
 would be - and the manner of his commands, are such
 "will you be so kind as to do this & so - never mind
 you need not now". You can imagine how the matter
 might be - with the Thermometer on deck at 82°. &
 in the Cabin (when it rained) with all the light - &
 & but - which I do not dare to look at it. I can
 only give you a faint idea of it. viz - Two, prelud
step along - & have the "voices" with only the key
in her hand, & having the reason of her heart & not
her side. She soon then sleeps on the floor - instead
of frame & good wide beds - and waits to find her
companion, unless a kitten or the dog - & agrees
with such companions upon a time one is near
in Pajamas & London - he silently sneaks in under
her side. (Those little bitings are just as quaint &
mischievous as they can be - I now sleap with her
& as usual right - either with me or near by the
Office -

South of the Va. The doldrums are now a storm,
 and the good ship Nature is running up with a high
 E. Trade wind. The dull & sluggish bones of the
 Colon will have shivered & split & in new beautiful
 vigorous new bones are slowly passing up down the
 coast of North America. A few more miles & the
 system will be perfect, and all the beautiful of the
 Northern Hemisphere in the Harard, made for
 tonight must wait to longer through. This is fast
 improving her health - is now decidedly better. She
 has in the morning earlier & does not have to lie
 down on the sofa - free from or free from all
 distress. As the sailing made as a T. P. O. O. O.
 the rest in house of our annual Thanksgiving.
 On ship board appointed Thursday, the 1st of
 last of November, in honor of that fine honored
 nation - and as you will like to know how we are
 to this day have faced in that day, I will have
 out our bill of fare - Soup - Boiled Ham, Boiled
 Chicken & Roasted Turkey - Corned Beef - Potatoes -
 Mashed Potatoes - Baked Tomatoes - Macaroni
 Ties - Mashed Potatoes - Rice - Pumpkin Pudding - Apples
 - Almonds - Raisins - Tamarinds - & seeds
 of all kinds - The whole washed down with
 Hot apple & rum - & Scotch Whisky -

without see. The cat down to the table at 8 P.M. & was
 at 8. was well satisfied with our Thanksgiving dinner.
 But we rose from the table at this limited feast.
 we drank one toast in good old Cherry Wine to the three
 dear ones - and wondered if, was Thanksgiving at
 home, if Father was wishing us had some of the
 Chicken Salad, but he had accidentally ^{been} spoiled
 in dressing - Two other wishes she was home, & I
 take it for granted she wished I was there also - The
 Wednesday of the Christmas is fast progressing under
 her skillful hands - This is what that looks so
 coming - I am almost tempted to kiss the little
 creature - Francis has been totting around here pas-
 sing from one side to the other - till she is all
 black - At his present time she is in good water.
 Mr. old Hapbin (Heston) as he calls him - she
 has heard the sailors say he always press his sea-
 hands a visit when they cross the line (the first
 time) - & Francis expects him to give her a visit
 Water Bath & be regularly initiated into the My-
 stery of his being Striglow -

Monday - November 18 - A fine day - the same as all
at sea - for we have had fine weather. Feeling quite
nervous - Accomplished considerably in my household
arrangements - At about 8 o'clock on 11th Nov. it
would be more proper to say that a large steam
tugboat passed us - crossed our bows in the distance.
It was a beautiful sight - and I wished that we
were on board of her instead of in this old war-
torn ship.

Tuesday - November 19 - It does not seem to be of
much use in keeping a journal at sea - for our
days are so much alike - Every other day I am
quite able to do up on deck - and do something
towards completing the wardrobe of my little
one, that is to be, I hope - the next I am hardly
able to lie upon the sofa without groaning - and
it is only so much of a wonder if I am a little in-
clined to be cross - altho' I had not been aware
of the fact till my husband informed me that
I had been just as cross as a bear all the time.
I had really flattered myself that I was an
exception to the general rule in this case - But
I find I was in the wrong - We are all too apt to
be kind to our own faults - This will apply gen-
erally - of course the garment fits -

Wednesday November 15th. Another day like all
 the rest - beautiful - But good day too - for I am
 not able to have two good ones in succession - I have
 been reminded often of our dear old Father in Heaven
 since I have had such fair weather - for there is
 one good one & then a poor one - I am old Lady
 I hope her good days will continue till we return
 that we may be blessed with seeing her again -
 I can hardly expect it - she is getting so very
 aged - but I am sick - at the present after dark
 tonight & to-morrow - The moon is so bright
 & so clear - and one can see the bright stars
 of the heavens in the night - "Great & Wonderful
 are thy works, O God" - when gazing at the
 changes in the heavens - The stars - the planets
 & the moon so bright - so beautiful - so clear
 it seems more beautiful here than in London -

I should have written December 1st will add the remainder of
 our two hands letter. as that will answer better for
 the description of the bird & describe also for the ac-
 count of the island of Timor. I shall hope to help
 a letter more of good things when I am able to write
 a good day. as to Thomas and Mr. Pearce - how I can
 write once a week. and then once in two - as
 when I was able to write. the "tippy ship" keeps up and
 keeps taking that I find it not so an impropriety to
 be sent my pen over the paper at all - One week more
 is exped. to say the letter - and we are now preparing
 to depart. The Bugbear came & it is now has
 been cleared, and we passed by the formidable
 Promisur Cape without touching, and stood board
 on to the S. with a brisk S.E. Trade wind. Bright
 moonlight nights with hardly a cloud in the
 sky, we sit on deck not in each other's arms for
 that would be beneath the dignity of Captain,
 or Hollander - However we sit as near as the Master of
 "tippy ship," will allow us - and thus the hours pass
 away. When Gus is not working on some little firm
 we talk of home, wonder what all are doing, and
 wish for the Pump - & Ice - Pitcher - Tired of one thing
 we go to another, making plans for the future, viz -
 taking our family & making a summer tour to

California - and when I come with lots of gold
lumps - presents from our sister and her husband -
residents there! - I presume our shoes are well
worn out. We can get them red, make a hat with
and supply ourselves with a good stock of boots shoes.
All these things matter no plan. Our postmaster was
here, but when I was well enough to work the horse
as it then was not enough to do, and she can-
not afford to waste the time. Tomorrow if you
must come it is coming so can be seen in the
finger - and you and the little hands she wants
right into the dress - I put a paper of
a little coming toilet bag - with a paper of talcum
powder. I want when I see you and make
somebody like a coming little dress & coat,
from your mother. As these little articles are not
expected we were surprised to find them. I think
a little pleasure over-hauling trunk &c. I think I
is not much better now in the morning, at the Haver
and moving - has kinder had a cold
(for cold) powder. Which I send her - I think
wants to tell the "Firm" I little work up - I think
it making it little more like a day of it -
The talcum salt water. Both send Sunday - I can-
not prevail upon her to give them more a note

This the 8th track of the has been rather more of an accident one in many ways than any of the others. The trade winds so favored us, we were enabled to make a course for Trinidad Island which we discovered on Tuesday morning at daylight, about 27 miles distant. It was my hard to resume former with King and Maria Anna, and then she asked me if 'twas land or no. small. At 1 P.M. we passed on the eastern side about 4 miles distant. The back inshore of us, about 12 miles, and one ship ahead making the same more like a picture as I said, when we were passing. I believe Nancy was more pleased than any one on board for she was looking through our Marine Glass whenever it was away from Mrs. Hendee's eye. This island is almost entirely barren and has rocky hills. The peak called the Sugar Loaf is 700 feet high - and one called the Tower or Pine Pi, is 800 feet high. 'Tis a noble looking column as it stands distinct from any other part, a short distance from the shore. At the south-western extremity is a bluff 600 feet high which resembles a Colossal Barn. The Gables are distinctly seen, & one can almost & Nancy he sees the thatched roof. The sea in a S.W. gale has been known to break entirely over this bluff. At its base is a cavern opening into a small

bay, with water enough to pass a boat through. The in-
 habitants are few, giving a scattered appearance. As
 the vegetation is very poor, although wild flowers & water-
 lilies there. In the afternoon we came up with a in-
 dented boat that passed in front of us in the A.M.
 Again, at the same place, when we were going down with
 the boat on, with a nice smooth little breeze, a fisher-
 man passed across our bow, about 50 yards off, raising
 the water up about 10 feet high. Had we been about 50
 yards ahead, I fear the fisher's spear would have suf-
 fered some to say nothing of the fish. But thought
 it a fine sight & did I but I do not like to see them
 so near the ship. The boat must hold us until the
 9th of Dec. & then we will come to N. with fine beau-
 tiful weather and moonlight nights which will make
 the place so romantic in the evening & the night
 will be. The 9th Dec. commenced with a good gale
 of wind from the N.W. and some of the high tops of
 the sea, but all seemed to pass in this fine space
 of Dec. The weather has now grown considerably
 warmer & thick clothing is quite unnecessary, in fact
 we have two blankets over us at night, the temperature
 not less than 60° during the day - & 60° during the
 night. But here we have a fluctuating barometer -
 higher now - with the high fine weather, & with the

This low & cold, though sometimes a pleasant one, when
 comes the wind is fair. The gale that commenced this morn-
 ing increased until sunset - when we were under way. The
 air was - remains light before it. All day sunset, but
 was not in bed - groaning and vomiting & wishing to be
 home at home. And when I came into the Cabin, she was
 lying down, & the "Bromates still tell" and if I
 was alone in the apartment, she would say - Oh
 & my dear, what said you said No? But as I was obliged
 to bring up the truth, I was obliged to dis-
 appoint her in this case. Before the gale had
 been increased to its height, I took her on deck to watch
 the sea - as it came rolling up & down - She was
 delighted with it - but I lost all sentiment
 when she said - "It was not much more than
 the Rapids on the St. Lawrence - True it bubbled
 & gurgled under the Counter just as I should
 imagine a fierce rapid would - but not when
 the crested billow came toppling over like a
 the young Niagara, & sent the axes of foam, down
 the side of the other billow where it mingled
 the given with the deep water, & came up splashing
 & foaming over our decks like rain-drops from a summer
 gale shower, I don't think Gus has much sentiment
 for the sea - for she dreads a salt hair or profan-

and almost as warm as a bath. And the place has had
 our share of fine weather, & now we are down in those latitudes
 40° S. & nearly 700 miles from Boston - where we expect
 some westerly winds to blow on Tuesday & 3 from
 the Island of Tristan de' Cunha - to St. Paul's. A
 clear stretch of near 500 miles - more or less - the
 mountains not less than 80 miles per day on the average.
 I can see no other but mostly fair - I will not
 ship, and a stout heart must take such advantage
 of them that we may laugh at the efforts of them.
 In fact we seldom saw a steamer since this day
 or sooner would too small a vessel of steam be
 true on the wind, than the Atlantic would be
 to the sea, the English, back to head, by
 the 10th of March - when we - & that was in
 graceful curves to some other steamer & not mi-
 nistered to. Now among the breeding Comas
 & Oaken Kanes, the birds of the sea, & the
 Composites, now gain wings, & with their bodies
 up, perch from the sailing elements - and we
 we may consign to the depths. Two have watched
 them, and call them little birds - but have
 no idea of their nature and size. I shall per-
 haps be able to capture one of each kind for them -
 & then I leave the will be managed to find such

This beautiful creature is found miles from land.
But the Cape Porpoise are our favorites - they look so
much like deer - At this season - they are very
near and distance from land, as it is breeding
time with them. There we are now crossing the
line making good & several schools of Fin Backs
have been seen some small, some quite near the
ship - but too late to get a good view of
them. Although one school came under our
side - so we were going to get a good view of a
high, square black & white steamer through a
line of the mail - we signalled the Dr. Back. Once
from Nassau for Singapore - A short time after
she came up with a breeze, & passed us close to.
The Capt had his wife on board, in his ward
her handkerchief in sympathy or joy, I know
not which, & the lady tossed her baby in her
arms, in return - As nothing wanted went
down, & took the little white kitten - & added in
the school - and tossed it up & down like a ball
between the infants & then as it was hot & warm
to the cold, handed it to Nancy to take below.
Nancy took the job - She is as happy as a
gate at all times - but she prefers to let the
kitten mess to her own - & do not know how to

do without her - She is a kind of amusement in
herself - We have all the good folks at home
in the most immediate manner (Thomas in
particular - is here very often) (The yesterday made
some pleasant candy - & Mr. Stearns & I did
the workings & pulings - Thomas was too busy in
ship-building to assist us in that part - but
he did notice to the eating of it - His ship type
in the progresses wonderful - Will be a hearty
one of his sailors has made him an "Egg" for the
figure head - He ascertained what he thought the
best to him - that it was a brother Mason, as
he gave the sign of an Entered Apprentice - Of
course Thomas will set up quite an intimacy
with him on account of Masonry. This same
Sailor is the queerest specimen of humanity
I ever saw - one would never have to be with
him or with - yet I believe Thomas & Mr. Stearns
love him quite a friend - Another of the crew
is an old man over 50 years old - and nothing
of a sailor - He says his wife died and a few years
ago - and it was for that he came to Vign. He
a little old man - and old - (An old man he seems
to deserve pity - There is now, but the husband was
upon him, and there was not to be

This London, December 25th - I'm very glad to see
 the Darling ones at home - The dear old child
 in Great Port & Grace Hall - & Apple Pie - I'm glad
 that have and better times than that at home -
 that I could be there with them today - I shall hope
 to in a year or so - How long that seems to look
 time - I must be quite lost but I'm young now - I
 have now lived with you and family about fifteen
 & am much - only I'm some ten years older than I have ever
 been with you before - I find the old darling
 still in my cage - The longer we live the more we
 like the other that we have - and to that degree it
 is more impossible - I see but one possibility in
 my mind & that is - trying that I should change
 if I could - it is to his business for me though
 I think - He is not perhaps any more kind
 his second than mine - he is more - but I
 feel I would have him very temperate - it is not
 true now but that I think so - or but what he
 the could take a glass of a head of reason
 required - Any thing more than that troubles
 the me exceedingly - I suppose I am more fastidious
 than in this respect than many - & perhaps more
 gale than is necessary - but I have just to be
 that convinced that I am too much so -

I am aware that Thomas will scold when he reads that last page - thinking that I have no cause to put such a thing in my book - and yet a dream is for our most secret thoughts - and what shall such a thing go down - I shall intend to commence with 1863. which comes in - one week from today, and will - every day - or some thing for every day - and shall then write some thing - as it happens or is thought of - Would that I could make a resolution to begin with the new year - to live better, every day - to do, to be, good - in all things - so that my actions if registered in the Angels Journal would have six pages but those of purity & love -

This Thomas has kindly written something for my
 journal on the Island of Trinidad which we
 passed on Tuesday December 6th 1859.
 The new streak of dawn was now beginning to
 brighten on the eastern horizon, when the ship
 was out of "Land Ho" I awoke from the deck of the
 ship. A soft light - distant two days at sea - and
 such a round falls on the ear - a soft murmur
 and a low - and a glow of an electric thrill
 to the head and near heart. We were to the edge
 of the ship - and behold, there on the distant
 horizon, like a dark cloud defined against the
 rays of light, we see the object called Land. We look
 and we see land, and the shores of our Western world
 and we see that but dimly through the haze
 of distance, as we look on the land's edge
 high to reach all the land mass of earth. A thousand
 recollections rush through the mind as we gaze
 on this curious peak of nature, from up to the
 the sea in mid-air. It has an air of soft white
 light and a blue enough for a soft misty haze to
 the white of foam. That different feelings that
 we feel as we gaze entranced upon the scene, for this
 gale land - with the sea and in our birth, we shall
 be composed of the same elements, and in space

find all that interest me have been left in doubt. In my
 chance from our own nation did not hang out but the
 calling name here also, and the day above & around, just as
 a double interest in this unique cluster of life. To the
 ship speeds on towards it. Now we see some red the last re-
 the from the bottom onto which the life blood of power has
 flowed - and in those ancient halls the red has stain-
 ed the infant blood of man. There the father master
 in his Phoenician state, has passed the summer's labor
 to the stranger knight - or welcomed the wanderer from
 the Soliman. Each as such as there appear in the
 distance, where from their high towers the watchmen find
 the eagle call and start the warriors from their towers.
 Even so are we startled as nearer & nearer the ships
 on. The towers moved themselves into mountains, and
 the wide battlements into table-land - and one high
 cliff of highland rock is turned into a good old
 fashioned barn with stable door & a thatched roof -
 A natural cavern through the base of this cliff - shows
 into a small bay - and in one position shows a min-
 iature island. In houses once as the sea rushes
 through this passage, and one can almost fancy he
 is in the bay - with the wind whistling round the
 corner, & rushing through the waste of the great land.
 But this vision soon vanishes. The bay is not the

shape of a zygomatic sack - and buckings are seen
the entrance of the fish. The chief of the natives
maiden as she tied up in the red cloth bag in the
shell out of the small ear-bird, who watches her
some water reached back - fill his own eye-balls and
the musketeers fish - then with more fish & her
displays in special games, & drops upon his victim, then
ices till he settles on shore on the left, & starts his
head - thus are not for the better friend & can said
that would except his thin island home. For it comes
about their own and is some in some place, & then in
then are within the island which he is in. The sea
not a water to it is often in for a night or two
the sea about him, & dead - in his business he
with water to him to keep the picture of his
Dutton - Foreigners - I can birds & I can - night
dear of their home, I can home -

This the 10th sect is not much of an one from which
 we can learn the whereinto to fill a page - however, it
 seems much much more to separate from it. I will be-
 lieve & speculate on the beautiful breezes of this high
 mountain latitude. From N. W. with a fine morning
 dew, as high as our town - level, or near it, the steep
 like a candle wicks from side to side, & once in a
 mile one of those little peaks some on a trail, &
 branch, which it goes from side to side. These fine
 peaks are wind things to keep us strong on our course
 when there is a cold wind (hard), to see an eagle
 over 100 miles a day - and another bird that
 sail & breeze. But the decks are too hot for us
 to take the usual walk from the Cabin down to the
 Main-deck - once - twice - these times & then the
 dear, I am tired - But you want to go into the Cabin
 Come, & now we go - right up the staircase & lamp
 when beautifully Mr C - illustrated the ^{very} fine
 qualities of the kerosene-oil - it stops to the right
 & to the left - and a stop all around him -
 But you much forgive us for laughing & say-
 ing, you can assure you - it is as much as we
 do for laughing all day to make us laugh once
 a day - (not quite so late as that you know)

This morning we had been something like the last
 second time winter wind, heavy clouds, & soft nights - I was
 that not enough to sleep well - This time came in this week
 a snow storm that had no more 300 miles from Boston, off the
 Cape of Good Hope - The day at 10 - In 5 days more
 I got a great pile of letters you promised at at-
 tention - I continued to send off letters among with it - The
 same looking of the good people at home - Now the churches were
 & my friends and all my good friends were in our home-
 lands - we could not see our little corner, and
 city - I had the birds - and sent to hear of - and
 some - heard in - week - Which was the 12th week - and
 I was afraid with in many days to come - At 10 P.M. we
 were now going with some capital set off at the table
 when eating what we had - the - When but 2nd officer came
 to find out what was something like a new issue, com-
 ing in the water - I trained on duck - some more -
 first - at a mustering - all hands - then this - and what it
 time - and the machine under a moderate view of cannon
 the - The gun was a fair one, and increased about 1 P.M.
 bluff - but I had time to look advantage of it - & then
 The - I was so tired I dared not see and longer - &
 since - & to, under these & deep man top - and
 gate - storm appeared - But I soon found this was top wind
 that - After some considerable trouble, this was taken

and found, and then we lay with her the anch basin
 the side of seaward. Main (the) power. Then the
 the mind was of a piece with the, and the ship lay
 it to her in the most tender notes all the time - I
 must have been two hours now and it was dark - and
 I think it would have much harder and the ship
 live through it. The sea was bright and I think
 great moment some of the world was on board
 and camp was everything from one look - At 10
 A.M. it began to rain a little, and at 4.15 P.M. was
 moderated enough to let the main of the ship
 creep. Then I came down to the main - At 8.15 P.M.
 we were going on our course again with a moderate
 firm wind - The ship is a bark ship - but in a way
 she is a beauty - and behaved like a Red bark, she
 is one of the best (bark) to get at. You will note
 better wonder how she stood it all. At 10 P.M.
 my little cat had me on deck all the time I could
 not comfort her so much as I wished, but eventually
 I would run down for an instant, to
 find her lying on the left, feet back - & holding on
 both hands - Hissing on the cricket - but came out to
 her - One time - she jumped up - & so about
 to rush on deck - again to rest - & declared she
 heard the ship crying - and would go on deck

This and he dined with him - I took all Harry's
 secret to hold her - and when I came down
 she was so nervous ^{the} as could hardly be, I heard
 the night would attack her badly - but since
 the only - she seemed quite bright - but is sure
 she will not go again to the office lines to get
 done, what I am sure I would - & shall do all
 in my power to prevent Thomas going again -
 I think indeed he is as sick as I am - &
 if he could get a good business on shore
 I could leave it at once - I hope Father
 will assist him in getting something to do
 so that he may spend the remainder of his
 days at home with his family (!)

I am
 very
 high
 just
 time
 the
 left
 the
 since
 gate
 that

January 18th 1897. A happy new year to all the dear
ones at home - and ere the return of winter
I am laid down - now we all be with those dear
ones. We are now 9051 miles from them - and out 71
days - The weather is getting to be pleasant again
albeit rather rough now for some part - I have made
a resolution to write in my journal every day and
and in these things, I have got in something more
interesting than I have run at to in writing
with since a week - I have also made a reso-
lution to look out after my dear - which that
has had some been very much neglected with
me - and grant that it may be worth to keep
my journal - and look I may profit therefrom.
I have written up for three weeks, today - in the
letter for my home friends - or rather have copied
it from Thomas' dictation - I have got
I shall be to receive all those precious gifts
that will be awaiting us in Bonaventure - May they
contain us and news from - but good - all
good - Evening read the New make of the
around to Thomas -

[illegible]

But that I am the only one - unless I am brought
 to mixtures by being some. This ship had been
 out longer than we - 9th days from Canton - while
 we are 81 from good old Boston. 215 miles sailed
 the last 24 hours - The Captain seems to be afraid
 that he will find himself in Bombay before he knows
 it - if she keeps on at this rate -

Wednesday - Jan. 4th Very warm & just clouds 9 -
 enough to be pleasant sitting out on deck - which
 I did during the forenoon - Thomas with me - he
 at work - ship building and I sewing - finished
 the last of my little shirts - and in the after-
 noon saw out little ship and night - clear -
 the little spotted came over for tea - near & some
 brilliant reflection out on deck - Topsy's to tell
 the story of it to us - and our observations we
 saw in this direction all 2 feet clear - upon the sea
 giving it a beautiful appearance - behind could
 then sail - Made a discovery before dinner
 which much amused the Capt. with laughter
 suppose was just -

The Thursday - Jan. 5th. A very disagreeable Sea on
 today - which caused me to experience some
 discomforts - but not such as to be able to ac-
 complish any thing in the industrial line - but
 lay upon the sofa all day - the the weather at-
 tending upon the sickness was very comfortable -
 however I will mention in such a manner the
 circumstances in the water - they seemed to come
 the water for upwards of a mile - giving it a
 thick red muddy appearance - I caught some
 life in a bucket - they are a funny looking creature
 before you a body like jelly - transparent -
 and very soft - some old letters - that I have
 written since that I had not read - as
 they only served to confirm my suspicions, in
 regard to the operation of the poison -
 high Friday - Jan. 6th Quite a gale - or at least quite a
 fast, disagreeable storm - so much so, in fact that I
 have not been able to sit up at all - feeling badly
 the whole day - think it must have been the last of
 the blizzard - that we have been talking about -
 The Mon. & Tues. did all day - and I should be
 quite a little - I fear we are going to have another ter-
 rible hurricane like the one of a week ago -
 but hope is for a week -

Saturday - January 7th The stone masons have all
 visited Thomas & we could sleep but little - I wish
 John were dead and poor he were quietly buried
 if being his last water watch. Thomas I. M. thinks the
 stone must be in a quarry - he has a rough
 guess - and he says he has cut up to three months.
 He has a dreadful rumor - that in fact he is in
 his bed - and he tells Thomas that he is there
 with it. He is a strange fellow. He will think there is
 something wrong about him - and it may be so
 and hence the reason of his peculiar behavior. I am
 interested in him last of all - it is that would be
 a poor reason for anyone to lose their interest in another
 particularly their own - did not get up till late
 in the afternoon - the ship being so unkindly & Thomas
 advised me to keep quiet - as he had had work
 to keep on his feet when in the cabin.

Sunday Jan. 8th 10.00 miles away from home,
 and all the time over 100! not all. We have had
 our clearest look back with me - He says to be in
 Bombay in less than 40 days now - I wish
 to know and guide us right that we may
 not be disappointed - It will say so I am
 going nicely - have a pain in my left side.
 But however is nothing I think -

Monday - Jan. 9th A nice day, if one could manage
 to keep more place. For in this leaky ship it is al-
 most impossible to keep one's position from instant.
 I find it very hard work to even sit upon the
 floor with my feet against the trunk for a brace.
 I do hope if Thomas goes to sea any more - he
 will have a more comfortable ship to go in
 than this oldentine. Commenced one of
 my little spotted linen dresses today. Re-
 tired about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ and read aloud till 10, to
 Thomas in Mrs Southworth's Breasted daughter.
 I have a hanging lamp just over the centre
 of my bed in my little boudoir - making
 everything very comfortable for me to lie in
 bed & read. One year ago today I went to N. Boston.
 Tuesday - Jan. 10. Again we are tipped up on one
 side - Spent the forenoon sewing - the afternoon
 in reading aloud to my dear husband. Some
 portion of a fleet was seen passing the ship
 today - But not near enough for them to dis-
 tinguish what it might be - I would that
 they could look in upon the sweet ones at home.
 I wonder what they are doing now? May God,
 give to spare them all - and to return us to them in
 less than a year - Baby & all - "I hope it be".

Wednesday. Jan. 14 It was impossible for me to be up in this ship - Indeed it was hardly safe for me to get to get about at all - So I made myself as comfortable and contented as possible on the sofa - and there I sat, on laid all day - Remains part of the day, doing a little mending for Mrs. B. and reading to Thomas for amusement - The day passed with the thermometer on the wall, and some appearance of some kind of weather some morning - but not yet as yet - neither Thomas nor myself - as it was no real mates watch - and when it is hot, is an appearance of a signal or a breeze - I am so anxious I cannot sleep - and so not yet poor Thomas gets as much as he otherwise might -

Thursday. Jan. 15th A little better day to sleep up in than yesterday - this not so pleasantly so, for one to find it practicable to get much about - I find my clothes are already getting very tight - & I fear I shall not be able to wear any of them when I go to Bombay. Well - "what can't be cured, must be endured" - I shall be soon on some, second, or even I can go about in a shirt - and if I finish my shirt dress - I shall find that a good one - Finished the "Recorded Daughters" liked the book much - so did Thomas -

Friday Jan 13th A very fine morning - I learned last night that I was down to Grandmother's in her chamber - picking up cherries from the tree - out of her window - The dear old lady was charging me to be careful - not to reach out too far - This afternoon we succeeded in catching an Albatross, as Father Thomas did, after many previous attempts in vain. Then we had a wonderful haul of Lobsters - and in the mud did strange & interesting things - think of such handsome creatures so far from any land - the is reminded was possible of the "Antichrist" of the vector - and can say in truth, that the "Great Albatross" here in the depths of the sea as on the north. The Albatross will receive a description from the descriptions latter which will appear in a few more days - and one description will suffice -

Saturday Jan 14th A very disagreeable day - for me as I was unable to keep about but a little of the time. No wind from the Albatross - found it very good eating indeed - quite as good I think as any I have ever had, as it is sweet as a rose, and not like - Sailors are very superstitious as regards the killing of their birds on ship board - and will not doubt be better satisfied some times - but I am not sure they are - but at this time on board -

Sunday, January 15th The day commenced
clearly and squally and ended as it began -
with the barometer falling back - and some indica-
tion of something worse. There was however no
extraordinary deviation within our shelter exposed,
from the average direction of the wind.

Monday - November 18th Spent the whole day in sea-
and in a most disagreeable condition. The day is
just like the day - we spent in similar conditions - we are
going to have a fall as the animals had been falling
back on the feet - the last time - and others as they
thought an approach of cyclone, so frequent in these
latitudes.

Barometer observations, during the "Police" trial.

July 1855.

1. 11. 55.	Bar. 29. 45. 78	Thomson's
2. 10.	" 29. 44.	as it is it has
3. 10.	" " 42.	year that he has
4. 10.	" " 42.	been in all the
5. 40.	" " 49.	pieces of the
6. 57.	" " 25.	I think it is little
7. 57.	" " 20.	impeller that the
8. 15.	" " 12.	hard it should
9. 20.	" " 27.	have happened to
10. 56.	" " 31.	come in first
11. 15.	" 28. 16.	age and water
12. 30.	" " "	we shall not
13. 25.	" 29. 25.	into the
14. 20.	" 29. 08.	it last, I cannot
15. 45.	" " 18.	could be
16. 25.	" " 40.	in the last, I can
17. 40.	" " 45.	be in the
18. 40.	" " 50.	be in the
19. 35.	" " 75.	on the
20. 45.	" " 85. 72°	more than the
21. 30.	" " 87. 70°	I think, but I
22. 30.	" " 89. 71°	have of the
23. 30.	" " 88. 64°	the

Wednesday Jan. 1st 1850. Another pleasant day from the
 morning perhaps up to evening - the the day is de-
 cidedly uncomfortable - and I am afraid we shall be
 in Bombay for many weeks more - I am
 confident that I shall never wish to lay another
 voyage - particularly in India - Mr. Dalrymple
 & I had had enough of being up again, rather than
 that we should be as usual in every week and
 more. However if we give one another to lay - I shall
 feel that our duty is to stay at home - and
 not to be occupied in another expedition. But the
 fact is much that our matters would come up to
 induce my darling husband to stay for a little
 time in India. I would be so pleased to have
 a little home in my own and to enjoy the quiet
 I fear this is an old story that I shall never be
 able to realize with Mr. Dalrymple.

Thursday Jan. 11th A fine day with the sun
 up. Thomas hopes this day. I am - the day is
 improving some of Thomas's health much. I am
 not content a little in some of the little things
 that are in my mind. I am however in a good
 & amiable. The ship was in some way. I am
 in a good way in an old hand like Thomas
 is not well, is the ship you see.

Friday. January 20th The weather is the joyous most
of the U. S. States, and the most beautiful weather
and most quiet but the ship is very uncomfortable
from the high sea. I should say, great things. I
am obliged to have my feet & hands again under
them when sitting - and to catch your look to Chair
I have a mind to take them I walk - I don't should
know being in the sun - and I shall go out
into the sun - and then I shall be comfortable, you
see. Now just commenced his letter home today.
I could write about the same paper and the
other things - and the same kind of things -
and that would be very good - but I am not
going to try to write something when sitting in
a chair - and some one passing the chair
just as I sit - is possible - and that would be a
very much easier thing than writing in the sun.
Saturday. Jan. 21st The sea is very high and the
again - the thermometer stands in the shade
from 80° to 85°. Only just kind of the light rain.
Now it is pouring down to the sea - and I
don't realize that there are some kind of
a d. thing while we are here. I don't
see it. I don't see it. I don't see it. I don't see it.
I don't see it. I don't see it. I don't see it. I don't see it.

indeed I must say, the great portion of the night was
spent in killing the Saw-whets. They are smaller
than swallows - and we have discovered lately that
they are particularly nice for flavoring tea & 3
Punchings. At least we find that except the
latter of Wash's Mr. Stearns has within a week
on some poor charge in the P.D. - The Cutters in
his Parakee - to the right of them! Parakee - the
left of them! No.

Sunday, Jan. 22nd 1880. Commenced the day in
the South Sea - enjoyed the Salt water and much
of the morning was intended to do - and I have
not had time enough to do during the night to
write me at all - however the boat had to. The
temperature today is 52° F. I had better say
that I doubt not the men have enjoyed the
sailing & especially the temperature of the air with
us - the best perhaps situation. I should if they
were gone to the north sea. Her passengers seem
to be there - to hear the chiming of the bells
that call them to the house of God - and then we
proceed to start up with our land and pain
for that time. I should enjoy it very much and
hope that in a year or two I may be able to do
them that happy place that I have been to.

[illegible]

Down in all these tokens, every indication of an approaching cyclone, and made the sailors were taking it. The sails were pulled with extra care, & the deck was kept up on all things about the deck. About 3 P.M. the storm began coming down from the N.E. at a terrific rate. At 4th past 4, the barometer was 29.5. At 5 P.M. the barometer commenced to haul down N.E. to E. giving us such a tremendous sea, as I did not think a ship could live in. Made a rag of canvas was on her, and the breeze from the N.E. was as high as our main heads. At 6 P.M. from the deck at 8 P.M. could see about two miles distant, during this time the sailors lay with their heads under the water. The board began to rise and fall in the water. Sometimes it was not known whether she was on her side, or above, & spars floating about her deck, the sail reached round, and all hands took a rest. Their own ropes. I was really fearful to me, when all was going to sea. I did not suppose she could have lived. When the vessel began to rise, it was at 8 P.M. commenced to rise again, & that we could not last in the sea. The sea was down, which was not very much. It was not again, all I think. From 8 to 10 P.M.

Monday - Jan. 23rd. The weather is beautiful - but we are now in the doldrums which makes it unpleasant for us - since we are sailing and stopping. Hope on, & keep hoping - and we may find ourselves in Port-au-Prince after a time. Hasn't been able to sit up at all to-day. I think it has been a rest a day, as I have had. Evening tried to sit out on deck. In the evening, I visited. Killed about 200 crabs & 10 crabs.

Tuesday - Jan. 24th. Here we are in weather hot as we ever saw it any where in the months of July & August. Thermometer at 80° in the shade. Our dear ones at home are probably watching their thermometers to see if the mercury goes clear down thro' the bottom. Well, cold weather would be preferable even to (who ever liked it) to this hot weather day and night - and "crabs" for an accompaniment. Been doing "Spring Cleaning" today, obtaining a little change around - got out some of my clothes and tried them on - to see what attention will be necessary - if any. There will need but little I think. The sun was spent on deck - and a more beautiful one I never saw. The heavens in this Southern Latitude are truly glorious, and one can but admire the constellations if seen here even tho' they have never before noticed them.

Wednesday, Jan. 20th. Had a real attack of Indis-
position in the night - Suffered terribly. From a
cold and got up and got me something which after vomiting
me, relieved me somewhat but not entirely.
Remained my little home. Looked at the
faces of my children at home. But they were
well & quiet - I wanted a word from their sweet
lips - and could not be satisfied till I had read
a line from my dear husband's lips - who is all
in bed to me now - I am very certain he will per-
suade me to go another voyage with him I have
ruined him so many sleepless nights, and for the
some days, this evening. I hope I may be enabled
to return it some time. Tho he does not imagine
I should be good for much in England, I hope to
prove to him that he lies under a mistake. I am
reading "The Englishman" by F. C. Baker. Placing
it in the same book Harriet was so much in-
terested in at one time. "The Bear," &c.

Thursday. Jan 26th Calm, Calm S. At this rate I fear it will be sometime before we get our pile of precious cotton. The winds are blowing, and the sun is now in the Southern latitude must surpass anything anywhere. We sit on deck now during the evening till ten & sometimes till eleven o'clock. And it is delightful. I often wonder what we should say at home - to pass four or five hours of the evening on the piazza, with nothing of hand or foot on. Here we can, & I expect we never shall have from it.

Friday. Nov. 27th Still on our way to the Port of Calcutta. When shall we reach Bombay. Enjoyed a bath on deck this evening. Thomas & Mr. Stearns in pajamas - and I in my night dress - Had the floor scraped upon us - was delightful.

Wednesday - Jan. 18th Delightful over-head - but
Ship standing almost still. Churning in the
Sea - this afternoon, Brita caught - two nice
fish indeed - The great something like Turkey.
Rather in consequence of late, to do our work.

Shed on Jan 27th 1891. Laid off in East. Pressed in
my hand. ^{Thomas in White Bird.} ^{white material to get}
on something to eat once more. Had "Tenneth"
to be a good of the hand. (Bought 4 similar).

Monday, Jan. 30th This disagreeable weather of Calcut still continued, and we shall have to defer arriving in Bombay, for a number of days, I fancy, unless we do more towards it than we have done the past two weeks. The beautiful wings are still improved by us, but the weather is too hot to expatiate much about it. We manage to live during the week, but sitting in deck, under an awning, Jan in hand and in the big, on the top, with ditto, ditto.

Tuesday, Jan. 31st The last part of Sunday's morning for us. Still the Calcut and Calcut are still enough. It is enough to give one the Blues at the prospect of the day imaginable.

Wednesday, February 1st In sixteen days we have been hoping that Bombay Harbor would have among its vessels the far-famed *Shoodhlee* Ship Sabine, Capt. C. H. Kender Commander. *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*.

Thursday, Feb. 2nd Now a 'sail', far away in the distance, but near enough to know that we are not the only unlucky ones on the great sea of Calcut. 'A Painted Ship, on the Painted Ocean, but still, Calcut, are the crew. Took the first watch last night with

the Capt. as Mr. Cromwell had said, I tried in
 at 12 - but 'twas too hot to sleep - or to buy it
 if one did - Bonita caught - for supper -
Friday Feb. 5th. "Th. when will wonders cease?
 and when too, will these Calves? The thermometer
 this morning at 8 o'clock was up to 91° in the
 shade. What would the old people's at home
 who are frozen up - say to that. The 3rd of Feb.
 91° on board, and in a Calve too. Most beau-
 tiful sunset last night. The rays of the sun
 shooting up into the masts 12 an hour after
 the sun had set. Like the Aurora Borealis, in
 streaks of red, blue, & green. Caught a large
 Shark. This U. M. Thomas, from a *Machinospila*
 down his throat, through his body, cut his
 tail off, his body open & took his heart & Liver
 out then threw him back to his native element,
 and he swam off nearly as lively as he swam
 towards the ship - They are an ugly looking
 creatures. The heart of this creature was not much
 larger than a Chicken's heart. One would nat-
 urally suppose them to have a small one, or none,
 from their propensity to eat the human race. Their
 back bone is very pretty for Caves or Chesters.
 I have some of the latter from the back bone of this one.

Saturday Feb. 4th We sailed last night quite
glad with a little breeze that had sprung up -
sailing up along, perhaps five knots per hour. &
we were hoping to be at least up for at least a
day or two. What was our surprise & disap-
pointed too, to rise at 7 o'clock this A. M. to
find that the breeze had left us - and that
the same dull bland - was again on Estima-
Moll, "Better times are in store for us," he said,
and we hope this so, for this tedious included
very sharp, lightning during the night. The first
that I have been since I left home, except
one flash - thermometer at 70°. Barometer 30.50.

Sunday Feb. 5th A little better today than for
several days past - having had breeze enough to
carry us along 70 miles, the breeze in the
right direction. But we have some hopes, now,
that the wind has not forgotten how to breeze
up entirely. 114 days out. and 13397 miles
sailed. + Still another thousand miles -

Monday Feb. 6th Fine weather, & smooth sea,
sitting on deck sewing all day - Completed
one of my linen chemises - Think at this
rate of sailing I may finish up all my
sewing. Well, hope on, Faith hearts never waver

Tuesday February 7th - 1860 Miserably uncomfortable day. Squally, with a head sea on - Slightly inclined to homesickness, as I find I am always with a head-sea. I am getting nicely over the disagreeable rail, except at these times - and as Thomas is somewhat so, I do not wonder at my being. Sailed from Horn of yesterday to Horn of today 147 miles -

Wednesday Feb. 8th - 1860 We have made the enormous run of 32 miles today. That is quite sufficient to say of it, I think.

Thursday Feb. 9th Little more and worse - Thomas begins to cry & vomit. Only 9 miles today. When shall we arrive in Bombay - and get our letters. I am getting anxious for them now. Said on deck tonight to see them each ship - into a performance -

Friday Feb. 10th - A mails pace indeed. What use for me to write in my journal every day, when it is all the same thing - and one's ideas if they'd ever had any would vanish into thin air - with such weather and sailing as this. Book-keeping is a privilege that should be granted to persons on a sea-voyage - particularly an India voyage, I take it.

Saturday Feb 11.th Increasing day. We have had crop trees for the last twenty four hours - and have some hopes of keeping them. In 13 days Mr. Stimson says - we shall be in Bombay. In 11 - I have fixed it - or at least in less than 130. from Boston. We are now out 120 days - that on age it seems to think of - and yet to look back to the time we bade those darling ones adieu - does not seem as long as it is. The time has passed much more quickly to me than I had thought it would - and had I have been well, it would have passed more pleasantly.

Sunday, Feb. 12.th One week from today, we are to enter Bombay - So says I - God grant that I may not say in vain. All hands in bathing. Thank round the ship.

Monday, Feb. 13. Beautiful weather - but no breeze to rest. and we are 122 days out. and still several hundred miles from Bombay.

Tuesday Feb. 14.th I am getting fairly out of patience. This long passage is almost intolerable. Nothing of consequence to write about from day to day - except the beautiful beings - &c. and what would soon catch to be

a repetition. Thomas started up from a sound sleep last night & went out on deck. There he found the ^{1st} Mate asleep in his watch. He went him below and said he would be his own 1st Mate. It seems as if the "old Halse" himself must have wakened him just at that moment. & indeed Mr. Coonwell says, if there is any thing wrong, ~~then~~ on deck. Something or tells him of it - for he seems to be there at once. The 1st Mate staid in his berth all day did not come out to take his meals - or for any thing. But seemed in great distress. Cor Stupid Wednesd 15th Put upon deck nearly all day. Told Mr. D. a note slightly, telling him to go in the Capt's & tell him he was sorry & that if he would allow him to become his ^{1st} Mate's as a ^{1st} Mate he would do all in his power to please him. & that I thought if he did so, the Capt would grant his request. He smiled, & thanked me very kindly. & came upon deck in the evening. But said nothing to anybody. — Thursd 16th

The Entrance to Bombay harbor is very beautiful, It is like an immense lake studded with picturesque & rocky islands. The coast is very fine. Long & beyond range of mountains - & then a sky & stand such as we do not dream of at home. The Port is the principal business part - Just outside of it is a fine sitting statue of Lord Wellesley, with his other figures & lions beneath him. The Parsis are known by their fair complexion, & caps which are made of shining black silk cloth figured. They are a very handsome race - with piercing black eyes, arched eyebrows and a very independent gait. They wear sandals quite of a massive form - & huge turbans on their heads. There is a strong family likeness between them all - & they have oft a noble expression. They wear the Moustache & whiskers, but shave the chin, & wear the hair long & curled - The women of Bombay are very much inferior to the men. The dress of the low-caste is so scanty that they look like boys. It consists of a cloth (or Sari) wound round them so tight.

Tuesday March 5th 1860 - Making a little nearer to our
 destined port - Hoping all the forenoon that we should
 reach Bombay, or near enough to see the Light at night.
 But were quite surprised at noon to see the land just
 plains - Came to an anchor about 8 o'clock in the
 afternoon in Bombay Harbor - Mr. Thomas & I
 went on shore the first night - Thomas hoping to get
 our letters. I stood upon deck and watched their
 boat or dingy till it landed at Pauls Bunder.
 Then took my seat to wait till its return. Mr. Thomas
 had moved some five miles away from the Fort. &
 Thomas did not get back till nearly twelve. I
 was disappointed at being told the letters were
 all at Mr. S's office - and we could not have them
 till the morning. Was interested over the Boston affair
 of course on account of a terrible calamity in
 Lawrence - the falling of the Emberton Mill -
 crushing several hundred persons. The appear-
 ance of Bombay as we lay out in the harbor,
 at moonlight, is really very picturesque & beau-
 tiful - I think I never saw so beautiful a moon
 in this evening. A perfectly golden light upon
 everything from it. To think that we have at
 last arrived after a passage of 144 days
 is perfectly delightful. I could ~~write~~ ^{write} ~~two~~ ^{two} months
 on one page - later.

Wednesday March 7th 1860. A lovely morning. Was
 impatient to be up and dressed that I might be ready
 for my letters. They came before breakfast. Two from
 Annie & two from Willie. All containing very good
 news. Such good news - that I had to give myself
 up to a few tears - while reading them. I did not
 know before how much good letter could do any
 one. Mine from our darling have always come
 rather unexpectedly - and seeing them directed
 by his own precious hand - and knowing that he
 was interested in me and was interested in foreign parts.
 Of course my sensations were quite different -
 Now in seeing letters directed by Ned - & written
 in the inside of Willie - I knew of course that the dear
 brother & sister were living - but was it so with my
 dear father and mother. I opened - & soon found
 the joyful news that all the precious ones were
 well and had been during our absence. I saw that
 Grandma being the only one who had been ill, &
 she quite recovered - did not go shore today - as
 Thomas was to be so busy waiting ship at Custom
 House. He, Mr. Powell called upon us this morning
 & stayed with us. Quite a pleasant young
 man I should judge, from Boston - In the
 afternoon - Mr. Stearns (A. S.) was

friend Mr. Healey called upon me in the aft.
 Thomas came off about 5 and Capt James of Ship
 Cartago came with him. Staid till quite late in
 the reg - after he left. Read my letter all over to
 Thomas. He third time I had read them all -
 Retired about twelve - rather tired with looking.
Thursday - March 8th 50 Most delicious fruit
 Candies - Tomatoes, Oranges & Grapes, with a fine
 Prospect of Posco - sent off to me this morning by Mr.
 Northway. Thomas wanted me to go ashore this A.M.
 with him but I preferred to wait till he had a little
 more leave - and to permit my dresses a little
 as they are rather lighter than they were when I left
 home - Strange that I should get so much shorter
 but so it is - Thomas came off as from the two Mr.
 Steams - Mr. Healey & an Englishman with him.
 Mr. W. Steams is a fine looking man. He brought
 me a note from Mrs Steams inviting me to come out
 to their Bungalow - any time I could. Mr. S. wished
 us to dine with that evening - & that I should go
 out tomorrow to spend the day with him & "Son"
 come out with him to dinner - to which we agreed.
 After tea went ashore - & drove about - The roads
 are all macadamized - and I must say my
 first impressions of Bombay are very favorable.

Friday - March 7th 1860. Rose at five o'clock. Ate a
 good supply of fruit which was sent us again.
 and dressed myself. Found my silk dresses were
 all too tight and was obliged to wear my pink loose
 dress. Capt Anne & Capt Crocker of the Protector called.
 He said Mrs Crocker would call very soon. We left
 at ten for shore - took our carriage & drove at once
 to Mr. & Mrs. L's. Office - where I was introduced
 to some four or five Messrs - Messrs. Anjras,
 Dujour & Co. & Cretzies, respectively. They
 are all fine looking men - great rich Parisians.
 Sat there for an hour - then drove round to Mr. Ho
 Office - Thomas was engaged - & Mr. J. Leus his
 coachman to direct us. The roads out to
 Malabar Hill - and in fact I may say the residen-
 ces - and compounds (or gardens) are beautiful.
 The roads lined on either side - where there
 is not a Bungalow (for all the houses in the
 suburbs are Bungalows) with groves of Palm
 Cocoa-nut. Bananas & Date trees. The foliage
 of all being beautiful and so entirely different
 from our forests at home, or even our cultivated
 tea trees. Had a most delightful drive - altho
 I should have enjoyed it more could my
 husband have been with me; But with him

it is "Business before friends or wife." Found Mrs
 Stearns awaiting me. She came directly out
 upon the Veranda - came down in - for the Carriage
 ways, go right in to the door - She met me as cordial
 ly as if we had been old friends - Said she feared
 I was not coming 'twas getting to be so late. About
 twelve. Their Bungalow is beautiful - The drawing
 room an immense room the largest I ever saw
 in a private house - opening out upon the Veranda
 on each side, for it extends thro' the house - is
 a fine room - furnished elegantly - with
 Bombay carved furniture. From the drawing
 room you enter the dining room on one side, & a
 large bed room on the other. From dining room a
 large room which divides Mrs Stearns' room
 from the dining room. Her room is beautiful &
 elegantly furnished - A large Black wood
 Bedstead - with Curtains - an elegant wardrobe,
 and Dressing, Writing table, Lounge & Easy Chair
 all of the same fine furniture - Her dressing room
 for this room is as large as a Bed room
 at home - with all the dressing apparatus -
 and from that the Bath room. The Veranda
 extends quite round the house - the rooms all
 being on one floor. The Compound is very

nice they live in what we should call at home,
 1344 grand style indeed - but here the healthy ones
 all live so. They keep servants. A coach &
 team - with two coachmen & footman in livery.
 The custom of living is to rise at 6 1/2 - go to
 the breakfast room & have a cup of tea, & Bread
 & butter - then bathe & dress - & either walk on
 the Strand - or take a ride on horse-back.
 till 9 - when breakfast is ready. I dine with
 Mrs. Breen to day - Tiffin or lunch at two -
 which consists of a good dinner. New Englanders
 would say - and rest from tiffin to four.
 then take a drive from four to 6 1/2 - and at
 seven dine. No calls unless invited after
 tea. This was the general routine to day -
 varied now & then with Pedlars, & so their
 things are with while to look at. we sat
 upon the Strand while the British delighted
 them. Maria not rest much for we talked
 all day long - both being able to sympathize
 in the peculiarities of our situations - & so we
 passed the day delightfully - At 6 1/2. Mr.
 Stearns - his brother - Mr. Healey - Capt. Bond,
 & Capt. Hender come. At seven - then sat
 till ten when we took leave - I promising

to come again very soon indeed. Thomas & I
in our coach or Phaeton - & Capt. Earnes in his
own carriage drove behind. We enjoyed the ride
home very much - at least I did. Reached
the ship about half past seven. Fatigued enough
to go to bed - but still delighted with all that
I had seen in Bombay. Did not go to sleep at once,
for I had to tell Thomas all that we had talked
about - during the day - & probably Mrs. L. did
the same - for she said he was as much inter-
ested in the subject as she was.

Saturday March 10th 1860. Still the days are very
delightful - such beautiful weather one does
not often see at home. Spent the day very quietly
on board the ship - reading & writing. I took a
book of Mr. Leavis' to read - "Hints to Mothers",
& quite interesting to us. Capt. Earnes came off
with Thomas - but not till we had taken tea.
Mr. Parrell being here to tea with Mr. Corn-
wall & I. Capt. Earnes left quite early - & we
were in bed before ten - I have not spoken of the
Bombayals that come off to the ship. Merchants
thru all themselves - with everything beautiful.
One does not need to go ashore to purchase, for
there is such a fine opportunity brought to them.

I have not made any purchases as yet - tho' I
 have seen plenty that I would like. Had I plenty
 of the needful. Nancy is quite delighted with
 everything - hoping to exchange old bottles and
 some of her old clothes for something she sees.
Monday - March 11th 1860. Capt James sent
 for Thomas to come off to the Santiago to
 breakfast - to compare his notes of the
 cyclone with his own account. I had
 the extreme pleasure of Mr. Dorsuthoy's
 company to breakfast. He wears striped
 trousers - very loose indeed - & a fine
 white Cambric loose dress - with the most
 peculiar hat - I don't know what it is
 made of - which he keeps on a lounge - His
 hair is ~~worn~~ in ringlets - one on each
 side of his face - Spent the day writing
 our letters home - At five went out
 with Capt James & Thomas. Drove all about. visited
 one of the most beautiful gardens & houses that I
 ever saw. A rich old Hindu - has fitted it up in
 a grand style - just for the pleasure of the present.
 The grounds are elegant - & the house more so -
 finished with the carved Black wood - with
 Statuary - Paintings - and beautiful ornaments

of every description - I want in abundance to sit
 down upon visitors. The sea hinder himself lies in
 one his part of the house almost distinct from the
 deck until about 9 - then comes back - to our ship
 and retired - quite delighted yet with very thing.
Monday March 12th 1800. Nancy has been ashore
 today - Had the little Dutch boy go with her to
 show her round - She was perfectly delighted with
 him - saying she shall go again, she had rather
 spend her money for sight seeing here, than for any
 thing to come home - I staid on board all day -
 altho' Capt came off for me to go out to dine.
 That I did not care to do as I had not been
 feeling very well during the day. Capt. Eames
 came over in the evening for Thomas to go over to
 the "Mount" to see Capt. Spruer. He brought some
 Mr. Boudry to him - greatly to my annoyance -
 I do not think it necessary for a man as young
 as Thomas is - to either take or give to friends when
 they call - However say me to their family - I suppose
 he will do it - whether it pleases me or not - Since
 it is so much the custom out here in India - Got
 Mr. Lewis today - One from Nellie - one from Anne
 and two from darling Ned - the dear ones are all
 well yet - Anne does not leave till fall -

44

Tuesday March 13th 1860. The day is all alike
beautiful of here - Mornings are quite cool - in-
deed it is dangerous to sit in the draught in
the morning - as the air comes from the land. While
at evening - the breeze is quite refreshing - & from
the Pa. Persons time a great deal during the
evening. Poor Thomas has a dreadful cold - so ill
it mock sick with it - was obliged to go ashore once
to business - said he would come off for me to go to
dinner at home - But poor fellow came off himself very
sick with his cold - I am afraid he will be sicker yet.
if he doesn't get rid of it soon. Gave him a hot
mustard foot bath - and some Gin & Molasses - & put
him to bed - hoping he would get into a sweat - & get
rid of his cold in that way. No callers - & I was
rather lonesome - turned in beside my poor
sick husband -

Wednesday March 14th 1860 - Plenty of Penn. Boat
all the time - Thomas staid on board with me & was
being not quite recovered from his cold - He went in
about four to dine - Capt. Smith called in the evening
& agreed to meet us in the evening on the Esplanade -
We drove round for an hour or two - then went on
to the Band ground - A whole Band - But they & I say
they were all indeed. It seemed quite like home to be

hearing music. While we do not often go in such style
to hear the Band—at home no more. Now we have a
grand Phacton—with our two horses—six or seven
style like New York. I cannot even say Boston. For
it is not often we see as much there. It is a beau-
tiful sight upon the stand—to see so many grand
carriages—with their coachmen in livery—and
then again the Passes standing round in their white
dresses—are really quite a picturesque looking sight.
I wish some of my good friends at home could be
out here, and see some of these pretty sights—

Thursday—March 15th 1860.—Our band, busy doing
on our market place, till eleven came for me at
five to go in the new steamboat. The sailing
quite regular coming in, in the time—there was a
heavy sea on—and a great wind blowing—and
this was all—such as I thought was to happen
the old steamboat—two boats—by the side—
mistake—and quite a number of it was of course
being in the least possible danger—The
go in safe at last—Took our usual time
which is always very much. Had a note
brought by Thomas, from Mrs W. H. Stead—
in which, we went to their bungalow to spend the
next Monday with Mrs Harding, Mrs. Mansur's wife.

[illegible]

Saturday, March 17th. Being all day, except while I was engaged with those boys, but a very pretty China boy called - he was a exchange, and he was little better than a kid, which was a little value at first. The boy wanted some money, but I told him to go. Marcus got her a dress - gave the money for it, it was a very nice one, I thought I would not go in at all, but after he had decided to go & take a short drive, found the European Band had volunteered to give the people of Cambridge some music - let them just in season to hear the last half of the programme. Capt. Connel got in the band - Probably Mr. Brown heard William Hall - one must come back here after a delightful time alone with my beautiful Pet. I wonder if he does love me so much as I do him, sometimes I think he does. Some- times I think he don't. Saw some Christmas Rem- p's tonight - And one in the Park - where we supposed there was to be a wedding. It was splendidly illuminated - Every window full of lights - & in the street front of the house, were several pyramids formed of candles, in which was the Christmas oil burning.

Friday. March 16th 1860. I cannot say anything
of the day here in India, or I mean of the weather.
For that are all so nearly alike. Pleasant con-
tinued. Morning at home in my little cabin,
afternoon out on shore sand. I wished to
by a little shell pins. At the several places,
I was directed in finding "Peto." I found
it. It is a little bit of a shell. Not much
like the one from Chile. I had one black
and one I had a cup of ice. But then the
cup was so elegant with one of
which the Cook seemed determined that I should
take. It was not handsome - and the next day
I saw that the cup was all over in fact for it
to show from the time I went to the sand land.
There we were joined by Capt. James - it was
a fine time to be in the boat for a moment.
No better call than this. For there is no reason
little reason in them. At the meeting would
induce us to partake of such as home, still
in this Indian climate where there is some-
better to be had, than to eat very well. Got a letter
from home at 10th of 9. It was a whole
letter - then retired - On the whole I think
we can manage to pass the time very pleasantly

Saturday, March 17th. Fine all day, except
 while I was increased with those boys. Got a
 very pretty white top hat - but was exchanged,
 changed off one little broken button, which was
 of great value at first. The boy wanted me
 to let him go. I told him to go. He was not here
 to see me - I saw the papers for it, it was
 better for him too, though I could not go in
 at all. But after that he decided to go to take
 what I said. Found the organ band had
 volunteered to give the people of Bombay some
 music - but were not in season to hear the
 last half of the programme. Capt. Canal
 got on the stand - probably off. Some birds
 winter still - one very. Come back he
 was, a delightful time with my beautiful
 Pet. wonder if he does love me so much as
 I do him. Sometimes I think he does. Some-
 times I think he don't. Saw some Misses Rem-
pie tonight - and one in the dark where
 we supposed there was to be a wedding. It
 was splendidly illuminated - very widow
 full of lights - & in the street front of the house
 were several pyramids formed of timber,
 in which was the ocean oil burning.

Sunday, March 18th Suffered very much with
 the Rheumatic Heat. I am not better at all -
 but wish to see & speak. It is the Natural con-
 sequence of coming to India very soon after sea.
 and it is an unpleasant one enough. Capt
 James of the American Ship Maquie called -
 I was waiting for him & he was impressed with
 his appearance - and I hope he will not be
 whose society Thomas will strive to
 cultivate. Every three weeks, he was in the
 in doubt whether he was conversing with
 me about his family at home. (Plymouth)
 & with Thomas about Indian tales. It
 was all the same. It is not to me to be
 one of the most positive proofs of an uncul-
 tivated taste as well as mind - where a person
 uses so much uncalld-for Phosphory. I
 much incommence my part to go away with all
 it - his very little he uses - but that - little
 he uses much - Not only dashing, before that
 precious little of Father is given him, he could
 to use no more language but that which he
 found harmoniously to all the world! Capt
 James lived with us - on Ross's ship. He has
 some of my favorite fish in tins. He brought

and I must not forget to say that we had some
 real Yankee apples - put down the ice - from the
 hold of the ship is fine. I suspected Mrs. Rice.
 Capt. Crocker & wife called upon us. I was
 happily disappointed in her appearance.
 I should not predict that it would be
 necessary for me to report as they say re-
 c'd that his wife is a beautiful lady. I should
 judge she might be a lady. Capt. James
 is the most agreeable Capt. I have met. The
 others are worse. He staid till 7 o'clock.
Monday March 11th 46. Was quite undecided
 about going to the beach - as the heat was so
 low but upon my face - concluded to go out but
 to stand for any pride - since all new comers
 are bound to name the best of it, & worst.
 Dr. Thomas went to the British Officer and
 packed Mr. John Niles & his wife. Mr. Harding
 came over soon after. Mrs. Brown Mrs. C.
 quite nicely - and Mrs. Harding very elegant.
 She had her baby 8 months old - ^{James} ~~her~~ ^{James}
 & Butter to take care of it. The ^{James} ~~James~~
 it - in fact seems more like the mother. Mrs.
 H. has been in the same land with some
 others for two months. Is a little boy, the wife.

I promised to spend the rest of my week with her. She gave me some "Lettuce" of a kind, and a notebook. The caption accompanying it was much like, "Being an India mission to abolish the use of spirit in the conduct of an infant." Mrs. Adams gave me in at 5th where I got from her "Pradon" into our own - where we took to the Explorers. & Paul Stand. The music was very fine indeed. Being the European instead of native band. From there we went with Capt. Ames - through the process. Had a very nice Vanilla ice, and then a "Sweet" Coffee. Sat some time over our papers. Then drove to Paul's Ames & "on the way out" - topped & returned. Think some people make more show than they can afford to.

Tuesday. March 20th Morning on board ship, afternoon Thomas comes for me - & we were joined at the Dubush office by Capt. Ames who rode with us to the Clarendon Hotel. Found the house very pleasantly situated - and well supplied with food and accommodations. Went from there to Hope Hall Family Hotel - where we found a fine suite of rooms - that we could have for 10 & 12

kept a day. That seems an exorbitant price to pay
 just to live and really I feel as if it were wasting so
 much money when there are so many things that we
 wish to get. But Thomas says. "Must come on shore
 till they get the ship more comfortable - and I know
 a change would do me good - He engaged the room
 tomorrow. I was about a little and then on
 board. Mr Remell spent the evening with us. He
 is quite pleasant - but poor fellow has a terrible
 cough - and when I asked him to let me get him
 something to relieve it - he laughed and said
 he was quite used to it - he had had it for 18
 years. I think I should worry some if I had it.
Wednesday, March 21st They all the morning packing
 my trunk - and not feeling well at all either - for
 I was obliged to lie down several times during
 the packing - I came so near fainting. Went to
 Hope Hall towards evening - found our room at
 last for us. Dined in our room the first evening.
 at 1/2 - The Bedstead in our room is of the
 carved black wood - measures $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long
 & $2\frac{1}{4}$ wide. Roomy enough. We have three rooms
 sleeping - sitting & bath - room - water closets attached.
 The beds are hard as boards & pillows just the
 same. Thomas made a terrible noise about it.

Sunday. March 22nd 1852. Cannot say that we
 either ~~and~~ felt very much refreshed from our rest
 last night - however had a change from being on ship
 board. and that was pleasant. Thomas left quite early
 and I went to work on my Sacks. The Brown Linen (all
 the style here with the European ladies - have Sacks - and
 nice silk Skirts - it is quite an agreeable fashion in Boston
 who happen to be like myself - getting stout. (??) I find
 our situation here quite pleasant. We have rooms on
 the second floor - opening out of the Drawing Room into
 immense rooms - one for a sitting & breakfast room -
 and one for Bed room - and a Bath room with a closet
 closet attached. These bath rooms I find are attached
 to all the sleeping rooms in Bombay. Another nice fashion
 Thomas sent the carriage for me, at four, we took a drive
 onto the Band Stand - from there came back to our new quar-
 ters at Hope Hall. Dined at 1 1/2 o'clock. in the Dining Hall.
 Not many Ladies in the house. One Major & his family
 one Colonel - & several others. Saw to the table about
 an hour. The Custom here is for the Ladies to be
 the ones to start from the table - the gentleman is with
 them one goes from the room - then sit down again to
 their drink & cigars - I preferred my gentleman to go
 with me - as he needed no more drink - & his
 cigars he could enjoy in our own room.

Friday - March 23rd. Thomas left me at 9 - and I spent the day till he sent for me in the afternoon to dine into the Fort for him. He sent me a note saying I could take the "Phaeton & pair" if I chose to dine - which I did. Met him at the Dubach office - sat there a little time - talking with the General Broothrops &c - Mr Curotger with his effeminate politeness invited us to come out to D. on the following Monday. Said their ladies should be there in full dress & jewels - Of course, we accepted the invitation glad of an opportunity to see their jewelry & dress - Drove for an hour or two, & then returned. Dined as usual at 7 1/2, & sat in the drawing for an hour after - then retired. & our hand bed & pillow - Thomas goes as the pillow -

Saturday March 24th. Did not go out during the day - remained at home sewing & reading & writing. Commenced my letter to the dear ones at home - Hope the mail will arrive before the other comes so that we can just speak of our letter - Thomas came for me at 2 1/2 to go for a little drive. Beautiful day - and we enjoyed it very much - Came back just in season for dinner - Left the table at 8 1/2. Sat up on the Miranda till 10 then to bed.

Sunday, March 20th - Bathed & dressed for breakfast -
 then spent the forenoon in sitting to our dear home friends.
 Wrote to Annie, Nellie & Ted - Then at 2 - Dressed again,
 when our Sarah Wallah came at 4 pm - went to dinner. We did
 not enjoy our time so much as usual from the fact that the
 four were seemed as if they were unwell - Sarah Wallah
 Sarah Wallah was seen dining with all the last night.
 Went to the hotel at 8 1/2 - Found Capt. James & Father
 there who had come out to dine with us - Had a very
 pleasant time with them - After dinner we all sat upon
 the veranda till nearly eleven - when the gentlemen
 went and I retired.

Monday - March 20th - 60. Thomas left at 9. Promising
 to come for me at 4 pm according to agreement -
 I went out to Farrell - Several boxes arrived during
 the last week - some extensive purchases of soap, in
 the way of Shipped for which I gave 3.00. The whole of
 goods I shipped for it - 1.50 Soap & paper etc - Thomas came
 at 4 pm with Mr. Curdson, & Mr. J. A. Stearns - We
 started off immediately and after an hour & a half
 time found us at the elegant residence which they
 were occupying for a little while previous to going
 into their own residence - This house is a very old
 one, but shows that even hundreds of years ago they
 had an idea here in India of erecting elegant

houses. The rooms are immense and the sides are
 walls covered with elegant mirrors - so large
 that we should find them occupying the whole
 of one of our home rooms. From there they were not
 disappointed at not seeing the female portion
 of the house. All were at their own house but Mr.
 Casot's daughter. She sat upon the veranda
 in fact under her veranda on the porch and her
 body enveloped in a Russian Satin Dress, the
 head covered with a white turban - long neck and
 waist covered with jewels. She is about 16 years
 old - very thin & good looking and has some hair
 upon her chin. The girl which is married in
 just a day from now - the marriage ceremony
 is to take place at the town house. And
 to which Mr. Casot gave me one of the most
 agreeable & polite invitations, in the present.
 The girl is French 10 years old - the boy 16. They
 will live together till they are about 15 - but are
 very very young - This couple are now engaged,
 and will ^{not} marry out of the family - from
 this time we must to their country seat - a fine
 one in England - the large house is a fine
 one with a garden - &c - And a fine Cornfield at
 the end - Mr. Casot had a "small" under

the Beacon Street to Blue Street to which we had
down - & gave justice to her new things,
dresses. "Lent Hill House" - "Don my friends
Pinto - to the little house" - "Great success" -
taken with a delicious cup of tea which they can
make me here - and cordials & wine - Mrs. C.
was talking with his attention & politeness -
drinking the health of his very good friend & app-
rently to me very good indeed - Mr. C. at 5. &
reached "Lapa Hill" too late for dinner. So had
not a cup of tea in our house. Retired at 11.
Tuesday March 27. Spent all night with my poor
dear Thomas - who got a dreadful headache
& diarrhoea from his eating & drinking at
night. He ate no breakfast - but would go into
the Port. and as I was engaged to dine with Mrs.
Hosking - He thought one found there so he went
to the Port. He promised us if he was feeling
better to come out to dinner - but poor fellow did
not come - I was quite alarmed about
him all day. Spent a pleasant day with the
expulsion of my anxiety for my husband -
& at five went to dine with Mrs. H. She had
me at "Lapa Hill" - where I found poor Thom
not going his good health order to go for

me he being too sick to go himself. He had been quite bad all day. Had had a physician, & got some pills & some gruel from him, which I gave him - & got him to bed - Dressed him in Broadway - & he dropped to sleep - Promised Mr. Small that we would come there for a few days.

Wednesday - March 28th - 1867. Thomas much better this morning - Went into the City quite early. He came out as from bringing me letters from the dear friends at home. One from Jane, Nellie, & Ned - They were not. I don't know how delightful our visit was to me in a distant land - if they are, they'll not be so very stingy with them. However, just one line saying all were well would be a great treat. Went into the Hunt Stand in the evening - Had Capt. James & Fuller with us - Came out just in season for dinner - and decided with Thomas that we would go to Mr. H's the next day - to spend the rest of the week.

Thursday - March 29th - 1867. Packed up all our things - packed my trunk - & sent a note to Mrs. Harding that we would come - Dressed ourselves in my brown Holland sack. Got a letter from Mrs. H. one saying she would send her love for our trunk & send a letter

and another sailing ship. But we decided to
best not to go till after dinner - I sent our trunk
home & word to that effect. We got here at
12. it being but a short distance from the hotel -
& found them ready for us & glad to see us. Thomas
began talking - we had prayers & talked
home much pleased with the appearance of
both. We spent 7 days there very pleasantly -
I enjoyed the change from ship-board & the
hotel (where I had no friends) very much. We
judged from what Mrs. H. said she enjoyed
having me with her quite as much. We used to
spend our mornings in sewing a little - & taking
a good deal. Then dinner - for they do not stop
at noon & dine at 4 like the fashionable. Then
luncheon upon the lounge in the parlour - &
usually dress at four, ready for a drive in
the carriage. Thomas would come out at six - & when
Mr & Mrs A. were engaged on meetings in the
evening - we not caring to go with them as the
services were always in Hindustani or
Persian - would take a drive - some times
into the Park & take a steam - & sometimes
out of town. Mrs. H. is expecting to be confined
about next November again - & her little baby is

now only 8 months old. She is a dear little
 child - I wish I should have to have one of my baby
 left in custody to the care of Native Parents, as
 the children over here, all see. I presume how-
 ever I shall come over again with little "Red". He
 will be passed over from his mother to his
 father - and perhaps learn to converse with
 her - before he goes in his mother's tongue. Her
 little "Sister" he shares no such thing - His
 mother won't give up her baby for fashion's sake.
 A great traveller came to Vm.
 He just before we left to pass a few days be-
 fore leaving in the steamer for home. He was
 a very agreeable gentleman - and I was sorry
 not to see more of him - but Thomas' business
 required him to be on board ship earlier
 in the morning than he could get there from
 being at Oyoculla - & we decided to come back
 on board ship - which we did - on Friday the
 1st of April - I ought to state that we attended church
 with them at their native church - and the native
 pastor preached to the Indians in their own tongue.
 It was quite interesting - al-
 though we could not understand any thing. The
 English used it now a good sermon -

Thurs. Jan. 90

April 4th 1861. Friday. We did not leave Mrs. Harding's till eight - but before tea - went to their loggia. The idea she felt it would be to have me come down - and she knew she should not be so well - as she had been while I was with her - and quite surprised that Mrs. Thomas did not tell me while I was on shore - as I knew she would not stay on board ship - Mrs. H. wanted me to spend 2 or 3 days with her - which I promised - if possible. Found Mr. Regnell on Apollo's Barge - going off to the ship - to see so - as he knew we were going on board that night - He had come up also for me - which was quite delicious. As Thomas & I were not taking some going in the Driggs. Found all right on board - and all ready for me. Mr. Regnell took tea with us - and staid till half past 7. The arrangements had all been made for our going to Elephantine Cove the next day. & I had only to enter into the plans - without saying either yes, or no. Thomas & I had been indeed across an hour when I heard a terrible noise as if some one coming on board - I supposed from the noise that it was some drunken sailors - but

it proved to be Mr. Hallett & Mr. Stearns. The latter was going with us to Uluksua. & as he wished to be here in season, came the night before. Mr. H. laid an hammock - and about 12 - we got quiet again - thinking to get but little rest - as we were to start at five.

Tuesday April 5th 1854. We were called at half past four o'clock - and after dressing waited for our party as all were to meet on board the Native - as her accommodations were so good as mine and they turning into consideration the education of the Native's ladies &c. - We had a rub of coffee on board & I started off. We had one of the Custom House boats - very large, & well accommodated - with a good crew, & manned by four of the Native Boatmen - her cargo consisted of Capt. Kane his wife & three daughters - Capt. Ames - Father. Barnes. Mr. Stearns - & Capt. Hendon & wife - We took Hallett & our steward to wait upon us. They were situated about nine miles from the ship. The water is very shoal so that we have to leave our large boat & be paddled ashore by natives in a small boat. for about 500 yds. Then there is a gradual ascent of 214 steps

and the mouth of the cave presents itself. The entrance is about 50 feet wide, & 40 high. It extends back about 200 feet, & leads off into 10 different apartments. The roof is supported by 20 pillars - but standing from the solid rock at the base of its separation. These are roughly but laboriously carved. The architecture being Drisc & -minthian. Many of these columns are fast falling down, & all are more or less defaced. The figures are carved from the solid rock, and are of colossal proportions. They are mostly representing Females. 15 of the very large ones - some with three heads, & one with one, some with 10 arms others with 2. They are 30 feet in height, & proportioned accordingly. There are 4 or 500 of the smaller figures. Of this cave there dec no traditions, its existence has been known as far back as 1875. & even at that early date was unused. There are a great many opinions regarding it. It is the great curiosity of the place. We arrived here at 9. A. M. and after partaking of a collation prepared by our Steward to Nancy - we walked about the cave. It is very tedious as well as being very interesting and as

it was the first time I had walked at all
 upon the ground. I got very tired - & found my-
 self many times sitting down to rest. At 2 o'clock
 we had our dinner - which consisted in primitive style
 under the flowing jaws of the Giant - which con-
 sisted of cold meats of all kinds - ^{Baker Beans} eggs - small
 Battered Cakes - Pumpkins - Oranges - Apples &
 Apples from W. England. with plenty of Ice water
 tea - coffee - Brandy & wine to wash it all
 down with. After we left the cave & prepared
 to descend to the boat. it was harder getting
 down than up - for gathered quite a quantity of
 pebble shells on the beach while we were waiting
 for the boats - & then each one got into a chair
 which was taken by three coolies & carried some
 twenty yds in the water to the small boat - getting
 into which we were rowed to the large boat. which
 was off some distance - from the water coming
 in - and it was very long & indeed - making
 it almost frightful to go in a small boat as
 it - however we all got there - & reached our
 several ships in safety - There were three other
 parties there beside ours - but some of them
 did not get away quite as well as ours did
 but having been a little the worse for the water they
 carried. Got home at 11 1/2. tired all out.

Saturday, April 6th 1861. Today, I was to have gone to Mrs. Harding, but was obliged to send her a note instead, telling her that I was too much fatigued to leave the ship. Was upon the lounge nearly all the day, and when Thomas came off to see me, ^{as soon} for a long time we were joined, and I was able to go. Retired quite early.

Sunday, April 7th 1861. Thomas went down to find the "Typhoon" but today either - but one week later. So much of a mistake made for leaving my journal over a week. Capt. Sutter of the "Typhoon" sent me a large jar of butter - two tin boxes of Linseed Oil and two bottles of Castor Oil. Sugar for drinks. It seems to be a good-hearted & kind. I wonder if he is as thoughtful for his own wife's comfort as he is for other persons. Some grumblers are not. Mr. Rydell sent me a box of some Apples for dumplings, and word that he would come off to dinner with us, which he did - The dumplings were very good - considering - Capt. Sutter came down in the afternoon & we all went on shore together - & had our dinner. Went on to the Cannery built by the Janitor for Anthony - & eat some times. Beautiful sailing ship.

Monday - April 8th 1860. Went home more with Thomas, and after sitting in the office of Dr. Rathbone went out to Mrs. Harding's. Mr. Minger was there. The gentleman who gave some with us. A nice pleasant old gentleman - but so funny. Mrs. Harding said she thought I had forgotten her entirely. I staid with her till four o'clock - then drove in to meet Thomas at the Dubuque office, promising Mrs. H. to meet her the next afternoon at four & a half o'clock - at the Lee House to go round for a little hat for little Julie. We went to the Band Stand where we met all the Capt's and after Band went to the Fort - for a walk - upon the invitation of Capt. Cassin S. and Capt. East who had just arrived. Went on board ship at 9 - Had a cup of tea & retired.

Tuesday - April 9th Thomas sent for me at 2. sending me four letters from the Home Circle, one from Nellie, one from Annie, Ned & Helen Smith - who was at her father's. Ned precious child wrote a very pretty letter indeed - He had had a very pleasant visit in Albany. All the dear ones are well. Annie not going to Cal. till the fall this time. Went to the

Tuesday. I left where I was writing letters - started
Continued. while with the different persons there
among them Capt. Camel who sailed tomorrow
then drove round to the Ice house where
I found Mrs Harding just arrived. Mr
Bryant came to accompany us - on
our shopping expedition - took us to the
China Bazaar - where we saw all sorts of
beautiful things - then went in search of
a little hat which we did not find -
Left Mrs H. at the Ice house. First prom-
ising to spend Thursday with her. Then
went on board at 7 - alone. Had
some apples from Mr. Bryant.

Wednesday. Staid on shore and finished my letters
April 11th to send by the mail of this evening - also
copied some of Thomas' into his copy
book. He sent for them at twelve -
also sent a note saying if I wished
to come in for a time to send him
word and he'd come for me at 5.
I sent word I'd go - so it was done
right - which I accordingly did -
He drove for an hour before going to the
mail - after which came directly on board

This day, Went on shore with Thomas & Lu, and then
 April 12th directly out to Mrs Hardings' Found her
 expecting me - and fearful that I was in
 coming as it was nearly dark. I was to
 send the ~~Shannon~~ to Mr Thomas, & he was to
 send it out at five, but the stupid
 Great Wallat did not understand, &
 about two hours after when I looked out
 into the Compound there stood the ~~same~~
 horses taken out to Great Wallat asleep.
 I instantly despatched him to the
 Port - sending a note to Thomas - &
 telling him the reason of this. Wonder.
 He sent for me again at five & one half.
 I spent a very pleasant day indeed,
 with Mrs H. - Received a note from
 Mrs Cleland wishing me to spend the
 next day with her. Found Thomas at
 the office - where I was for a few moments.
 Praised the two children who were to be mar-
 ried in two weeks. The boy was named J.
 12. The child wife is T. She was dressed
 in their usual costume Corn colored &
 Latin breeches, with Diamonds in her
 ears & nose - neck blue & Dracletto of black.

Friday. Left the ship early and rode to Mr. and
 April 13. stopping at Mr. L. and then to my sister
 home before going to Mr. L. Found a pretty
 spotted Simsbury & carried it to her. &
 there a deer from. Staid a half an
 hour & had a lunch - then left for Mr. L.
 Hill - Found Mrs. Leonard was looking
 for me - passed the day very pleasantly
 indeed - Thomas came out in the eve
 with the groutmen to dine - and so
 left at ten for home. got in found
 it half past eleven. like these things
 very well - tho I cannot think she is as
 sincere as is Mrs. Harding. She is a very
 great lover of dress & fine things -
 forgot to mention that I saw Capt. Eames
 as he was going to sea this morning. He was
 very sad poor man. He sent me a pair
 of spectacles this morning.

Saturday
 April 14. Remained at home all day. During
 Capt. Salter came off with horses -
 staid to tea with us and a little while
 during the evening. He said he was
 fearful that some thing was going
 to happen to Capt. Eames before he got

Saturday
Good day.

99
Reminded to Mr. H. H. Home

April 14th from this present voyage - he felt so
Continued. very badly at leaving, and seemed
to dread going to Singapore very
much - He has a chronic diarrhoea
upon him to which is troubling him
very much. Poor man, I trust no harm
will befall him. He is a nice man.

Sunday. Thomas went on board the Lyphorn - where
April 15. he spent an hour - then Capt. Gatter came
off to dine with us - as we were to go off
after dinner. At 4. we dined & left at
3 1/2 for Shore. Mr. Wm Thomas, Capt.
Gatter & I went in our Phacton. drove
first out to the Government gardens &
walked all round them - had a hand-
some bouquet given me. From there we drove
to the Governor's house & gardens - took
a look inside - & then to D'Souza's.
We went first to Sir Cursetjee's garden.
Went all over his elegant house, and
the honor of shaking hands with Sir
Cursetjee himself - the old Baronet
died about a year since. Leaving over
80,000 dollars it is said. In the

showing room which is elegantly furnished
is a full length portrait of Queen Victoria pre-
sented by herself to Sir G. and Sir S. J. S. S. S.
the enclosed hospitals, schools &
colleges - was the most liberal man
in all India. At Meerut he
had erect meat, milk & tea - &
after, standing about over their ground
& being sprinkled with Rose water, &
burdened with Presents, & finally - he left
Reached the Ship at 9. tired out -

Monday, Staid at home and assisted in getting
April 16. my room in order. We have got a nice
four posted bed -stead in the Cabin - have
taken out one of the Sofas - and the new
really looks quite comfortable. Excise
Capt Barnes & Spooner were off to
have a rubber at Whist. It turned
out to be a few games of English instead.
Capt Leach sent me six jars of vinegar
today - quite a present - for it is very
nice - some he has just got in China
himself - But he goes there again - &
can get more, he said - Everyone is
very kind.

Sunday Went ashore with Thomas this morning.
 April 17. and then drove out to Byculla to see Mrs.
 Harding. She was at Malabar Hill to
 spend the day, and I staid & dined
 with Mr Harding & Mrs. Munger. Left a
 note to Mrs. L. Then came in & stopped
 at the office where Mrs. Desai had gave
 me a present of a silk dress. It was a
 Beaded satin. Quite handsome.
 Came on board after going to do a
 little shopping with Thomas. Mr. Desai
 chased a pretty cloak for "Christa
 Cabit" - giving 30. Rupees for it.

Monday Did not intend to go ashore again - but
 April 18. Thomas came out for me - to take me
 more dine - & said Desai had Mr.
 Manjre wanted me to come there. We
 went & first called at a native bazaar
 where Thomas got me a pretty little more
 dress for an anniversary present - &
 from there we went to the office - where Mr.
 S. M. gave me an elegant Emerald
 ring. Made our adieux to them & then
 drove out to Mrs. Hardings. She was waiting
 for us - & we staid - Had a pleasant

sick and felt bad at leaving her. She
seemed to feel quite badly at our leaving
gave me a loaf of cake to eat after
we had got away from port. Capt
Walker was on board the Sabine visiting
her. I said till nearly 11 - then
he bade me good bye. Had a present
of a pair of silver tongs & a butter dish
from Thomas Taylor. Consul off.

Thursday, April 19. got under weigh at 8 A.M. in charge
of a Pilot. Mr. Minger & Mr. Harding
coming on board at 7 1/2. Mrs. Harding
sent me a bundle of parched rice &
a letter which she had written me the
night before. One which Mr. H. left at
home. I was sorry for I knew it
would have been a good letter. Mr.
Stearns came on board his brother
& Mr. Healley coming with him. They
brought me a note from Mrs. Stearns -
I also had one from Mr. Lyngell to
say good-bye as he could not come
off - I did not feel so badly as I thought
I should. Mr. Stearns & I taken a
lick after dinner. Quite sick all the day.

Friday- decidedly sick - Mr. Stewart & I seem
 April 20. to keep along together - tho' I am not
 going to give way to it. This is beautiful
 weather - and we are going along at a
 beautiful rate. 105 miles the first day.
 May it never be less - till we reach the
 good old New York City.

Saturday- Made up my mind that I would not be
 April 21st sea-sick - and went out upon Deck with
 some thing to occupy me. There has been
 nothing strange or wonderful to me to-day.
 Today, we seem to be sailing on towards some
 pretty good - We told Mr. Mungor this A. M.
 that we should be happy to have prayers
 morning or evening - if he was agreeable
 to it - I think we shall find it very pleasant
 out indeed - here on the great ocean
 where there seems to be nothing but the
 water and heaven meeting - and one
 little boat freighted with us poor mor-
 tals the only living creatures there on. Tho'
 underneath there seems to be life - if
 we may judge from the little creatures
 that occasionally leave their native
 element - only to jump back again instantly.

Sunday. Fine, beautiful weather. Morning land, on
 April 22. usual landing to passengers in our little
 Cabin, after which betook ourselves to the
 Deck - where we spent the forenoon - landing.
 At 3. P.M. had an evening spread on the
 main deck - and the sailors called upon
 to had services. Mr. Mayor officiating. He
 was very good indeed - speaking in a very
 pretty simple manner to simple sailors.
 His aim seemed to be to say something
to them that they could understand.
 commenced "A Life for a Life" by the
 Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."
 ending all sat upon Deck. The very place
 into the water very phosphorescent -

Monday. Disagreeable pain in my stomach &
 April 23. head all day. Managed to keep about
 all day by lying down & getting
 up again. We find the ship much more
 comfortable than last passage. We can
 hardly judge however for we have
 had such beautiful weather all the time.
 There is no motion at all to the ship -
 and perfectly upright too. How much
 I wish we might get round the Cape for
 the 15th of June.

Thursday - This is our 5th day at sea. and we have
April 24th the same beautiful weather. Sailed 479.

miles. We find Mr. Munger to be a right
jolly old gentleman. quite an agreeable
addition to the passengers of the Sabine.
He is very peculiar - and very plain in
his personal appearance - tho' very good.
He was born in India 26 years. Has been
home three or three times since he came
first. He buried his wife off the Cape
of Good Hope - the 2nd time coming
out. He had been home with her - on ac-
count of her health being very poor, &
thought she was sufficiently recovered
to try the life in India again - but failed
as soon as she got out at sea. & poor
creature was never permitted to stand
land again upon her Mother Earth - but
buried beneath the saving sea - I
have always had a terrible horror of being
a friend buried at sea. and hope I shall
never. He, Mr. Munger went home for
another wife - She has died since in
India - I wonder if he is going for a
third wife? He seems to come back.

Wednesday No change in the weather or in anything
April 25th else. We all seem to be getting along
in regard to sea sickness very nicely.
Hope we may continue so. For all
the disagreeable sensations I have
ever had to contend with, I must believe
sea sickness is among the very worst.

537 miles. the 5th day at sea.

Thursday. The only thing for a change today - was
April 26th that once the sailors struck a large
surprise and hauled him in - the first
that has been caught on the voyage -
but they tried many times to get one
when coming out. They are a tremendous
sort of large fish - 610 miles - the 7th day.

Friday. We had a visitor on board this morning.
April 27. Capt Cole from New York - of Ship Castor
He is bound into Bombay. Learned we
had to get meat from there. And it was
really quite delightful to see him, &
talk with him - He is very pleasant -
Has a wife & three children on board
his ship - and he managed to tell me
that his wife would be confined on the
voyage. He stopped to breakfast with

Mr. M. had Porpoise Liver. I wrote a letter
in understanding and sent by him - & Mr.
Stearns wrote to his brother. I sent some
things to his children - A. P. pencils, one
fine apple. & some Dates. I knew how
delightful it would have been to us
to have met some one just before
getting in - & been treated to some
fruit. Would like to go ashore this aft.
and take our Thacker from Appollo
Quater and dine off somewhere.

Saturday
April 8.

This has been another sick day with
me. Nothing serious I suppose - only
a little agly feeling from my situation.
I laid upon the bed this afternoon - &
read aloud to Thomas all the letters re-
ceived from home. The dear creature
have probably got our letters now - & know
that we are coming home. Poor darling
Mother, I know she will be anxious
about me and her first grandson.
I hope I shall get along well - & have
a nice boy to take him to them. Don't
some of the nice people of Lowell wonder
somewhere he came from? -

Sunday. Another beautiful day for Sunday, &
 April 29. favorable for our sailing services. Mr.
 Morgan took for the subject of his discourse
 that portion of Scripture relating to Lot's
 wife being turned into a "Pillar of Salt". I
 did not like it as well as his first - the
 evening spent upon deck. Rain & snow
 making all around us. Lightning -
 864 miles - the tenth day at sea. We
 should have been one thousand.

Monday. Very nearly calm - now disconcerting
 April 30. when we want to get along so much -
 We caught a large Shark, and at the
 same time the 2nd Mate gained a very
 handsome fish - called the Yellow Tail.
 There were four of these fishes keeping
 the Shark company - but they had
 much to their surprise and doubtless
 to leave the Shark & one of their mates,
 who furnished us a nice meal for
 supper & breakfast - Cut up the Shark
 took out his heart & liver - & part of
 his back bone - & then consigned him
 to his native element - where he was
 probably been well digested by his mother.

Sunday.
May 1st

A dawning little bird came on board last night & tonight. or rather two of them. Not footed - but such pretty little creatures. We put them upon the Skylight in the After Cabin where they spent the night - & took their flight with the early morning. Seeing by their coming to the same quarters the second night quite well pleased with them. This is the first day of May. All nature is beginning to dress herself for the beautiful summer coming. How much I should enjoy being at home now. I wish we had 10,000 or so - so that my dear Ruby would give up the Sea. "If wishes were horses, beggars might ride".

Wednesday
May 2nd

This is certainly beautiful weather - it has been nearly calm today and I could enjoy sitting upon deck - sometimes that I find myself unable to do with much of a breeze. I wonder if I should be so, or if I was not in this situation - if I could not do as Thomas does - go out at any time. It is not surely going to be very pleasant for me - if I have to lay in bed here - breeze -

Thursday. This is the anniversary of the birth of my
 May 3rd darling brother - 40 years ago today - &
 now will I remember that day. Father
 taking Neddie & I out for a walk, for
 it was a lovely morning, and we went
 for May flowers - but got none that
 could compare with the little May
 blossom we found with Mother on
 our return. He has been a dear gone
 by these twenty years. God grant
 that he may never change. This is
 our 14th day at sea - & we have sailed
 1094 miles.

Friday. A disagreeable sea on all day - so that
 May 4. I was obliged to give up and consign my-
 self to either the bed or lounge all day.
 Managed to get the day somewhat pleasantly
 reading an interesting book of Mr. Munroe's.
 Mrs McKensie's "Life in the Mission". Find
 this passage pleasanter so far than last -
 for now, I have more of my dear Thomas's
 Society - without an incubance, & lack
 time. The Cabin was common property
 to our young passengers - making it at
 times pleasant - at others, not so.

Saturday
May 5th

Beautiful, beautiful weather. I wish I
could say Beautiful beautiful Sea,
and feel it to be so - since in all prob-
ability I shall have to pass a great por-
tion of my time on the Sea - Else be de-
prived of the company of my husband.
Even now, he growls occasionally, &
says that I shall never go again with
him. But I don't imagine he will carry
his word into execution come to the
point. I know I must annoy him a
great deal - for money & much my-
self - and am constantly making
him up in the night to ask him what the
weather is, or is going to be. This may be, as
I suppose it is dreadfully silly - but
I cannot help it, I am so frightened
all the time - & suffer so much - I have
hoped that after a certain little addition
yet along - I shall feel differently - for
I was not nearly so fearful on the
outward passage, as I have been this.
It may be, that little fellow that is
doing it all - for he makes me very
sick most of the time, little villain. (?)

Sunday. The days here all seem to be alike, (Sun)
 May 6th beautiful - Fine now and then when we
 have a head sea on - and then, the the
 weather soon is fine enough - The sea
 made the cabin very uncomfortable,
 that is and it is impossible to get
 a comfortable situation any where - even
 on the bed, we are not secure at all - we
 are braced up against the bulk-heads.
 No services on board today - except
 our usual morning & evening prayers.

Monday. Made myself the most comfortable that
 May 7th I could today by remaining in bed, all
 day. Doing a little on the little things.
 and reading some in "Psalms," a great
 practical book - by Catharine Sinclair.

Tuesday. Fine beautiful weather - Nearly Calm on
 May 8th enough for me to spend the entire day
 on deck. The thermometer standing
 much of the time as high as 87°. There
 were a great many Sharks around.
 One very large one was taken by the
 Shark-hook. and with the help of nearly
 "one watch" was taken in over the cabin.
 Thomas instantly commenced "p-

Marlin spikes and large knives - to keep her open. "Oh Heaven, come here, she is a real old woman" was the cry, and as she lay upon deck. There were from her "intimately" ripped "nine" small sharks. They were separated according to the custom of nature, and then placed in the back tub, or salt water - where they swam as natural as any, and thus lived till nearly morning. Thomas has taken the back-bone of the Mother Shark - for a cane. It is quite pretty.

Wednesday. Very nearly calm - so much so - that
May 9th from Thomas has started already commenced the cry. "Oh dear, another long passage is in store for us. Well, if we have a long one, there is pleasure in the thought that all the delays are appointed by our Heavenly Father - and are therefore just what is best for us.

Thursday.
May 10th Calm - Calm - Calm. Only 30 miles in the last 24 hours. and this is our 21st day. 1485 miles is all we have sailed - & we have 14000 miles to sail. Oh if we were around the Cape of Good Hope. I should be so happy -

Friday. The same old story. nice pleasant
 May 11th weather - with occasional squalls -
 which are always quite welcome
 as the water is already getting re-
 duced down - & they are anxious to
 fill up their Casks - to keep that in the
 "guk". Dried in great abundances,
 hovering around the ship - & large
 shoats of fish flapping under the Board.
 Caught some Pomato which redished
 very nicely for Dinner & Supper -

Saturday The anniversary of wedding day.
 May 12th Three years ago today. I shall leave
 a little space to be filled in by my dear
 husband on that all important subject.

Sunday. Equally unpleasant day. No service.
 May 13th and no sitting up by me all day.

Monday. Moderate breeze. Still Thomas. Saps we
 May 14th got along very slowly. I fear we shall
 be just where we don't want to be at
 the time I am sick. I am getting to
 be really nervous about that time. I
 have not dreaded it all 'till quite
 within a short time. I am so fearful
 that all will not go right with the little
 one, if God is pleased to give us one in
 life and health how very thankful
 we shall be. We must wait patiently
 trusting all things with him who has all
 power, & who will do what is best for all
 his children.

Tuesday. I had a dreadfully unpleasant night
 May 15th last night. It was so equally. & such
 a sea on that the ship was very un-
 comfortable - and when & - I am so
 anxious to think that I suffer myself -
 & make those about me.

I spoke to Thomas in the middle watch and asked him if they were not too quiet on deck. He instantly donned Cap & Slippers - and rushed noiselessly upon deck. where he found Mr. Brown leaning up against one of the boats. fast asleep. He said he was unable to stand up or to walk from a "boil" on his leg.

Wednesday. We have now fresh trade winds from May 16th P.E. and are going along at a very nice rate. The 1st Officer came to Thomas tonight saying he was not able to keep his watch tonight. His "boils" were so bad. poor fellow! Thomas kept his watch for him. I believe I should have been ashamed to have asked, after being found asleep the night before. Every one to their fancy.

Sunday. 28 years ago today I was brought May 17th into this world a living breathing creature. Have I fulfilled the destiny for which I was placed here. I fear I have not yet - but hope I shall be able to - ere I finish my earthly career.

The Mate kept his watch in his Beth-Sue with Boils again, Thomas taking his place on Deck. Mr. C. reads till 11 o'clock in his Beth. Smokes his pipe twice during the night - Will cannot keep his watch. Strange inconsistencies in human nature. It seems a pity for Thomas to be Captain & Mate too - It is like being once a man & twice a child. I would not say a word if a person was really sick - but when they keep their Appetite & sleep & say for the 100 - I have not much charity - particularly where. My pet has to be taken from his Cabin to gratify "an old woman's whims" to use Mr. C's own words in respect to the 2nd Officer who was similarly afflicted but kept his watch all the time.

The Mate seems a little more comfortable this morning - think there may be a prospect of Thomas spending the night in - according to the appearance of things. I hope he will, I am sure for dear soul. I hate to have him out all night. "All the uncles a stage! And men & women, merely players."

Friday
May 18th

Saturday. Sick all day. I said I fear I am not going to keep up till the 1st of June in-
 clude of till the middle, as I calculate.
 "May pity & Charity ever go hand in hand, & gratitude be their inseparable companion."

Sunday. Another sick day. Did not get up to
 May 20th be dressed at all. Neither could I eat any thing. Oh dear - this being at sea - from or fire on the at a time and being sick all the time - is not just the thing.

"It must be so; then let us strive to bear. With cheerful hearts life's necessities & care!"

Monday. Sick in bed - and real sick too. While we have so disagreeable a sea on as at present - 'twould perhaps just as well that I remain sick enough to keep in bed - else I might fall & break my neck. Being a little better.

Tuesday. Sat out on deck today - tho' the air is getting a little cooler - being now 77°. That we should think hot at home. Finished the nice flannel skirt today, the embroidery of it.

Saturday Sick today. Also Sunday and
 May 26th Monday & Tuesday. Was not
 able to sit up at all, or to eat -
 or if I ate - 'twas only an agreea-
 bation - for it gave me the heart-
 burn, or a distress so dreadful,
 that I could not keep it down
 at all - 40 days at Sea. 3763 miles.

Wednesday Fine weather - Managed to get
 May 30th up - and dress myself. but had
 to go on to the bed directly again.
 Worked some. finished a little
 Cambie dress - puff waist - V
 very pretty one. Thomas made
 a hammock for Eddy Luke Hanks
 which he hung up. & put a pillow
 in. then laid Rones in. with the
 little dress over him - thought it
 would do nicely, as did Mr. Stearns
 who was called in to see.

Thursday, One of those turbulent cross
 May 31st seas on that drive me on to the
 bed. for I cannot sit up with
 them at all. Read Beatrice most
 all day.

Friday. Here it is the 1st of June. our glorious
 June 1st " summer at home. How beautifully
 every thing is looking at home now.
 and how much I wish we were there
 to see, there been sewing today on some
 little shirts. and making Sattin.
 I find the pie very pretty for trimming
 little things. Sat upon deck last eve,
 for a little while - & had my usual
 walk with Thomas - then came below
 read a story to Thomas - & retired.

Saturday. I have been feeling quite nicely for
 June 2nd " two days - have been up all day. But
 cutting out some more little shirts
 today - cut three. Thomas thinks the
 boy will have more shirts than his
 father, if I keep on. Thermometer 75°.
 44 days at sea - have sailed 4254 miles.
 Sailed till 9 o'clock this evening on a
 little ship - then retired.

"The most beautiful flower, soon faded, & decays,
 & dies; this is also the case with man; his days
 are uncertain as the passing breeze. This flower
 glows in the flush of health & vigor; but the next
 he may be counted with the number no more known on earth."

Sunday.

June 3rd.

awoke very early, to find it a delightfully pleasant day. Was happily disappointed. Went to bed with the expectation of our having a Gale by morning. Took a warm bath, dressed myself, & after breakfast - took some of Mr. Wiggins' "Lute" and upon deck to read while Nancy was putting the cabin in order - for Bayes. After tea, read in "Patience" - Thomas on the "Type" leading "Line of Battle Ships". Had Towns Pig for dinner & Currant Pie. Breezing up quite hard. I hope the gale isn't coming. But what is the use of worrying all the time about it. Wait till it comes.

Wonder if our darlings are in Church today, listening to the Rev. Mr. Trist. How much I would love to be there today. Have Thomas with me - and have something good for dinner, it may be Strawberries. It would be so pleasant however to be there even if we had nothing extra for eating. We should have the loved Society of our dear, dear friends -

God grant we may be with them soon

Monday
June 4th

Midnight commences with an increasing breeze from North East - & fine beautiful weather towards morning sharp Lightning & Thunder at S.W. & wind failing at N.E. At 5 A.M. took a squall of wind from W.N.W. which gradually increased to a gale & at 9 A.M. it blew a strong gale from West by South. rising a very large sea so the ship was very uncomfortable - Gus complaining of pains in the morning; occurring at irregular intervals. & of short duration not very severe. I could not very well notice their period as I was called on deck at 4 A.M. & did not leave it again until nearly 10 A.M. About this time we split our Main topsail so had we found it necessary to bend a new one, & again I was called on deck - when I staid until after 12 o'clock - noon. Come below took dinner as usual. & smoked my cigar - & wrote up my Journal. while writing my Journal Gus had several severe pains - which somewhat confirmed my suspicions of the morning. At tea time - that is 5 o'clock

Monday The pains became more regular. & very
Continued severe. occurring about once in 5 minutes
 & lasting one minute & 30 seconds. a few
 other unmistakable signs about this time
 began to occur - & accordingly we made
 all necessary arrangements - as in a
 nautical phrase - We chose shortened sail
 to the smallest possible quantity of
 canvas - spread the top sails - Bottom
down the hatches - & anxiously awaited
 the expected squall - At 6 P.M. the
 pains were very severe - The ship at
 this time was very easy indeed the
 gale of the morning had moderated
 to a gentle breeze - but still there was
 a very large sea running - however
 we only put canvas enough on the
 ship to keep her easy in the sea -
 About 10 P.M. Gus was in much pain. "Oh
 Thomas I know I shall die" - "give me
 chloroform or Ether" - "I can't stand a
 another pain like the last." I sat
 by her side all the time holding her
 hands in mine. which she grasped
 so tightly - she really hurt me some

Wednesday
Continued

I talked to her of things - about "Louisa-
Lydia" "Smiley" "Lucy" &c. There was hardly
three minutes time between the pains
& they did not last more than a min-
ute - but Oh! I would have given all
the world could I have been able to
entrust the event to some one else.
I sent Nancy to bed at 6 PM. & told
her I would call her when she was
wanted - thus my darling layed & suffered
until 11^h 35' 48" PM I became a Father
& Gus a Mother - as I supported him
into this world of sorrow & sin. the
strong cold atmosphere of which
struck with such a shivering sen-
sation on the dear little exposed
body - I saw 'twas a Boy - & then he
opened his mouth & such Lungs. the
cry of which made glad his Mother's
heart. When Gus asked "Oh Thomas is
he perfect?" to which I replied "Oh
yes as perfect as men can be in
this world - & such a bouncer" -
Whereupon the little fellow sped
End of the prettiest blue eyes in the

Monday & let his gaze rest on his Father -
Continue now while I am writing - I think
 Had it been my other baby I
 should have said "pitty creature. get
 eyes -" I dispatched Nancy for the
 water & for washing the little fellow
 clean & comforted the Mother as much
 as possible - As the Mother was now
 without pain & very much exhausted
 with the assistance of Nancy we had
 him soon dressed & laid on the Sofa.
 Although I really believe Gus must
 have made calculations for time, all
 the articles of his wardrobe are so
 very large - However experience teaches
 wisdom & she will know better a-
 nother time - though if God spurs
 to us this little one never with my
 consent shall she suffer so much
 as she has this night - After Gus
 became a Mother say 5 minutes of
 12 o'clock - all her pains ceased &
 she did not have even the com-
 blance of a pain after this - at
 the expiration of half an hour

Monday for the After Birth to come away.
Circumstances as there were no prospects however
 I attempted with gentle manual
 Tuesday means to remove it - but without
 great 5th success. Then at 7 A.M. tried a-
 gain but without success. At 4
 A.M. tried again but in vain, now
 I was begining to get alarmed - &
 found it almost impossible to cheer
 my darling wife - I then went to
 our passengers room the Rev Mr
 Mungler. To ask his advice - but
 he never having had any children
 could only say "Trust in God" - My
 whole trust & thought had been
 in God. So I returned to Gus &
 at 4th 30' A.M. introduced my
 hand & took it away - What
 a joyful moment was that for
 both of us. & at one time I
 fear I loved not the Boy - for
 I thought I should lose the
 Mother - My feelings have been
 such as never before & such as
 I never wish to have them

Tuesday again - I then immediately
Continued Made the Mother comfortable &
 at 5 o'clock gave her in her
 own arms her own little son
Edward. Tucke. Hendee - She took
 him fast as any mother would -
 Kissed him just as any Mother
 should - & put him, where I have
 no doubt, he got something good
 - I then tried to have her sleep, which
 she did in short naps. I also took
 a short nap - After giving orders
 to the Nurse to make all possible suit
 At Breakfast time I awoke - took
 some breakfast - sent Sus a cup of
 Tea - cracker &c. After Breakfast
 took Edward in my arms & gave
 him a thorough washing. after a
 good oiling - then with the four
 corners of the blanket tied together
 & nothing else on him - suspended
 him from a pair of Spring balances
 Steelyards. We took them down to
 nine & one quarter pounds. & allow-
 ing $\frac{1}{4}$ for Blanket. we called him

Tuesday a good "Nine pounder" During the
continued remainder of the day the weather
 was fine - the ship very easy - &
 Gus very comfortable - very well in
 every way only much kind. He knows
 already how to eat - & I think in
 his brass chest there is plenty of
 food. as he has two very large
 ones. The time & place estimated
 where he was born, is as follows.
 Greenwich Mean time $9^h 47' 28''$
 Mean time at Ship $11^h 54' 04''$
 Apparent time at Ship $11^h 55' 48''$
 Latitude $22^{\circ} 20' 44''$ South &
 Longitude $51^{\circ} 20' 30''$ East. of the
 South Eastern Coast of Africa
 Bar Water bearing about West
 105 miles - Moon nearly full &
 in the Zenith - Jupiter & Venus
 below the Horizon - Mars at the
 West nearly 8 hours past the Mer-
 idian - Weather very comfortable all
 day - & Boy - bless him; as noisy as
 possible. I retired early as I was
 somewhat tired - & slept very sound

Tuesday so round I awake & found Nancy
Continued & Gus preparing some dry & clean
 clothes for the little one. Gus says
 she tried to awaken me - but could not
 & was obliged to call up Nancy. She
 is of no use to us whatever & a more
 stupid person I never saw. if I
 want a cup of tea for Gus I have
 to get it myself - or tell her. she
 never thinks of doing any more than
 what she is ~~told~~ - & not even that
 unless she does it right away. the
 trouble is she does not know how
 & 'tis impossible to teach her. Last
 evening at 5 Gus called me & asked
 for Nancy - I thought of course she
 was preparing some toast & tea at
 the gally for her tea - & replied to
 that effect - Gus said - I guess not
 I have not seen her for over two hours
 I went to look for her & found her
 Wednesday fast asleep in her room - several
 June 8th times during the night. I responded
 to the first fond calls of a Father - &
 put on numerous clean diapers

Wednesday I flatter myself I did it well to - but
Continued Gus kept giving me cautions to take
 care. she knew I was not doing it
 right - but the darling little fellow
 was handled as carefully as any
 one could handle him - & I do not
 dare to trust him in nancy's hands
 for I should soon expect to see
 her & Baby together rolling on
 the deck. At 9 A.M. washed the
 baby all over - powdered him all
 over with the little puff from his
 cousin Charlie - & then brushed
 his little black hair with the
 brush. I found it almost impos-
 sible to get on his clothes - not be-
 cause he was so large - as the clothes
 too small. For I flatter myself
 he will keep up the average of
 Babies - the trouble was simply
 in his clothes being all so large.
 For as fast as I got them on -
 one end he kicked them off the
 other - or slipped through them
 so easy - After he was all clean &

Wednesday & comfortable - & had given me one
Continued of his sweet smiles - I laid him in
 the pillow & then played. Nurse &
 Ladys Maid to Sus. is unnecessary
 for me to detail all the little mi-
 nutiae of the operation - let it suf-
 fice I did all that was necessary - &
 then found our position - about 150
 miles from the Southern Coast of
 Africa - In the afternoon I sat
 with Sus - played with the Baby
 & at 8 PM retired to rest. was
 called as usual several times during
 the night to play the nurse. & after
 found my fingers well covered with
 yellow ochre - as a kind of sub-
 stance very much resembling it.
 Sus says as she lays in bed. "little
 darling" "ain't he a handsome baby
 Thomas" Of course I assent. & as
 he lays on her arm he really does
 look cunning & pretty - & she lifts
 up one of corner of his Blanket
 & says. "I could lay here forever
 & look at him - makes pretty

Wednesday speeches about his Grand Father
 concluded. Grand Mother's. Aunt's. Nether & Gen-
 nie - & Old Uncle Ned. Says Father
 Baby's Grandpapa must give him
 a little gold cup for drinking -
 "Oh Thomas I know if the little
 darling lives for us to carry him
 home - Mother will want him in
 bed with her the first morning
 after we get there" - there are all-
 ready lots of plans in regard to
 him - already we have figured out
 a course for his infant years. &
 every day there is something new.
 Truly he is a wonderful Baby! -
 & I say so.

Thursday June 7th Truly we are having most beautiful
 weather - hardly a cloud in the sky
 with a smooth sea - & a light air
 from the North - & though tis
 now mid winter in these lat-
 itudes say 36° South we have a
 range of thermometer averaging
 76° & not less than 69° at night
 A few says Easterly wind & then

Thursday we shall have doubled this stormy
Continued Cape - & away we go rolling down
 The South East trade winds for hours
 Gus is doing finely - very well in
 deed - so much better than I ex-
 pected any one could be after such
 a siege that - I am truly thank-
 ful - We have one little trouble
 with her breasts - They secrete
 the milk so fast - our little
 hair can not keep them down
 in fact they are so hard & knobby
 I fear a Broken breast. We
 put honey to them but she
 could not do much in that
 line - I have made a lotion
 that will soften them somewhat
 & scatter some - though I shall
 be careful not to scatter the
 milk too much. The Lotion
 has proved so successful
 that we have succeeded in
 drawing off a $\frac{1}{2}$ tea cup full
 & Gus feels greatly relieved -

Thursday About now I begin to experience
Conclusion all the delights of being a Father.
 Colled up seven or eight times
 during the night - & aftimes
 just as I am removing the
 condemned diaper - just by the
 way of variety the little fellow
 will fill my hand. I had
 much rather his Aunt Jennie
 or Nellie were here to attend
 to this part of the performance.
 For we dare not trust Nancy.
 He is such a comfort to us & we
 love him so much - Such a
 hungry mortal to - he wants to
 eat every five minutes - He only
 cries when he is hungry. we stop
 his mouth with a teat. then
 he sleeps until he is hungry
 again - & so on we repeat.

Friday
 June 8th Another one of those beautiful days
 The ocean smooth - & sky clear. a
 faint air from N.W. so we make
 but little way on our course.

Friday Gus seems very well to day - so much
Concluded so - I carried her in my arms to the
 sofa - took all our bedding out for an
 airing - Gus layed on the sofa & made
 some little articles for the Boy - in
 fact she seems so extraordinary well
 I am in hopes we will have a
 healthy baby. if all the signs are well
 we hear about them truly she is a
 healthy one - she keeps noney rather
 busy making clean napkins. &
 me ditto putting them on. I can
 do it quite well now but cant
 say I like the job. Gus laughs to
 him - coos to him - & then cry-
 thaps at me & says she dont mean
 it but is affraid I shall hurt the
 baby. Edward is says old. Nellie
 Saturday 25 years old to day. Almost an
 old Maid Aunt.

Another fine day like the last
 Gus a little nervous to day - as little
 Eddie was worrisome most all
 night. so neither of us got much

Saturday
Continued

sleep-Lou wonders if all babies breathe in this way; thinks something must be the matter. Then a Gein "He has one stool more a day than babies ever have." everything looks wrong to her in him but still he is the most healthy looking baby I ever saw. If he sleeps I am afraid he is not well as he would not sleep so much. & if he wakes there are the same troubles. I can hardly get her to eat anything for fear it should harm the baby. She would not take Castor Oil. Although very Costly - so I gave her a dose of Epsom Salts. which gave her some relief - but she imagined it worked also on little Eddie - & now she will take nothing. although nothing has passed her for two days I was afraid to make even the most casual remark concerning him - for fear of worrying her - she will say - what did you say so far

Saturday "now I shall worry about that all
Continued night." Then she will cry & wish
 herself with her Mother - saying
 she does ~~do~~ not know what he
 wants. "Oh dear if Mother was on-
 ly with me I should know what
 to do." When as I think if her Mother
was here - & there was any trou-
 ble with the little one - she would
 not know it - no - not even the color
 of his stools - I try to reason with
 her. but all to no purpose - she will
 take no rest - for fear the child will
 wake & she not hear him - when
 in fact - when she has been in a
 sound sleep the little cherub will
 only raise his arm. & Gas is away.
 with the usual, "What does Mother's
 darling want." "Has he a pain?" "Is
 he hungry?" &c &c. - She idolizes
 him so much I fear 'tis a sin.
 But, I must be firm or she will
 be sick herself. & if firmness costs
 her a slight pang for the present &c. I

Saturday hope she will thank me for it
conclude afterwards

Sunday
 June 10th Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
 and why art thou disquieted within
 me? Hope thou in God: for I shall
 yet praise him, who is the health
 of my countenance, and my God."

The above quotation was taken from
 the Bible this P.M. as I opened it
 to select a verse for my darling
 wife - thus the reason I have
 here transcribed it - I do not in-
 tend to preach a sermon from it
 although were such my inten-
 tion I could not perhaps make
 a better selection. & perhaps
 could bring some consolation to
 my darling wife - She is truly
 my darling as she lays her
 little head on her breast.
 The smiling cherub taking his
 supper from the fountains of
 my pride - drapping into a
 gentle slumber to smile with

tender angels while he sleeps. Gus says
Continued "Little deer." & I echo. God grant
 that he may be spared to us
 For we both love him very much.
 Our arrangements in our little Ca-
 bin are so very different from what
 we left Boston I will here make
 a brief sketch of them - "viz"
 Where the long sofa stood we have
 a large four posted black wood bed
 stead with cane bottom. with four
 upright carved posts & a white
 Moslin mosquito curtain pendant
 therefrom. the bed is full wide e-
 nough for Baby Gus & I. But at-
 present I occupy the long sofa at
 night - situated on the forward
 side of the Cabin - closing the
 right hand door. with the left
 one open or shut as we feel dis-
 posed - in the centre between the
 sofa & bed is the table at which
 I am now writing & the Medicine
 Chest thereon - our old State ^{room} the

Sunday
Continued

have converted into a dressing room & wardrobe - & the opposite room we have installed Henry - A large Curtain fore & aft, runs the entire length of the Cabin - so our passengers can pass through the After Cabin without intruding on the privacy of the Sacred Stowed side - thus are our arrangements & we are as comfortable as possible as one can be on board the "Sabine" - But Gus is timid since the Cyclone Gale she does not enjoy the sea one moment - In fine weather always dreading a gale. & in a gale always fearful of the ship's going to pieces - the trusting the stout oak frame which has weathered many a severe encounter with the elements - tho' since the birth of our son & heir we have had supremely fine weather - & though tis

Sunday mid winter - we here had light
Continued breezes & a mild temperature - so
 The Sailors "poor souls" have
 hardly been called to reef topsails
 more than once. They are very anx-
 ious to know, from Nancy when
 they are to see the King - & they
 all seem as much pleased as I
 do myself; I shall show him
 as soon as we are well clear
 of the Cape & bowling down the S.E.
 trade wind have run into warm weather.
 He seems the perfection of
 health & happiness to-day - all the
 signs are prosperous. though Gus has
 one - a very peculiar one indeed viz.
 if a certain appendage looks pale
 & fair he is well. but if flabby &
 hanging like a washerwomens thumb
 he must be sick. However he is
 well & we trust in God to keep him
 so. Nancy loves him but still we
 dare not trust her with him she
 is so very careless. I must call

Sunday, her the most ignorant person I ever
Concluded saw - amuseingly so. She has an idea,
 - since the death of her "old Granny" -
 that she too must die - Her Mother
 died somewhere about this time of a-
 bout the same complaint she is
 afraid of - I asked her what was
 that complaint - her reply was -
"Infirmation" - I at once assured
 her she would never die of that -
 far if she lived long enough to ac-
 quire the first symptoms of it
 Methusalem's age would be naught
 compared to hers. To-day we made
 the South Eastern Coast of Africa
 her Cape Naches. & when I told
 her it was Africa she gazed on it
 with a kind of sisterly affection.
 She laid on the Sofa a short time
 to day, while we aired her bed - &
 seems very well. if we except an
 almost continual pain she has
 in her side.

Monday, Set in with fine weather & smooth
 June 11. sea. running in for the Land at

Monday weather looking very threatening at the
 Continued ~~at the~~ West. At 2 P.M. we took a
 fine squall from W.N.W. which in-
 creased very fast to a gale & at 7 P.M.
 we had a strong gale of wind - all
 night dark & stormy with rain.
 Gus continues to fear a gale as much
 as ever & has the blues as bad. I find
 it impossible to cheer. Continually
 asking about the Barometer - &
 with every sea that strikes the ship
 went to know if there is no dan-
 ger of going to pieces - says I do
 not answer her right - if I say
 yes she finds fault. if I say no -
 she says - "you know you are fright-
 ening yourself." She cries more than
 half the time - & has the worst
 kind of blues - & if a spray comes
 over she grasps her baby & "Oh
 Thomas is there no danger" - is
 well aware its foolish to worry
 & in her present weak state
 & will lay the foundation of

Secondary
Concluded

some disease - The boy continues to grow & is now quite a lad only a week old. Knows how to ask for his breakfast - dinner - supper & Sweet. & can so his Mother understands every word he say - & I imagine I do. Although he is now a week old we have hardly heard him cry - putty all together should not make five minutes - He lays on the bed with his large blue eyes open, & really seems to notice those who are hovering over him - we even think we can detect a smile on his cherub face. He will lay thus for an hour or more - occasionally stretching or gaping - & putting on such an old look I tell Gus he remind me of one "Gen Tom Thumb." only he is a great deal handsomer. Gus reads the Indian Book in the Am. Her the symptoms of some disease - reads it again at night & before I can care her of the morning complaint she she all the symptoms of the same.

Tuesday To day we have a rather hard gale of
June 12. wind - with a high tumultuous sea on
 ship rolling & plunging very bad - an
 American Bark in company bound
 West. Close to under our lee we
 are ranging ahead of him very
 fast. & since yesterday noon have
 lost 10 miles. What must he lose
 When this gale commenced he was
 about 9 miles west of us. & this
 A.M. we came up & passed - sig-
 nalling as we passed - I could not
 learn his name - as he had not the
 Code - but his private signal gave
 the initial letters W.C. In the P.M.
 The Gale had increased to such an ex-
 tent we were obliged to bend our fore
 topsail & heave to. The squalls came
 with violence bringing hail with
 them - & the temperature decreased
 from our average of 70° to 59° . The
 warm weather birds felt the
 change very sensibly - but close-
 ing the Cabin doors & lights we

Tuesday were comfortable within - Gus says
Continued "Oh!" Thomas. did you ever see
 anything half as bad"? I reply -
 "Gus" The Cyclon - "Oh dear I don't
 mean that - but anything else -
 I tell her yes. last year off
 here I had thirty three days
 just such weather with twenty
 two successive westerly gales.
 then the Barometer is asked about
 again - Gus is worrying to-day
 very much - something has ^{been} done
 along about the N - l of our
 hole - because it has not yet
 come off. How can it come off?
 will the Belly band on tight & I
 not allowed to remove it to see
 the how far the process of
 sloughing has advanced - to-
 morrow when the ship is
 easier I am bound to attempt
 it - though I am well aware
 how many admonitions for
 caution I shall receive -

Tuesday No one can tell how ignorant
Concluded I am in all things pertaining
 to babies - but yet I have one
 here to do for - & one of the
 Wednesday, sweetest little ones I ever saw.
 June 15th Today we have one of those old Lash-
 iced gales. so severe off this Storm
 Cape - yet our little Cape Pigeon
 roughs it out finely under his
 Mother's lee. The ship is very uncom-
 fortable - & as worrisome as ever.
 thinks we must go to pieces, & no
 mistake - On looking at the little
 fellows' navel this P.M. which was
 in spite of all Gustav's caution to
 the contrary - I found it must have
 been off a day or more - as it had
 slipped a little on one side. & part
 of the belly with which it came
 in contact - excoriated - as though
 there had been a blister applied - a
 spot as big over as a silver dollar
 looking very much inflamed all
 around - we thoroughly cleansed it &
 dressed with Simple ointment

Wednesday we hope to have it all healed in
Concluded a few day. We have not been able
 to give him a real good washing
 since he was born. first we were
 afraid of the Bandage around his
 waist stopping - & now the ship has
 such an uncomfortable motion
 its unsafe as one has enough to
 do to hold on to ones self. However
 we gave him a kind of wash - & made
 him as comfortable as could be. The weather
 is too cold to keep him exposed
 to long. But I think would be nice-
 ly only for this gale. which keeps
 her awake & gives her a start every
 motion the ship makes.

Thursday the Gale still continues with a very
 June 14th high turbulent sea - Gas very un-
 comfortable & exceedingly - unwell -
 She sat up in bed to day more
 than usual. & looks very haggard.
 Little Cape Pigeon as good as better
 fair - Nancy we had - tumbling a-
 round - trying to knock her brains

Thursday out. if indeed she has any -
Concluded Gus says our little one looks like
 Sammy Colburn. Uncle Sam's Son.
 I can't trace it - Mr Stearns thinks
 he looks like me - I can't see
 that either - The Gus says he
 looks something like his Grand-
 Mother Mendie. but still I am at
 a loss to trace any resemblance -
 & only think he looks like a
 pretty little Baby. with light
 Brown hair - bright - blue eyes -
 pug nose - & as fat as butter - &
 a temper just like his Father's
 so says Gus - To night as I was
 looking under his belly band when
 we were about to change him -
 to see if the dressing on the sore
 was all right - I felt something
 warm trickling through my
 whiskers - & on raising my head
 to find the cause. slap over my
 face & into my eyes. came a little
 stream of warm water. Gus thought
 it amusing I shant what I think

Friday June 10th All this forenoon the Gale con-
 tinued to blow with unabated violence
 but toward night it moderated sud-
 denly & left us with a high sea, &
 an almost Calm. The ship roll-
 ing round with sudden, but easy
 rolls. I was so much better she sat
 on the sofa this afternoon for about
 five hours. cut out & made a little
 sack for Cape Pigeon - as also some
 scapars; the last - he uses very fast
 & so they are all stained with a pe-
 culiar kind of yellow - that salt
 water will not take out - new
 ones have to replace them - made
 from old shirts - night dresses - Che-
 mises &c. of which there is already
 a large stock on hand. The sack
 is now for Master Edwards Arms.
 than any thing else. To keep them
 warm - as he is very much a-
 versed to having them wrapped
 in a blanket - He has some
 as presents from his Aunt Jennie

Friday But all are too large. we put one on
Conclude him this P.M. two really as large
 as a shirt would look on a clothes
 pole. It has been come to the con-
 clusion to make him some smaller
 ones. He seems very grateful to day &
 Gus thinks he has taken a cold. Asks
 if he does not breathe a little croaky.
 The wind is dying away again but in
 the wrong quarter for a fair wind
 so we must anticipate another gale
 after a few hours calm. We are mak-
 ing nothing at all - & losing something
 every day. with a tremendous
 head sea.

Saturday Another Gale from the North commenced
 Jan. 10th about 9 am. & at noon was at its height
 blowing fiercely. Ships very uneasy - & a
 very low Barometer. 3 Ships in Co-
 voying to. we have weathered on them
 some 10 miles during the forenoon.
 Blowing hard all night with a tremendous
 sea. Up to the waist in water
 all the time on deck - Sailors washed

Saturday
Concluded

out of the Fore castle - Took out of
the gally - putting out fire - washing
away spare spars. Pig pen & all move-
ables about deck. Hove to under storm
Main Spencer. Ship leaking from
straining so much one pump going
continually - We are driving fast to South
with this gale - & the old Sabine seems
as much doomed to cruise off here
as the Flying Dutchman. Gus keeps
her bed - lags & worries - cries most all
the time - blames me for not tell-
ing her there is danger - when there
is none. wishes the Baby went down
& all sorts of things - so between
her - the Ship Leaking so bad. &
the Gale. one can judge something
of what I have to contend with.
Hard gales. large & dangerous sea -
Three squalls - of hail & rain - in
gloomy we are driving to the South
Saw several ship all bound East
secks continually flooded with
water - Gus in bed all day - Gale

Sunday
17th

Sunday hauling from North to South West &
Continued growing cold. but still blowing fierce
 And Sea washing clear over us. One
 Boy Put Welch vomiting all day in
 the Fore castle - supposed Sea sickness
 About 9 a.m. As I was going on deck
 & take a look at the weather - & had
 just emerged from the Cabin doors &
 closed them after me. The Ship gave
 one of those tremendous rolls -
 that Buo thinks will roll her (the
 ship) over - taking on board a Good
 Haze Sea. & washing poor me first
 & the Lee side - then back again
 & the weather side - with such
 force - that in going my ankle struck
 against - one of the iron bolts in
 the beam & sprained it - & what with
 the blow as it struck on the inside
 ankle bone - & the sprain - I had
 one of the most exquisite pains
 I ever experienced in my life. I
 managed to crawl inside the Cabin
 from whence the officer of the deck

Sunday found me & took me into the
bed. After Colin - Nancy bathed it - &
 swathed it - & then bolstered on
 a pillow I tried to make my-
 self comfortable for the night - but
 what a night was that - such pain
 I could not help give about the baby
 & all the changes had to be made
 alone by her. She wanted to bath my
 Ankle but poor child - lives as much
 as she could do to keep herself in
 the bed - much has more around the
 Orbin - Baby passed a worrisome night
 so I had company -

Monday Gale moderating very fast under
June all sail once more with a loading
 wind which soon fell to a Calm - &
 then in a short time breezed up to
 it. hark again. with fine weather
 & a smooth sea. We find this
 last Gale has driven us 200 miles
 South of the Cape a little farther
 East - than we were 5 days ago -
 This seems a poor prospect for

Monday getting around - & I am surprised -
Continued our stock of fresh water is getting
 Low & I don't care to have to stop
 at St. Helena to replenish it - as
 also this weather is to cool & wash
 the Cape Pigeon as he ought to
 be washed. Gus sat up all day to
 day & seems much better - than I
 have seen her since we left Boston.
 Has cut out - & is making a little
 pink flannel for Cape Pigeon - to
 keep his little head warm. A little
 unwell as yet. Thinks Edward one of
 the Handsomest babies in the world
 & knows she would not call him
 handsome if he was not. I say enough
 but if he looks like his Papa - of
 course he must be Handsome. But as
 yet I can't see as he resembles his
 Father only in one little thing -
 that of course is hardly enough to
 form any judgement on - Gus after
 a hard days work - bathed my mother
 for about an hour inunction of

Monday
 Providence

Arnica & it seemed much better after she had done. but while in the process. her hand did not seem gentle over the bruises - but her assurances of "it's all right" I used to bathe Father's just so somewhat reconciled me to her harsh touches - The Boy Pat - whom we thought Lee left yesterday - has turned insane - lost the power of speech & seems to suffer very much. I sent Henry this A.M. to put Mustard Plasters on him but he tore them off as fast as they were put on. His pulse seems regular - but his heart is very irregular. I can't form any idea what can be the matter with him. He looks & acts more like a dying person than anything else I can compare him to. About 10 I was called by the Mate - saying he was dying - as the death rattle was in his throat. The Mate & one man carried me into the Fore castle.

Monday is when I saw him - I was sure
Concluded he could live but an hour. a pecu-
 liar rattle in his throat. & such a
 gasping for breath was truly dis-
 tressing to witness - I stood two hours
 expecting every moment to be his
 last. but still he suffered on. I then
 with the same assistants came off
 & returned for the night - was as usual
 as usual with several squalls
 but not very severe ones. as they
 were only hungry squalls.

Tuesday We have moderate weather today but a
 gentle head wind so we are making no
 progress at Home - & only running in
 under the land. I suppose to take a-
 nother Sall & be driven off to south
 once more. The Ship is quite easy
 now, with hardly any motion. &
 Gus get round as naturally as ever
 though she has not yet been out
 side the After Cabin door since her
 confinement. More unwell to day
 than usual. The Cape Pigeon is

Tuesday as well as can be. & find as helpless.
Conclusion though we think him quite a bright
 boy. & already we think he takes
 some notice of those around him.
 at least he knows his Papa from
 his Mamma. more especially when
 he is hungry - we both love him
 so very much - I fear we sin in
 loving the creature more than the
 Creator - but how can we help it - we
 have so long wanted one - to love &
 do for - & so much love babies both
 of us. that now we are blessed with
 one & a boy - I fear we forget
 our first duty in praise & thanks
 to Him who gave him - The Boy
 remains about the same in a
 kind of death like trance. & we
 much fear he will not recover.
 My Uncle is much better thanks to
 Quinine gentle hasting -

Wednesday Still the same gentle breezes - & smooth
 Sea - & we are close in under the
 land - Sea quite bright - today but
 "Cape Region" a little warmsome

Wednesday we gave him some annisseed tea.
Continued yesterday - some sage & day & pepper-
 mint at night - so he sleeps in his
 little hammock all night so happy
 as my baby can be. I believe the
 little fellow likes it much better to
 sleep in than the bed because he
 does not feel the motion of the
 ship near so much. We are close
 in under the Southern Shores of Af-
 rica - & Nancy took at it & calls
 it the "Fatherland" - I wish she
 was there for all the use she is to
 us. As we were in shoal water
 all the afternoon & became we
 tried our luck at fishing & in a
 bout one hour caught eight nice
 large fish resembling a Salmon
 & running from six to sixteen
 pounds! They resemble a Salmon
 in every way - but have the flat-
 dock mark of St. Peter. Gus
 thinks them nice eating, than
 Salmon - I think them full of
 muck - towards night we took a

Wednesday very faint air from East which is
concluded a fair one - but 'tis hauling too fast
 round to North again to be much
 benifit to us. The Boy Pat still
 continues in the throes of death - has
 taken no nourishment since Sun-
 day - nor spoken. He can't survive
 much longer - I think twould be
 a mercy to take him hence. for
 he suffers so much.

Thursday June 21st we were to day at noon, off the South-
 easternmost point of Africa. Cape
 Agullhas. about 27 miles from the
 Land. & as our fair wind has failed
 us & we were once more undergoing
 the tedious hours of a Calm. The
 Fishing lines were let down - & we
 took thirteen large fish of the
 same species as those of yesterday
 Had a Chouder for dinner - but
 took one of feminine Chouders. For
 I do think she makes a Chow
 - der to suit me exactly - & I wish
 I was in a position to eat one
 at this present moment.

Thursday We have now been off this Cape
Continued of Storms - near twenty one days.

& had near two weeks of successive
 westerly gales & a high turbu-
 lent sea. So Lus has fairly
 ignored the sea. & the sea has
 suffered so much makes me mis-
 erable - & I certainly will never
 ask her to do so for my sake -
 again. For the last week she has been
 troubled very much with a pain
 in her side - & a severe one it is
 to - I am worried about it some-
 what. She says the "Old Woman"
 told her she would have it after
 her baby was born. & that she did
 not see any baby coming home
 with us. So I think this worries
 Lus some. I wish all such old
 Hags who make such preten-
 tions of seeing into the future
 were or had been burnt in the
 time of the Salem Witchcraft.
 I can't see how anyone of half
 common sense - if the turn is

Thursday
Concluded.

Too strong excuse it can believe in such absurd predictions - 'tis astonishing how many Gulls there are in the world! Gus is getting a-long so finely now I hope she will soon resume her pen - & continue on the pages of this Journal. As my scrawl & little sense seems altogether out of place here. In fact I am so used to keeping a Sea record of the daily routine of events on ship board; I can hardly write anything else than "commences &c - Trip ports &c. Ends &c - Lat & Long - Course - distance sailed - & whole distance sailed. So to keep a ladys Journal - one of my rough nature must needs soften his hand a little - & more develop the soft spots in his head.

Friday
June 22nd We are having smooth weather with a light air from all points of the Compass - working around Cape Angel has. in Shal water - & during the

Friday Calms fishing- good success in that
Continued line, as we took between forty & fifty
 averaging twelve pounds each. Two
 other ships in Co. working around
 & fishing at the same time at 11
 A.M. we were close in under the land
 buoyed up from West. & we stood off
 to South expecting another "tea
 party" At 3 P.M. exchanged sig-
 nals with the Br. Barque, "His
 Chal. Napier" 57 days from Bom-
 bay towards New York. "Sabine"
 13 days out. Every thing beats the
 "Sabine" for we are as deep as a Land
 Barge. A fall hangs in the ship
 today- one of those solemn. silent
 that cloud the spirits & calm the
 joyous heart, has taken place in
 our little world- one from our num-
 ber is missed- no more shall the
 whistling gale, dash the salt spray
 over his life inspired form- but
 beneath the angry Billow, with
 the Coarse hammock for his wind-
 ing sheet. there he shall rest

Friday
 continued until the last trumpet shall sound
 & sea give up its ^{dead} Patrick Welch
 a native of Russia. St. John's
 joined our crew at Bombay to join
 the shores of New York. but ere
 we had sped half the distance
 to that destined haven. The Angel
 of Death spread his wings - hovered
 o'er his sinking form - in all the
 terrors of delirium - till wearied &
 exhausted he sank into that sound
 slumber which knows no waking -
 & his soul passed on - we hope
 to its bliss abode. The Services were
 conducted by our Passenger - the Rev. S.
 R. Munger but not with that sol-
 emnity I had anticipated. I had
 hoped he would have taken the
 opportunity to offer a few re-
 marks to our crew. but he only
 read the beautiful service for the
 burial of the dead at sea, from
 the Book of Common Prayer -
 without any comments. & really
 seemed to hurry through - with

44

Fido, unceremoniously bested, as he had buried
Contra wife at sea on one of his previous
ages to India - I had looked for
more feeling than he manifested
on the occasion - The Coroner was
laid in the gangway - the sur-
vivor hurried through - A heavy
slash - a circling of the dark blue
waters of the deep. & the body had
sunk where mortal eyes may never
look upon it again - & the sea
was still & smooth again - as if
its surface had never been broken
by the passage of this frail relic
of mortality as it passed into its
profundity - The sails were once
more filled away - & the ship sped
slowly on once more through the
yielding waters. Scath at sea
where the ship constitutes the world
of a few inhabitants, strongly united
together, in consequence of the soli-
tude which reigns around them
in the ocean desert - is always
a solemn thing - even when the

Friday
Concluded victim is one who has chosen an
 ocean life - & when it may be
 expected that the wanderer over
 the oceans surface may sleep his
 last sleep in its immeasurable
 depths. But when a lad, so young
 in years - the world looking bright
 & cheery onward - as he toils up
 the steep ascent - to gain the
 highest round - thus to be cut
 off from all his ambition - is
 doubly solemn - & our hearts drop
 one tear of regret as he sinks in
 the general grave - when the
 "wild waves" sing his requiem &
 the crest billow sweeps heedless
 over the spot.

Saturday
 June 22.
 Light leading buoys taking us slow-
 ly around the Cape. In the fore
 noon spoke the Br. Ship "Windsor"
 43 days from Bombay to Liverpool
 In the Afternoon spoke ship "Queen
 of the East" 70 days from
 Calcutta towards Liverpool -
 they all sail by us in these light.

56

Saturday winds If we do not get round
Continued this Cape soon I shall certainly
be here to touch at St. Helena
for water. Our Cape Region
remains about the same - But
calls him a little troublesome
thing - but to see her manœuvre
with him one would not
think she thought so. There we
see how beautifully is the gradual
& silent course of nature ex-
-plained by the infant in his
mother's arms! watch it, as I
do! How helpless & dependant
lies the sleeping babe. What
is there to indicate a soul is
thus enshrined? The Mother's
boundless love, which beams from
her eye as she gazes upon her
child, the fond caress, the voice
softened to sweetest music, as
she sings his lullaby; give us
a sufficient answer. She does
not the priceless worth of her
child, and as weeks roll away

Saturday
Continued

she perceives that each brings some new charm to the cherished one. The softest music sounds not half so sweetly to her ear as the first lisping of that infants tongue. & when it first utters his name the Mothers heart thrills with a joy hitherto unknown. & she runs to tell Papa, or writes his lisprings in the well known messenger of the heart. & speeds it to him in some far off Land. to cheer his heart on his long journeys across the trackless ocean. Think you then that Mother becomes weary because the babe learns so slowly to express his wants? Many a Month must pass before her Child can give the least return, by word or deed for her love; & long years must transpire before he can learn to think & act for himself. yet the Mother complains not. but willingly & patiently does she watch over him in

Childhood infancy - protects him in child-
Concluded hood - consoles him in youth &
 in Menhood he becomes her sup-
 port & comforter.

Sunday Light breezy breezes still continue to
 June 24th carry us around the Cape. & we are
 sailing along in fine view of the
 land. but Disappointment again
 is our doom; towards night the
 wind commenced to haul & hault
 & increased to a moderate gale with
 one of those uncomfortable head
 seas on. So we are preparing for
 another "Nor Wester."

Monday Here we are in all the enjoyment
 June 25th of a hard gale of wind from the
 West. right in our teeth. but we
 have some company as two Barks
 one ship. & a Brig are warbling
 to west with us. Three weeks ago
 to day. * I was shieldless. now we
 have one loved little one to care for
 & minister unto s' nights. & almost
 daily we feel our hearts expand
 towards ^{him} until I fear if we

continue on loving him so much -
 there will be no warm life in our
 bosoms for the pulsations - Al-
 ready he begins to notice some - & his
 mother lies & looks at him - with
 that strange sort of worship love
 always calls forth - I am called
 to see him raise his hand - "he does
 it so cunning" & then "such an
 old expression" as he puts on -
 "did you ever see any thing like it?"
 I have never seen much of babies
 any way - but this one I don't see
 too much of - Three weeks old to-
 day - & yet how much dearer is
 he to me now than then - though
 the next morning I did think
 would be impossible to make
 him any dearer to my heart. Alas
 how little do we imagine how
 much the heart clings to those
 dear objects - that make life beau-
 tiful - until in our moments of
 sadness & thought we see the
 frailty of human life - & how I

27

am a Father. I can draw three
scenes from our Married Life - Res-
pectfully dedicate to my Darling
Mrs. Augusta E. Wendu -

Loved well, when first I asked thee for a
wed return -
And thou didst hesitate in pledging thine
with me -
When the mantling blush on thy fair
cheek did burn -
We Rised & asked Heaven to bless our loves
on bended knee -

Loved more, when by thy side at the
nuptial hour,
The family grouped themselves beside;
And on thy unresisting hand with gentle
power,
I slipped the ring, that marked my
blooming bride.

Loved most. when off the stormy Cape
Good Hope

With our first-see proffer on thy knee-
 saw through thy dear eyes thy soul di-
 vining -
 The our-Thrusted - Father blent in
 me.

Tuesday

June 28th Round the Cape at last - once more
 we have a fair wind & I hope to be
 late us into the "Hades". Gus & the
 boy the same dear old creatures as our-
 the pups snuggle all night & of course
 keeps his mother awake - & I catch it
 just because I can sleep while he is
 crying - if I could not sleep at such
 a time - I should be as cross as a
 bear. So Gus may think surely all
 off the two little ones. Inababab does
 not disturb me. Gus is a poor
 one & thinks I do not do half enough
 for the youngsters - when between him
 & the ship & hours for sleep I have
 hardly had a chance to look in a
 book. Gus still continues to worry
 about the Gals. & watches the Por-
 omits as closely as ever -

Wednesday Fair but light winds still con-
 fume 27th time to favor us. & the "Latinia"
 is jogging slowly along towards home
 with her precious freight on board
 all in good health. unless we ex-
 cept Honey who is ailing all the
 time - although we see no signs
 of "inflammation" as yet. one day
 she doses with Bonsect tea. the
 next with wormwood betters - then
 I am called upon for Castor oil.
 Purgery pills - & Rhubarb. truly
 I would not make such a med-
 icine chest of my insides for all
 the imaginary diseases. in a
 well stocked Doctors book.

Our pet Pigeon still continues in
 good health in spite of all the
 symptoms Gus is continually no-
 ticing - today he is costive - to-
 morrow a diarrhoea. then the
 breaths croupy. or has a cold
 in his head - & his "Father" is
 one of the most heartless men
 I know of because he does

Wednesday not worry himself sick. because
Conclude of all these imaginary diseases -
 We hope every day either Father
 or Ned will be in New York
 on our arrival if Ned's vacation
 is not at an end. At any rate
 there will be two dispatches go
 forward - thus - Arrived last night
 ship "Sabine" - all well including a
 boy born off Cape of Good Hope
 June 4th 1860.

Wednesday.
 To Edward Tucke Esq.

Lowell Moss &
 one to Mrs M. Wylander No. 2.
 This of course if God spares all
 our lives in the continuance of
 the same great blessing we now
 enjoy -

Thursday June 28th The same light but fair breeze -
 with the monotonous routine of
 ships duties. "Cape Reiger" as good
 as over & as anxious. Think
 she would not sell the Boy for
 ten thousand dollars. Nor would St.

54

Friday June 29. Some light rain & cloudy weather
+ we are making only 60 miles
per day towards home. + still more
by 7000 miles of ocean waste to
traverse - The Cape Pigeon seems
as well as ever. + almost talks
or at least tries to as much as
any baby can at his age. Gus
made a supper off of oysters fried
in butter + considered them de-
licious - + only wanted the Peloton
of Ice water on the dining
room table at home to make
her a happy mortal - She can-
not seem to get accustomed to
our water at Sea - although
we have beautifully clear water
from an iron tank - + I think
cool enough for any one to drink.
We cut one of our last Pomelos
to-day leaving only two - The
one we cut was very dry al-
though it looked quite fresh
on the outside - two very dry
inside however we managed

Friday To get enough out to taste a
Conch little fruit - shall cut one other
 to morrow. The smooth sea
 makes things a great deal
 pleasanter than off the Cape -
 & to day we discovered our head
 coils very much started & open
 so much so had the breach
 been under the water line we -
 could not possibly have kept
 afloat with both pumps going
 this accounts for the leak when
 we were off the Cape - & pitching
 bows under into a head sea.
 so one pump going continually
 all the time could just keep
 us clear of water. but in fine
 weather as even in a mod-
 erate gale this breach can-
 not reach the water so there
 is no danger to be apprehended
 from it -

Saturday Some light airs from the West -
 June 20th & cloudy weather - & a stronger
 ship's gaining on us being.

Yesterday South West at noon 10 miles -
Continued am looking for the Trade winds
 but where are they? I do not
 know. weather warm enough
 now to wash Cape Region every
 day - we strip him stark. & on
 his Mother's Lap I manipulate
 For she is so much afraid of
 injuring some of his limbs -
 that I dare not trust her to
 do - she does not half do it
 I'm fast she does not yet know
 how to handle him - proof that
 I know best when she washes
 him the little one screams his
 lungs to the utmost - & when
 I wash him as I did today
 he "says never a word." but
 looks up in my face & smiles.
 I wash him - dress him - &
 handle him so readily - that I
 think I only require one
 requisite to make me a
 perfect nurse - who would be-
 lieve it. one of the Sons of

Saturday Repturn - brought up with a
~~Content~~ morline spike & Tar bucket in
 his hand - thus going through
 all the phases of Section -
 Midwife & Nurse with such
 good success. though I think
 with many another before me
 Nature insisted is the best
 Midwife - but a cheerful-but-
 firm & judicious friend is
 the Mother's best comfort &
 Main Stay. Slept with
 us last night the first
 time for many weeks. the
 Cape Region in the Room -
 much above us. where he
 slept so securely & comfort-
 able - we were only aroused once
 during the night. Got another
 Pannulo today which we found
 very quiet & I was engaged it
 much cloth in drink & eating.
 There was enough for half
 a dozen in this one & in the
 one of yesterday not enough

Saturday for me. Killed our last Pig.
 Concluded today for we could not
 afford the water to keep life
 in him - we have on buck
 & one chicken left - so our
 three guards per man is just
 sufficient to keep us from
 want. We are all on an allow-
 ance but the Boy. & he seems
 to get it just when he wants
 it -

See paper
 Sunday Fine smooth sea, with light but fair
 gaily & winds. & we are getting along slowly
 Another Strange ship gaining on us
 from astern - Gus & the boy still
 in the enjoyment of health. &
 Nancy complaining as usual - Gus
 rises now as usual in the morn-
 ing. & don's that dress which is so
 easy to slip on over another one
 She finds it a very nice one to
 nurse in - & very warm & comfort-
 able for these latitudes. Gus looks
 so cunning as she lies now on the
 bed taking on afternoon nap. just

Sunday
Concluded

asleep - & the little one on her arm with his bright-blue eyes gazing around to see what his Papa is doing - & I will say He is the handsomest baby I ever saw - if it is mine - For the pug nose will not be a pug nose after all - & the red hair will be almost as dark as mine.

Monday
July 2nd

Another ship coming up astern - & at 4 P.M. we exchanged signals with her. She proved to be American & Ship "Ando" from "Penang" bound to Boston 50 days out. We asked to be reported at Boston "all well". She passed on out of sight ahead - & again we are seemingly alone on the broad ocean. & the light wind we have had dying away to a Calm. Sailed off of Fish Point to day. but swine does not taste at sea as it does on shore - The feed is not as good - & then the cooking - very bad indeed - How good some Streptococcus Cherries &c would go at this time.

Tuesday Another fine day & the ship paid
 Gaby ^{2^d} going along towards her destined
 port. in all the glory of a good
 spanking breeze. & all sail set. all
 hands on deck. leaving ships. leaving
 & scraping iron & the various du-
 ties of refitting. Nancy has made
 as a flag lead chess out of one
 half of the head of our old flag.
 Tastes very nice but cut very poor-
 ly indeed. Now is about the time
 Pance earns her money in wash-
 ing Seapens. we keep her rather
 busily employed in those things
 & I am glad we have found some-
 thing she can do on ship board.
 She finds the Boy wont be sick in
 spite of all her anxieties - so she
 worries about the Shape of his
 head. thinks it falls in here too
 much - or bulges out there too much.
 thinks at times too idiotic in
 shape. I wonder what next
 she will have to worry about.

Wednesday This is the anniversary of our
 July 4th glorious declaration of In-
 dependence - & also the Pet-
 Pigeon is one month old to-
 day - & such a bouncing babe
 as he is - but he does not talk
 yet. Although his Mother says
 he tells her a pretty story almost
 every day - which of course she
 alone understands. & Makes me
 understand also at times more
 especially in the mornings when
 he pipes up so strong - that
 after 1 o'clock I never get any
 sleep. Of course this is pleasant
 for one unaccustomed to such
 things. Gus is now so well - she
 will of course continue on this
 Journal - I have kept it up
 one month to day for - & thought
 all its previous pages may be
 interesting ones - the first I wrote
 are the most so to me - be-
 sides if I continue - some people
 will be disappointed - so I will

stop here & let her write a word
on this day to clear it out. & I
will hold the baby while she is
doing so - Perhaps she may
have a word to say about the
events that happened one month
ago & day & mayhap some of
the dear ones at home would like
to read what were her own "feel-
ings" on that occasion.

My dear husband thinks it is high time
for me to say a few words for myself, if
myself - and perhaps more. He has
no kindred written for me the past month,
and has done so in so much more in-
teresting a manner than I could have
done myself - I would gladly have
him continue even into the "end of
the Chapter" but then as he says - it
would not be my journal. or my jour-
nalizing - and, again would be rather
a tap upon dear Thomas' trace - since
he has his own & Nancy's journals
that must be attended to every day
So here I commence this long my little
one is one month old.

One month ago today a little Embryo Human being was given into my keeping. A dear little helpless fellow, he calls for our largest sympathies and loves. & has them. His coming has been regarded with feelings of peculiar interest by both his Father & Mother, and as the anticipated moment arrived our hearts beat with additional quickness to know the end, and the result. Only a Mother can realize the sensations of joy & delight that were mine, as the first rail of the little Stranger greeted my ear (for he was not taken from the bed, when I knew that he was living, and that he had a voice of his own.) And the voice of my dear Thomas when I was nearer from that moment than ever - saying in rather husky tones - "Oh! Dad - its a boy - & perfect too, just like his Father." For nine long months had I waited for that sound not daring to hope that God would be so good to me as to give me the realization of all my earnest hopes & wishes, for I have hoped for a boy &

now I find myself the mother of a perfect
 one, as I could wish. He was born
 under peculiar circumstances, being
 "far, far at sea," no one with me but my
 dear husband, whose sympathy & love
 for me, shown during that tedious night
 I shall never forget. My little boy was
 born at twelve o'clock, after having
 suffered as I thought, intensely, for
 seven hours. My private opinion, par-
 tially expressed, is - that it is a terrible
 hard thing to have a baby - and is
 much worse than I had supposed. I
 should dread the suffering, another
 time, more than I ever have this, &
 yet I shall hope to have another for
 a little sister for my baby. I would be
 willing to suffer as much again & more
 more, were it possible, rather than
 not have the little jewel. I know
 that my dear husband did every
 thing as well as any one, could have
 done - and had I had a physician
 I think they could have done no more
 for me - except the giving of ether - which

Thomas would not do - even tho' I called
loudly for it several times - when in the
midst of a terrible pain, and I thought
I could not have another. I would not
have taken it when in my sober mind,
I came to know what I was doing -
The pain was more & more severe
towards the last - until the Surgeon
I may say, lay last - which brought
the little fellow's head down where
his father could see it - and then ~~threw~~^{brought}
him into the world. It seemed more
than human nature could endure - &
altho' I had immediately resolved, to
make no noise about it - I could not
suppress my shrieks - I tried to do so -
but all in vain - they would come - &
at length the whole had come. No
not all - for the after birth still re-
mained, I was so impatient to have
Thomas out the Navel String - & get
the little screamer well washed &
dressed - that I would not allow
him to come near me - till he had
done so - and in the mean time

was so anxious to watch proceedings I quite forgot any other point that I might have - and which perhaps I did have - but they were so much lighter than the preceding ones I did not notice them - & did not assist them any. Our little one "God bless him" was washed, dressed, kissed by his Papa - then lain upon the sofa. and we began to think that it was time for some. But still we waited for two hours. Then as the Book all says - "if the little does not come in two hours. You must use your hand gently to warm it" & Thomas tried, but could make no impression at all. We waited another hour - & both getting a little anxious - Thomas went to ask the Rev. Mr. Mungo if he knew of any thing that could be done. The only answer from him was "he had never been a Father tho' married since" - & all he could say was "Trust in God." Our whole trust had been in him throughout the entire night but I was beginning to have room to trust

to him - when nearly four hours & a half
and the child been in the world & still
no signs of anything more. I could
see that my darling was getting bigger
and tried hard not to let him
see that I was frightened - tho' I must say
that I was fearful for some little times,
that I was not going to be permitted
to stay with my darlings - However thanks
to the good Father who assisted my
darling husband - I am still here.
Thomas waited till he dared wait
no longer than inserted his hand, &
with almost magic skill - drew it
away. Now, shall I forget my feel-
ings at that moment - It seemed as
if my whole intestines must have
come - We both cried & laughed al-
ternately - then Thomas took him
to getting me washed & dressed - &
after I was made comfortable, &
had taken some weak tea - the father
brought his precious little baby, & laid
it upon its Mother's breast, where the
dear little fellow seemed to meditate

his position, as he gave evidence of in
a very few moments, as also that he
was somewhat hungry after his
vigilant watch, I then with my
Baby took a nap - and when I awoke
and had taken some cream most
grat. I must say, I felt better, (from
all disagreeable sensations, (save
of course weakness) than I had felt
since I left home six months ago.
Thomas has been very careful of me,
not letting me move myself in bed
even for three or four days. The fourth day
he took me from the bed to the lounge
so carefully as he would the baby,
when I laid to have the bed aired &
made - I was not taken out of it
again till Monday - & then not again
till Sunday - when I walked from the
Sofa to the bed - much to the annoyance
of Thomas - who still cried out loudly
against my stepping upon my feet.
I was dressed in two weeks - & then
third went about my room. Now
it is the fourth week - and I find my-

87
self still in the cabin - The weather has been
cooler than before I was sick. I see I have
no doubt I should have gone upon deck
by this time. Now, we are leaving the rough
weather begin to get warm again & I
shall soon get myself out with my son
bribery once more the pure air of the
sea - Our little one seems as healthy
as any baby - except - that he is a little
troubled with wind - he is a dear little
silton - and I am glad to see that his
dear fellow loves him so much. I used
often to wonder if he would not love
a baby so much as to take some of
my love away - but I do not see that
my share has in the least diminished
and I can surely say that - now it
possible since ^{it would be} daily increasing for
him, but already the fountain of my
love is running over - I trust that it may
never be less - nor that we shall love
our little treasure too much - to forget
the love due the giver. I am anticipa-
tating now so much pleasure in
getting home with him - and yet I

William and find myself constantly fearing that
something will happen to him. How
 much the dear ones at home are
 thinking of us now - wondering, &
 not daring to speak of it - I have
 a great deal of sport in dressing the
 boy now since the Ward String came
 off - Thomas assists me as much as
 any old Nurse would - & does quite
 as well I think, and the little fellow
 himself seems to enjoy the washing &
 singlet -

Thursday, Thomas came into the Cabin this
July 8th morning quite delighted - saying that
 we hoped we had got the S.E. Trades
 and that with 1400 miles a day we
 would soon be with the land end.
 He was decided upon it being the
 Trades now and days in a day or two
 we shall have fine beautiful weather
 and can take "Eddie's Trucke Runder"
 out upon deck - where he will seem
 to gain. But as to that matter I don't
 see but what "the shield" (Camarotia) is
 sailing, shut-up in the Cabin. He is

Monday - already getting about 42 is so high. I
 continued to believe the little dear knows his Mother &
 was now four weeks old. I cut off a lock of
 his hair yesterday for his Father's ring.
 We have had several severe gales of the Cape
 since, I have been confined in my Cabin.
 The day I was confined, we had had a very
 hard one lasting for a few hours - & clearing
 of it served, almost on my account - for
 had it been at the height of its fury, at
 the time I was suffering - it would have
 been very bad for me - for I always suf-
 fer so much at the mere mention of a
 gale - that with one at that time & my
 other sufferings - and beside this -
 the ship would not have been made as
 comfortable. In this instance again we
 reason scarcely Father's love for me mani-
 fested in that the Stilling of the storm.
 He has taken us carefully through
 many severe gales - and dangers the
 past year - and I would that he were
 better fitted to appreciate all his care
 for us - and to live in such a manner as
 to show forth our Gratitude & love to his mercy.

Friday. These fine beautiful Tralles have taken
 us along on our course towards home, in
 the last 24 hours, so says our Captain
 from his noon observations 158 miles -
 The thermometer stands at 58°. The high-
 est it has been for a about three weeks -
 and I believe it has never been below 55°
 and then only for a few days or two.
 Not remarkably cold weather - He has
 been shut up in our snug little Cabin - the
 windows all kept closed except for our
 morning airing - and "big blankets" drawn
 closely about us. The weather is very fine,
 and in a few days, he hopes my son &
 I, to be able to enjoy all the beauties of
 the water & the air - upon Deck, which
 we can do in a much better way than
 we can closed shut up in a Cabin. He
 has some very thing just as nice & com-
 fortable as heart could wish - among them
 all our home friends. We have one of
 the Bombay Bedsteads - that has been
 very nice during the last month -
 but very much to keep it now - and
 call it "Eddy's Bed" since it was upon
 that bed that he first made his appearance.

Railway - once, into this sad world. Thomas has
 Continued, talked of leaving it on board the Sabine
 if his Successor should desire it. But I
 have half persuaded him to send it
 along to Lowell, by telling him, how
 nice it would be for Eddy. It is a nice
 little Bedstead - one of the India Style -
 quite different from our New England
 manufacture. Hence, the reason for
 my wishing to retain it. It will be a
 good place to put it in Brother Eddy's
 room - and he can have his little
 nephew in it with him perhaps. He is
 a charming little fellow - and I can
 now see the full force of a Brother's love.
 Nothing can be finer. I do so much our
 little ones will be spared to us, but we
 must fear that we are losing him too
 much. His father laid upon the bed
 with his little son last night - so
 gently I approached them both sleeping
 but upon going to the bed - Thomas looks
 up - is perfectly satisfied - "Oh yes! I'm
 worshipping this boy." He's up, we often
 comes to the bed at night, for the poor

Friday. (Jellon sleeps upon the lounge.) and
 Continued. looks at his bag. looking upon Margaret.
 I wonder if "Tom" gets any admiring
 glances. Well, if I don't I am content.
 So that may be, yet then all. The little
 rogue has a fashion that is not quite
 pleasing to the sleepers. Papa & Mamma.
 viz. that of waking up at four o'clock
 in the morning and keeping awake. He
 is not satisfied either to lay awake,
 alone, but will persist in singing his
 own song. Tho' sweet to us - it may not
 be so very musical, since he only
 sings one note - always La - la - a.
 Mr. Steward thinks he will make a
 good singer. if he gets them all as
 well as well as he has that one note.
 We have dressed him today in one
 of his dressing gowns from his Mother.
 Tho' too large by a great deal.
 it is very comfortable this cool weather.
 He looks like a young "Catholic" priest
 in it - as he lies in his little hammock
 over our bed. He enjoys his hammock days
 but prefers his Mother's arm during the night.

Saturday - Very fine, going along to Mr. Cornwall says 12.
 July 7th. knots per hour. Thomas says when she goes so
 much as that again he wants to be called for
 he should expect she was going into eternity.
 I neglected one thing quite important in
 giving my account of my confinement -
 which will do just as well now. It was
 of my Breasts which were for a few
 days very bad indeed - and had it not
 been for the "Spindle of Minders" in our
 little Medicine Chest - I think there is
 no doubt but that I should have had
 a broken Breast. They were monstrously
 large - and so hard & knotted - even my
 mother with my arm so that I found
 it painful to move my arm in bed with
 me. Nancy is just trying to run her
 fingers in washing & caressing. Before this
 time I must say she has not touched
 her Salt. And I would not have her with
 me, another time if she would give me
 the taste of her wages. A miserable creature
 she has proven herself - and not as "innocent"
 as we have supposed her to be. I sincerely
 hope that Mother will be provided with

I wanted to have her get home - and still have
 no room for dinner. - I should have decidedly
 less patience with her than I can read when
 she was sick Mother. She has been complaining
 more than three weeks of the same since
 we left home. Perhaps I have not charity
 enough for her. I know one cannot help being
 sick - but when I was the sickest - & needed
 her the most. She seemed to understand
 that that was a good time for her to be
 laid up. Very ill that she knew of. She
 laid claim to - knows that is her case.
 Die - Expected she was going to drop off
 the 20th of June. - because our Mother
 died that day. I did not feel in hopes
 she would do so - tho' I should not have
 missed her assistance much till since
 the coming of little "Chota Sahib," and
 he seems to understand that she has
 paid her way - one would just go - by the
 quantity of dirty scraps he gives her
 to wash - Her Memory is just as long
 as her body - & may think has to be told
 her every day - regularly. I have not
 one had Lizzie Doctor a dozen times.

little Elder the same precious baby kept his
 Father & Brother awake from twelve o'clock
 last night instead of from five. But his
 Bombay cloak is him today. Not a fit &
 he seemed to like it much - Thomas had
 an Auction Sale of the remainder of his
 Shop Chest - Mr. Cornwall acting as auc-
 tionary - The result of the Sale has not
 been brought in yet. Found a piece of poetry
 today in an old magazine that I am going
 to put in here for my little sons benefit, in
 a few years. It is headed -

"The daily life of a Christian Child"

"

Come hither little Christian,
 And listen unto me;
 Let teach thee what the daily life
 of a Christian Child should be.
 When a Christian Child comes into
 the world, he should think of God in Heaven;
 And softly say, "I thank Thee, Lord,
 for the sleep which Thou hast given."
 He must say when he awakes,
 "From evil & from harm
 defend this little child, O Lord,

With some sweetening o'm". He hath asked to be obedient;
 The water that he useth And so he must feel fit to
 Never remind him of the day His parents' bidding cheerfully
 When baptismal waters cleansed him, With a glad mind & soul,
 And washed his soul away. In all his daily duties
 And, in love & earnest, He diligent must be;
 He must say, "This day renew, And say, 'What is I do, Lord
 A loving Lord, the saving grace 'Tis not unto thee."
 Of my baptismal dew." When the little Christian playeth
 Then, dressing me sweetly, He must use no angry words;
 The Christian child should say, For his little fellow Christians
 "With thy spirit's love of righteousness are members of the Lord.
 Lord, clothe my soul, I pray." If a playmate take his plaything
 He, reverently kneeleth. He must not rudely say
 To pray beside his bed— To snatch them back, but mildly ask
 With closed eyes & humble voice, Or weakly pass them by.
 His holy prayers are sweet. He hath asked to be made happy,
 And, as he thus approacheth To be must strive all day
 To be good if Heaven above, To yield his will to other's will
 He, kneeleth down, & smileth on His way to other's men.
 This little child in love. No greedy thoughts to dishonor
 He goeth to his chamber, The Christian child at meals;
 To his work or to his play, He eateth what God giveth him,
 But the prayers that he hath prayed, And ever thankful feels
 He must keep in mind all day.

When no human eye can see him,
 He knoweth God is high,
 And that darkness cannot cover him
 From his all-seeing eye.

When in a fault he falleth,
 He must not hide the stain —
 Repentance & confession
 Must yield their healing pain;
 He must kneel then in his chamber,
 Confess what he hath done,
 And ask to be forgiven
 For the sake of God's dear son.

Again, when evening cometh,
 The Christian child will pray,
 And praise the Lord for blessings given
 To him throughout the day.

Then his soul to God committing
 He quietly may sleep;

God, & his holy angel both
 Will watch around him deep.

God bless thee, little Christian!

Be holy, humble, mild, obedient, faithful, diligent,

A truly Christian child.

God bless thee little Christian, And bid thou God bless me!

I've taught thee what the daily life of a Christian child should be.

Have been making the baby some smaller shirts.
 I cannot imagine what the people here all
 meant to give me such large patterns. Every
 thing I had made was nearly twice too large.
 I don't know but my ignorance led me to
 make things larger than they intended - but
 I did all just like pattern - The dresses are
 all as large I doubt if we can wear them
 when we get home, but he is growing very
 fast - and looks now like a child three
 months old. Now I range it seems to think
 of calling dear little coming Mother
 Grandmother. And "Red" Uncle Red -
 Grandfather too - and the Aunt, Miss &
 Nellie - Mother Hender seems more like
 a Grandmother - she is so large - I wonder
 if his dear Great Grandmother will be there
 to see our little Cape Pigeon. The next day
 if she is living - he shall take a carriage
 and go down for her - tell her he brought
 home a "Cape Pigeon" - and he wants her
 to come home with him to see it. Her
 old Lady - God bless her. & keep her till
 our return - She has a large hope to see
 to see Gustie's baby - & I pray that she may.

It seems almost like too much happiness to think of being out. We getting home with our beautiful baby - and finding our dear friends all living and well. However, the bitter is still mixed with the sweet. in this. When we think that we shall very soon have to be separated again. If we do not all go. My dear husband will have to leave me. and I cannot bear the thought that he may go and leave me for more than a year. and indeed it is not probable that he will do so - And when I think again of my starting for this long voyage - and the terrible gales we have had this time - is another dreadful thing. But it is no use to spoil all the pleasure of going home - by dwelling upon these sad thoughts of separation - It will come soon, full too soon - that there will be a final separation - Now tho' it be a long time - as all separations must come to all - And while we only leave for a brief season - why mar the pleasure of the whole in borrowing trouble.

Sunday.

July 8th.

Another beautiful Sabbath, and we are still on the Sea. I trust before many more shall arrive we will have left the old Sabine in New York & gores to our dear & loved Little home. How different a Sabbath is at Sea, from on Shore. No ringing of the Bells. Only the striking of the different board. No church going - for we have had no service from the Rev. Passenger since the third Monday out. The Visitors too - most of them have each their different pursuits to pass the day away in in unholier manner. and I trust we all have feelings different from our home Sunday feelings. Thomas has just taken the table out of from inside the deck. I put on his flannel sack. a Blanket - and my knit shirt - I believe he took him out to introduce him to the Doctor & the Visitors. I will give you his opinion of the world out of, do it - when I get it. I am afraid that we are going to have trouble with him - & might be. He seems possessed to - wake up about 12 - and lay awake for an hour or two - then, & again at four he is wide awake - and no more sleep for any body on board ship, after that time - till after eight - then he is sleeping

to nap a while - when he wakes - has his bath & dressing - and sleeps again till one o'clock. We have had our Drack on board ship - Patrick Hatch - I had taken a terrible dislike to the poor boy. Thinking that he made way with our "Pet Tiger". and she was such a beautiful kitten - I was very loathe her. He was offended with the Capt. for making him stand a double "look out". for impudence - and in the morning the kitten was missing - so I at once imagined poor Pat. was the cause of her disappearance - I may have judged him wrongfully - and all on board think I did. as the cat was a favorite with all - The poor boy suffered considerably & died with no one near to smooth his pillow. or to revive his last good hope - The services were conducted by the Band Passengers, and in a manner not very satisfactory to the Capt. - as he says had he done himself it would have been done no better. he should have conducted them himself. Thomas was so provoked that Mr. M. did not go in to see Patrick when he knew that he was dying for two or three days - that he says - he will

not write him to have arrived again. Either in
 the Cabin or on deck - I am rather sorry for
 what it - altho' Thomas & I - have our chapter
 in the little every night - which will perhaps
 do us just as much good - for I trust we
 neither of us forget our thanks to "our Father
 in Heaven" for preservation during the day.
 Edley has come in with his father & says
 he saw the Cook, the Carpenter - two woodpa-
 thens - (an old man in Brasil) & had
 a nice time - He liked it so much that
 he closed his eyes to it all - & forgot
 everything in sleep. He has a habit of
 closing his eyes much - that of holding his
 right eye into his head when sleeping.
 It always frightened me - if Cooks so much
 as if he was dying - I presume it is
 the mind on his stomach causes it - as if
 does his smiling & sweeting in his sleep.
 We have moderate trades to Thomas says
 in his journal - Tones in the past 24 hours
 140 miles - Thermometer standing at 77°
 and I am still wearing the "Double-Deers-
 Skin" dress I was to wear over another one -
 'most memories of the dear ones at home

Monday-
July 9th.

Feeling unusually homesick today - from
some cause or other. The weather is getting
warmer - and we are going along nicely -
My little "Cape pigeon" rather trouble some
all night - and his little bones quite
loose - I do hope the little ^{pit} is not going
to be sick - Thomas and I had our
first quarrel about him last night -
Dinner, we did not come to - Cloud.
Have been cutting him out - some Bids
today - Think they will be quite useful
as we cannot have our washings done
very regularly - Since our water is so
low - We are all on an allowance of
Three quarts a day. It would seem
to those at home that three quarts
for each one was quite sufficient - but
when they take into consideration that
for cooking - soups, coffee & tea - had
to come out of our allowance - it
looks differently beside all the water
we drink - Our drinking water after
being in the "Mudkey" hanging under
the open sky - light, is quite cool, & pal-
atable - I drink it now with a real relish.

My dear little Cape Pigeon lies on the bed be-
 side me sleeping so sweetly - and I am alone
 save her in our little Cabin - & to pass the
 time away - will write on this there is not
 much I can say - unless I still say on of
 our beautiful boy - and I may wear out
 the subject entirely, if I do not stop
 some time. Not to ones will the subject
 be worn - but to those who may chance
 to see this journal - after I am gone.
 Thomas & Mr. Stewart are taking their
 usual walk upon the top - Mr. Comstock
 is at the Main Branch as usual at this
 time - Nancy is in & out. The Capt just
 told her of some India Corn - that she
 had not have them &c. She thought they
 would be of no use at all at home - &
 he told her she could get a good deal
 for them of Antiguarians - She said -
 "I don't know Aunt Cranes" - & after
 he went out - (as he had laughed at
 the joke -) she asked me if he meant
 old Alanson Cranes at Lowell - Said
 she never heard that story before, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~was~~
 at this time I was suffering terribly -

Tuesday -
July 10th - On 8th nd day at Sea - and if we are home
in 125 days as we hope to be - we shall have
43 days more - just one half as many as
we have been already - The time has pas-
sed quickly so far - but I expect the remain-
der of the passage will seem much longer
to me - since I shall be so anxious to
get there with our Baby - boy - And get
the five necks (for it is five) since we have
been blessed with his precious little self -
was almost flown - when we look at it in
one sense - and while looking at him, &
thinking of him - I can hardly remem-
ber when I did not have him. I do so
much wish I was a better woman than
I am that I might the better discharge
my duties as a mother & wife - I try
every day to do better, but I may say -
when I would be good, Evil is always
present with me. I'll try - shall still
be my motto - and I may get accom-
plish'd with God's help - some good rich.
Surely there is no better place for forming
good resolutions - than here upon this
road of perils of waters - Ed Henry's Tailings -

We are having moderate trade winds, & little
 snow - going on at the rate of 118 miles per
 day - We are about 115 miles from St. Helena
 today - the nearest that we shall be to it.
 I am sorry on some accounts that we are
 not going in there - I should like to see the
 Island with the Thomas says it is the finest
 specimen of Creation that one can see - but
 as being the burial place of Napoleon - with
 his body not there now - makes it rather
 noted. Mrs. Carroll was hoping we would
 go there - so that she could hear from her
 friends there - But they are not very much
 admired I believe by persons that go there
 so I don't imagine I lose much by not
 making their acquaintance. I have been
 hoping that our friends at home would
 hear nothing of my prospect of being a
 baby - but fear they will know all about it
 thro' Capt. Valler or Capt. General - Since this
 word is, in both in Portsmouth - & it is
 but natural that they should speak of
 me in their letters - I hope they will
 not hear of it - I will be delightful to
 take him home - unexpectedly to all

but our own immediate home friends - and I don't imagine they will speak of it to any one - Little Boy slept beautifully last night - but seemed rather inclined to keep awake today to pay for it. Little dear grows like a weed - and certainly is the brightest baby I ever saw for one of his age. I suspect by the time I leave the "Sabine" with him he will be very smart - will perhaps know all about the ship - This old ship will be watched by me with interest - till its last plank is gone - so it is the birth place of our first born little one - I should be going to have another one at sea - tho' I got along so nicely with every thing - But I think the time before this child is born had better be spent on shore than at sea - if a person is as nervous of the appearance of a new mind that isn't just his - as I am - My little boy has some of the nervousness about him that his Mother showed at the time of the cyclone - Then I would jab at my berth - every time the ship goes a pitch - and that was every moment for one day -

Wednesday Our little Cape Pigeon looks as well. I am really
 July 11th in earnest when I saw that I never saw so a
 smart a baby for one only five weeks old.
 Already he notices persons and things - & I
 believe they do not usually 'till they are 3 or
 3 months old - Indeed I know 'Lucy's' was
 three months old when I saw it - and it
 was the wonder of Mother Kendeu to find
 then - that the little thing seemed to notice
 And it was no more than one little fellow
 does now. Of course all persons think the
 same that their own Baby is the lightest
 and their own husband is the best - & it
 is a very happy belief, so I find it.
 May I never believe any differently -
 It has really seemed like getting
 home today - Thomas has been packing
 boxes, has put up all our Personal effects
 and put - filled three good sized boxes
 It is a good job done. Bring over that re-
 quires Care. In a few days we will put
 ready some of our trunks - that we
 shall not need any more - so that we
 shall be all in season to leave. The
 Ship immediately on our arrival in

New York and that time will soon be here if
 nothing happens - Less time than we have -
 had our little boy perhaps - How delighted
 we shall all be to get them with this precious
 baby - and find our dear friends all living -
 Thomas will have to be in New York - tell the
 ship is discharged - He must go on with
 me - and then go back again - I should
 so much want him to go on with me - and
 be there to receive a welcome with his baby
 and I - for I am confident of a warm
 one - And then again he is so proud
 of his son - of course he will want
 to present him himself - The little dear
 looks so cunning as he lies here on the
 bed - I have to leave whatever I am en-
 gaged in - to go to him and see if he
 breathes right - and to give him a mother's
 kiss. How pleasant it is to watch the
 every motion of a dear little baby - and
 to wait till they shall know their mother
 and to notice her approach by one of
 their sweet smiles to coming little ^{eyes} ^{and} ^{mouth}
 moves, but those who have been blessed by
 the coming of a little prattler can know fully.

Thursday. Then we undressed our little one and weighed her
 May 12th called Mr Stearns in to see him - And he said
 he had grown so very fast - it suggested the
 idea to our minds to weigh him again & see
 if he had gained so much - accordingly we
 called for the standards and tied him up in
 the same Blanket he had on the other times -
 and found the little fellow had gained four
 pounds - weighing 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and 38 days old.
 If he keeps on this way. I fancy we shall
 have no trouble about his diseases being too
 large when we get home. indeed I fear they
 may be too small - since some little shirts
 and Bands that I made to fit a few days
 since are decidedly tight for him now. Mr.
 Stearns says he is a fine looking baby - the
 handsomest one and with the prettiest
 bright blue eyes - that ever he saw - there
 is something coming from his too, for he
 is not used to speaking ⁱⁿ praise of anything
 but his own friends &c - I wonder if
 Mrs Stearns has her little one yet? I don't
 believe she will have a handsomer or smarter
 baby than ours if she is a little richer &c.
 True in all the style of Indian magnificence.

cense. She was to have a Nurse that has 50 Rubles
 a week. She had her engaged for three weeks. Only
 75 dollars for her Nurse - & probably the Doctor
 will have as much more - An expensive baby
 it will be whatever else it is - One dear
 little fellow has cost nothing so far - He
 can afford to spend the more when he gets
 home (if he is spared to do -) to show him off
 in. The weather for two days has seemed
 disagreeably damp - so that I have not
 at yet noticed out upon deck. I should not
 fear for myself - but I do not want to get
 any cold by the "Med" - We have been only
 a little over 900 miles the past week. Have
 not been one thousand miles in one week
 since we left Bombay. Thomas says. We
 were talking of another voyage last night -
 Thomas says, if I don't go with him, now
 that I can as well as not - he shall think
 I do not care as much for him, as he has
 supposed me to. He is very wrong there, I
 think - He should take into consideration
 my sufferings of this present voyage - and as
 he knows very well that I cannot help it, if
 I should leave with the intention of never returning.

or, if I did get back again it would be with a diseased mind, more so than it is now, for I work myself up into such an excited state at the times of my trouble that I cannot tell if I am insane or sane, and I imagine it has been hard work for Thomas to tell some times. I have been a source of great annoyance to him a great many times I know, for it is very trying to him at those times - & then again I have found so much fault with things that could not be helped - for instance the food on board - I was always terribly shaky - and having always lived well at home find it hard now to get along with some things - I hope if God spares us all - that the time will come when we shall have a house of our own - I don't care if we do not have but two rooms, so that those two be on shore - and then Thomas shall see that I am not the disagreeable fault finding person that he believed me soon to be. that is, if I am not on the sea long enough to get this fixed upon me. I know it is unpleasant for him to hear

one always speaking against the Sea, when
 it is his choice as a profession. I try hard
 every day to like it - but every day finds me
 still stronger in my antipathies towards it.
 I shall of course expect to go again - if
 we all live and Thomas goes again - So
 I may at all make the best of it - I have
 chosen a Sailor for my husband - and I
should I suppose choose the Sea - I would
 not exchange my dear husband for all
 the men in the world with all the gold -
 but I would exchange his business for
 the poorest employ - so that it brought
 us in enough to live comfortably - & did
 not doom my lazy husband (for I find
 he dislikes hard work -) to labor. I am
 quite alarmed about my darling little
 son tonight - He has seemed ill all day
 has vomited quite freely - but I think
 from some Chinese seed tea he gave
 him - I pray that Heaven will spare us
 this little gift - It would be so hard to
 lose him now - dear little fellow - But we
 must say & feel - "Not my will, O God but
 Thine be done" & pray that he may be spared to.

Poor Lucy, how badly she must have felt. I thought then, that were I Lucy, I should wish my baby had never lived - She thought my remark (for I made it to her) strange. I can see now why she thought so. "It is better to have loved & lost, than never to have loved" - and I believe it true. Altho' I should never want to have another baby should this dear one be taken from me - I should treasure him with as much of pleasure & sorrow mingled - But I trust our Good God will be merciful to us this time - as he has been so many times before - and fit us to discharge our duties towards this little boy, in a manner pleasing in his sight - I have looked over the Medicine Book - and find nothing at usual. It is generally so - never find anything in those books that you want. When you want them I know that little or no medicine is the best for an Infant - For them have plenty of Sleep - & keep them warm is the best for them - God bless all our dear friends at home - & keep them safe till our return -

Friday -
July 13.

I wonder what I can say for myself today - or I should say for my baby perhaps - since all I have put in my journal seems to be of that baby. Well then to begin - "his father" has been engaged with the driving of the Point, preparatory to fixing up the ship for her arrival home. It has occupied him all day - so that "Babe" and I have been together all day alone - Save now and then the husband of Father coming in to give his wife a kiss - & take if all was right with us. Dressed the boy alone this morning for the first time. Had no trouble about it at all - he was just as good as he could be - I think he is a little afraid of his Papa - the reason he, worried some when he helps me - He does really understand the difference in our voices already - & if he is crying & "father" speaks - he will "mush up" in an instant - He is better today than he was yesterday - has slept nearly all the time - have had a nice nap with him this afternoon - to pass the time of Thomas' absence away - Sleep passes time away very well I find at Sea - tho' I am little o' nights.

since my son is inclined to be grateful, &
 will insist upon his Mother keeping awake
 with him. I am afraid he got that from
 me - I used to be very nervous and wake at
 every sound that was at all unusual - The
 gentlemen that is Mr. Stewart & Thomas
 are taking their exercise upon the top -
 Mr. Winger does not make himself very
 sociable - for some reason but never I sup-
 pose to himself - but he was so, when
 first we left Bombay. Perhaps he thinks
 the Capt does not appear to him often
 enough for his opinion - & that he is as off
 hand in reply as himself - for he can
 make himself as disagreeable as he
 pleases. The other morning at breakfast,
 Thomas asked him if he should send him
 a piece of fish - (Broast Mackerel) his
 reply - "No!" & short as that. - He passed
 the plate to him with a moderate sized
 piece - "I don't want all that" came
 forth in the same stern blunt way -
 just after asking a blessing Mr. Thomas
 thought it was fair for one, as the other -
 & pushed his plate towards him, at

the same time saying, "they can eat what you
 want, & leave the rest." Mrs Harding told
 me that he was particularly blunt & we
 might think him cross at first - I think
 we shall not have changed that opinion
 very much, at last. I always thought it
 would be pleasant to have a Wisconsin
 Passenger with us - My first impressions
 of them I am sorry to say are not very
 favorable - The ^{not} I must ^{not} judge of all, by
 this first one. I hope we may have some
 lady another time - It would be so very
 pleasant for me to have a companion
 female I mean - for my dear husband - is
 indeed the chosen companion I would
 have - but a female beside myself would
 seem pleasant on board - & if our Bark
 is to be fitted up so comfortably - we can
 have one as well as not. I shall manage
 to fill up the remaining blank pages of
 this journal by the time we arrive in
 New York - if I go on as I have commenced
 writing three or four pages every day. I
 wish I might do as well in quality as I
 do in quantity - What I lack in one is made up -
 in the other.

Saturday. The day has been lovely. I took my little son
 July 14th out for a little while upon deck. I fancy he
 likes it as he did not express any dislike
 but saying - but rather went just to sleep -
 it seemed delightful to see him under
 the pure of beam. I wish I dared take the
 boy out upon deck after tea - I need to enjoy
 it so much myself - I shall be very sure to
 again - and I should not leave him in
 the cabin to go out myself - then with Thomas
 Thomas is busy painting his little ship -
 he has nicely left all these things
 that occupy his time and attention till
 I had some one to be compassing for me.
 Mr Cromwell says "the little fellow grows
 handsome every day" - and so he does -
 He is a very handsome baby now - I don't
 hesitate to say it - He may be homely
 but the time he gets home - & I put it in
 here that they may know that he has been
 handsome once - Mr. Mungor says "it
 is plenty of sure for you," and when I send
 a pleasant case, he says - "You did not
 think so once", What did he mean? I
 don't know I am sure - for I have never

expressed myself to him in any but the most
 endearing terms of children - He does not
 think much of them I know - from a remark
 he made to me when we were first out. We
 were speaking of Squalls - and he turned
 to me - & said he hoped I would always
 dislike all Squalls - as much as I did
 then - the Squall of the Elements - I guess
 the born men think those that we have
 now are worse than any other - for he must
 be annoyed night - the little Chota is
 very noisy for about two hours between 12
 & four every night - & Mr. Vaugeois is
 being so near out - I am sorry - for I do
 not like a crying baby myself at all -
 It is always a disagreeable sound to
 those not interested in the child - Just
 one year ago this time we were begining to look
 for the arrival of the Sabine and its brave Com-
 manders - Rebecca & Nellie Mitchell were at
 our house visiting - and I was preparing to
 go to Boston to receive the said Captain - was
 daily receiving some message from mine to
 come for Thomas would be so disappointed
 did I arrive again & find no wife to meet him.

These were long tedious days that I spent in
 Boston — the most so I think of any I ever
 spent — for with my ring of the Door-bell
 my heart would throbb away — till the door
 was opened and I had satisfied myself
 by looking for the proper expression of
 speaking through the crack of the door — only
 to be disappointed again. For six long
 weeks I waited — expecting every night
 to be called up to receive my long absent,
 and dearly-loved husband — I wonder
 if the arrival of the Sabine this year
 will create as many joyous feelings
 as it did then. No! I know it will, &
 why ask — only that there is no wife
 now to receive her husband — But then
 the Grand Parents and Aunts & Uncle
 God bless them — I dreamed the other night
 of being home — & Helen South being there.
 She gave me a Silver Portemouai — said
 it was coming New Year — & I had better
 give it to Thomas for his New Year's present.
 I don't know whether she intended it from
 herself — or from me. I will find out when
 I see her, & get the Portemouai —

I suppose I should have written Helen in answer to the pretty letter I received from her in Bombay - but want of time must be my only excuse - Rather a poor one - she will say. Took my first walk upon Deck - The same fine weather still continued. I see now why it was that Thomas used to wish to Allen that a certain little stranger might deliver something his discourse into the stage of being till after we got round the Cape of Good Hope. He was aware of the beautiful weather without share with the Trades - I wish these Trades might catch us home - but I suspect we cannot ^{expect} to have them many days longer. So long after crossing the Line - Sunday again. Thomas says Mr. Munger wants to speak enough to ask him if he will have service upon Deck - he can do so - but he won't propose it to him. Dressed my little sister this morning - & put on his Bombay cloak. And took him upon Deck again. We are going to take him out - again this afternoon. Shall accustom him to being out - there a good deal - think it will be beneficial - Thomas washing Datto for me this morning - Good bye.

Sunday -
July 15th.

Monday. Thomas opened a Can of his preserved Apples
 July 16th. for me this morning - & I had a breakfast & dinner
 of said Apples - fried in Butter - and I suppose
 they were just as nice as any fresh ones
 I ever ate. I should speak for plenty of Apples
 and plenty of Sausage meat - if I was going
 to sea - & could have a voice in the matter of
 provisions - The Beef & Mutton I cannot
 say - but these & the "Soup - de Boillon" are
 both very nice indeed. Took my walk
 upon deck last evening - which I find very
 much better for the walk - than not be
 able to go out today - for the ship is all up
 in an uproar. They are busy cleaning the
 ship - preparing to paint her - so shall
 have a clean nice - looking ship to go home
 in. Chota calls & I must leave to obey
 his orders - which are very peremptory - The
 demand was as usual from Maria which I
 executed and then took him out on deck for
 a little while. His father busy up there
 painting his little ship - The main deck
 in terrible confusion - Looks like getting
 done. 139 miles today the 88 day at sea - making
 in all 842¹/₂ miles that we have sailed -

Leicester.
 Aug 17th

Took Cholasabib out upon deck where we
 sat but honest beside his father while he was
 pointing the little boats to his ship - The weather
 was heavenly fine indeed - so pleasant that I
 kept only a pocket handkerchief over the
 boys head. I find myself knowing very little about
 babies habits and how to do for them. I can
 recollect when "Mae" was a child that Mother
 would look at each Diaper when she took them
 off to see if they were all right - Now I look
 at them and am not wiser after the looking.
 He uses a great quantity - more than any
 baby I ever saw - He perhaps I change
 them oftener than other persons. Kept him
 awake all the latter part of the afternoon to
 see if he would not sleep some during the
 night - I shall be sorry to have him get in-
 to his habit and keep it up - of waking, &
 laying awake two or three hours during the
 night - He is as regular now in his time
 for waking as are the watches at N. Y. Mills.
 Left him sleeping for a half an hour after
 tea, while I took a little exercise upon Deck
 with Thomas. Do not feel as well as I hoped
 I should after the baby was born - It means

he because I have kept myself in the Cabin so closely - I do not like to leave Nancy in charge of the little fellow - she handles him so conclusively - keeping his little head down. Drinah comes in regularly every hour or two and goes directly to the bed - & if the baby is not there she will come to me - & look upon the Sofa - & in the State room if Chota is in his hammock that is - she was very jealous at first - could not seem to make out what it was - Is a little shy now if he moves his little hands - but if he lies quiet - she will get up & kiss him. My feet are troubling me very much - and my mouth, throat & stomach are filled with Canker - I never had it at all before - altho' I have thought - so several times -

Wednesday My trial proved to be quite a success for me.
 July 18th for Chota slept very well indeed all night. He has been ailing all day - His father thinks it is something of the Colic brought on by the White Lead. The ship is being thoroughly painted today - & of course the air is filled with the fumes & White Lead. We tried to give him some Gin this afternoon.

It was quite amusing to see the little urchin. He did not like it - and he would not take it. A person would think it rather strange if we could not get a little fellow six weeks old to do as we wished - but that was even so. He shut his little mouth so very firmly together that it was impossible to get it open - and if we did manage to get a little into his mouth - he would keep it there till we got our hands away from them - he would go - and the tin would be on his "bit." We suffered terribly with the Canker - Am using the Tincture of Linnæa for it - but seem to get very little relief from any thing - I find I get every day more and more impatient to be at home. Was there last night in my dream - Saw Nellie, & Mary Read and John were with her. Then I went to Grandmother's - thought I was in her room telling her all about my Confinement & my Baby - She would not believe I had one for I did not take it with me. Mother thinking there was too much wind objected to my taking him out & I left him with her.

I expect it will be so - and I shall be very
 willing to abide by her judgment in the
 matter of children - for who can do more
 so very precious Mother. They will hardly
 enjoy our being at home when they find
 we are to leave again - I do not expect
 to enjoy it much - for the same reason -
 knowing that there is another siege of suf-
 fering before me - I should rather suffer
 now, a dozen times what I did having
 Eddie than to endure what I do now in
 those horrid Cyclones - and Gales - and
 indeed when not experiencing them I am
 participating. Wrote up Mary's journal
 for Thomas this afternoon - Large quantities
 of Flying Fish seen around the Ship. I
 have the ring of one that came on board
 during the passage out - Saw a Booby
 this morning going out - I wonder if they
 did not enjoy us being home - would
 wonder - I know we used to when
 we were in a like situation - Just over my
 head are two men painting on Sky-light -
 One a very interesting specimen of the Lords
 of Creation - "Scotty" is his name.

I hope that Nellie will have kept a more interesting Journal for me than I have done for her. It would be more interesting for I should see so much in it I say friends - if she puts every thing in it I mean - Thomas and I do not yet cease wondering what Helen meant in her letter when she speaks of Nellie's refusing Mr. - - She would be a foolish girl indeed to do so - for I know she liked him - & I cannot yet believe she has. Thomas says if she has - he hopes she will be an "old maid" - if she would refuse such an offer as his would be. Patiently, and we shall know if it was so - for I course will would tell her dear Sister - Mrs. - - How happy we shall be together - if we are spared to meet again. Our dear Mother too - we shall have many a nice chat as three - And all our dear friends I remember tho' I do not mention them - Mother & Sister - Wendee - Father & my pet Brother - who will be loved none the less, I am certain, because I have a little "Red" - I may own to claim my love & attention -

Thursday. 140 miles have we sailed today - the 91st day
 July 19th at sea. The little one not well today. Seems to be
 considerably troubled with his little bowels - I do
 hope he is not going to be as costive as I have
 been for a long time past. It is dreadfully
 disagreeable. Strange, I was not at all so, on
 the passage out - or indeed before my confinement
 but since that I have seemed to get back to
 my old ways. My Riles are worse than ever -
 I can hardly sit or stand at all today -
 Commenced taking some Medicine. A pres-
 cription of Thomas' for them this morning.
 My Canker too, I hope will be relieved by
 it. In looking over one of Thomas' books
 today - I came across a piece of poetry
 written by him to "his wife" - & I think
 it is quite right that I put it from his
 into my Journal - I find it is not very
 agreeable to him, to see upon these pages
 so many expressions of my love - or
 rather so many expressions of dislike
 for the Sea. I must husband do not
 believe that it is not as hard for me
 to be separated from you - as for you to be
 from me - it is only my peace & sea sickness
 that make me murmur. I do say no more against it.

To Gus. My Wife.

'Tis said that Love, the more 'tis tried,
Grows firmer, and lasts longer;
And when distress the knot has tied
'Tis closer, and knit stronger.

She who with love best joy would find
That fate should thus her,
Must share the peril and the pain
That mark the gallant sailor.

To hope in vain, in vain to sigh,
Deep sorrow to dissemble;

To shudder at each lowering sky,
At every breeze to tremble;

While neither wishes, prayers, nor tears,
To ease her mind, avail her; —

These dreadful speak her fear
Who loves the gallant sailor.

This is the last of her alarms,
Cease, lovers to bewail her;

He comes — to in her trembling arms
She holds her gallant sailor.

Friday. 133 miles during the past 24 hours - He was
 July 20th now in the same position at 92 days out
 that Thomas was last voyage at 119
 days out - Giving us a chance of making
 this passage in 127 days - taking us home
 the very last of August. I hope it will
 be a little before September else poor Ned's
 vacation will have finished and he will be
 so disappointed if it is - and he cannot
 be with Thomas - Tho' he would see him
 in Boston more than he would me and
 his little nephew. We are now having such
 warm weather that we find our allowance
 of water goes very little ways. I never was
 so thirsty in all my life before. I would
 really embrace that old Pump, could
 I but get at it - I've mind the ke, &
 that great pitcher on the dining room
 table - Father may have his half dozen
 tumblers before going to bed - I wish I
 could see him stand there with the pitcher
 in one hand glass in the other filling up.
 I even he would die to be reduced, as
 we are - for I almost do - as little as I
 am in the habit of drinking when at home

Saturday Moderate Breezes and Shower of Rain. We
 only 12⁵⁰ saved about 200 Gallons of water. and should
 have saved 300 more. but the fresh paint
 made it taste badly - This will help us
 against teal. We are now a little ahead -
 and hope to keep so - altho' I do not feel
 half so much like drinking today - as I
 did yesterday when we were short. So I sleep
 with us - we leave what we have now. My
 son is looking over my shoulder and his
 Papa is teaching him to pull my hair.
 Altho' he thought it was since far long
 ago to pull his Papa's whiskers without being
 taught. We have sailed 112 miles - making
 in all 9071 miles the 93rd day at sea.

Sunday. One of those beautiful Sundays in July that
 I have so many times enjoyed at home -
 and in going to church. How pleasant all
 things are looking now again. My dear, dear
 home - that is, if all the dear ones are
 there - If nothing has happened to the
 dear child. I suppose Ned is at home in
 his long vacation - Probably went home
 yesterday - I believe they got there about the
 11th of July. Nellie is very happy to have

Ned with her again - and they have all been
 talking about Thomas & Essie today - &
 how soon now we should be with them. I don't
 know whether they said any thing about
 the little boy or not - I hardly think they
 did at the breakfast table - but afterwards
 when Mother & Nell got out to their "Sanctum
 Sanctum" Nellie says - Oh! Mother if I
 wonder if Essie has got a baby. and
 Mother, rather inclined like myself to
 look on the dark side of the picture,
 says - Well, if she has one, it won't live,
 going to Six, to have her first baby. To
 Nellie's question - let me just say Miss
 Nell I have one of the prettiest blue-eyed
 boys you have ever seen - and if you don't
 own it I'll teach him to scratch your
 great blue eyes out - To my darling
 Mother, I would say - that we will trust
 in the same good God who has so safely
 delivered me thro' my dear husband - to
 getting our little one home. Have taken
 the little pet out today - after putting
 him into a tub of salt water - which he
 seemed to enjoy - He really takes notice

and begins to talk in their cuning little way of cooing - I don't know. but I think he is very young for that. All on board call him very forward. He is a splendid child - Nancy brought me in a Loaf of Cake last night that she had made me. The very first dish of any kind that she has prepared for me. Since we came on board the Sabine in Boston - The cake is very good indeed. She says she laid awake the night before & stirred it up - Thomas is in high glee to day - he seems to love his boy dearly. I shall be jealous I expect - When once it was. "Kiss me Gus - you are a darling" - It is now - "O! you little beauty, you do know your Papa don't you" - and then he turns to me. "Aint he beautiful"? Well I expected it - so I am not disappointed -

Monday. Very quiet. We weighed him again this morning July 23rd. it being 7 weeks since he was first weighed. and found that he had gained nearly half weighing then 9 lbs. & now 15 - Quite a smart boy the old cook says - May the Lord spare him & send him in as good health as he seemed to be in now -

Morning Moderate Trades and very fine weather. On
 July 23rd have sailed 133 miles the past 24 hours -
 After tea put my baby to bed - and then went
 out upon deck for a little exercise with Thomas.
 We walked the deck for about an hour - &
 then sat down for another hour, to enjoy the
 beauties of the evening - Hoping to cross the
 Equator before another evening - and as we
 shall soon lose these S.E. Trades - we shall
 also lose the beautiful weather - for I never
 say I have never seen such, for this as we
 have had, fresh air & fresh - hardly a cloud
 in the sky except such as are like to give
 coloring to the picture. The Baby sleeps so
 sweetly during the evenings that I can
 enjoy our evenings promenade very much.
 But I dislike to leave him in charge of our
 servant (?) while he is awake. He does better for
 'Mother, I would say - that we will wash
 in the same good God who has so far
 delivered me thro' my dear husband than any
 getting our little one home. Now being placed
 the little pet out today - after
 him into a tub of salt water - &
 seemed to enjoy. He really takes
 of that to do

Monday
July 24th

We crossed the Equator at five o'clock this A.M.
Have been having light Showers - My husband
says we must very soon have Thunder and
Lightning with our Showers. I dread that so
much. I have not yet seen a severe Thunder
storm at Sea - for we have been particularly
lucky in that respect - and I am sure I
have no particular desire to do so - I have
heard so many times how much more
terrific they are at Sea than on Shore, &
as far as my own observations have been
they are bad enough there. This is the
96th day since we left Bombay - and we
are now 9513 miles from there - or I should
say we have sailed so many miles - for
did not cross the ^{14th} "Line" till the morning of the
25th so much for leaving the writing up of
my Journal for a few days - Eddy is gaining
very fast - He weighed him again this morning
it being 7 weeks since he was first weighed
and found that he had gained nearly half
weighing then 9 lbs - & now 15 - Quite a smart
boy the old cook says - May the Lord spare
him - is in as good health as he seemed
to be in now -

Wednesday Note up Thomas journals today - & will
 July 25th put the same in here - as there is nothing
 new or wonderful to speak of - Moderate
 Trades from S.E. with fine weather and light
 breeze - Barometer 30.11. Thermometer 82° 82°
 30.10. 80° 80° - 30.11. 83° 84°. Lat. 35° 41'.
 L.R. 44 1/2 Longitude Chronometer 38° 47'
 L.R. 36° 39'. Course NW 3/4 N. 125 miles. Whole
 distance sailed 9638 miles. 97 days at sea.

Thursday We are still joggling along with our good
 July 26th Trades which I wish he might keep, till
 we find the N.E. Trades - Thomas gave me
 a piece today to read. that is quite amusing
 to us who are acquainted with Sea-faring
 life, & Ships generally - and as I may
 have an opportunity some time of showing
 it to some of my Sailor friends - I will
 put it in here for this instruction (?) It
 is from the Note-book of a fellow traveller -
 who used to put down all the interesting
 sights & occurrences - It seems they had
 a Thunder-storm - & he says - "June 1st A
 violent Thunder-storm - very sudden; Captain
 says there must be something wrong in
 the air (as there was no warning) for he is some

his Barometer is correct; - deluge of rain; lightning struck down man at the wheel - great confusion - Sails making loud cracks - Capt said it was blowing great guns - Captain must be right, but did not believe - While there was what the Capt called a "pull" he told the Mate to call all hands up to "splice the main brace." When the storm was over the Mate, who was a pleasant & facetious person & who knew that I kept a Journal, had the goodness to explain to me the ^{manner} manœuvring the ship - during the storm - which I took down very carefully from his dictation. It seems that the wind blew in violent squalls from the S.W. - low. W. East and took the vessel on the fore-quarter abaft the Mainmast: the Mainmast is the place where the compass is placed by which the ship is steered; the man at the wheel (that is the Sailor who steers the ship) put the helm hard a-weather which brought her stern round to the sea, & the storm stay-sail was spread on the fore-top-mast, & kept full. At the same time the studding-sails were set to bring the ship to the wind, & all hands were called forward to give a pull to the main-sheet. But all this would not do to keep the vessel right, & so the Captain who was an experienced sea-man had the main-

top-mast shipped on the Mizzen boom, while the fore-top sail was clewed up to the main rigging & set to make the vessel snug. In this way the lay in the trough of the sea & as to secure the force of the wind on her stern, which was her broadest & strongest part: but the wind coming on to blow from the east-north-east as well as from the south-east, - the east, & from other quarters, the captain determined on heaving the ship so as to keep her dead to the wind, and the helm being lashed accordingly so as to secure its being in the proper place, the Mizzen-top sail was shaken out to steady the ship; but the violence of the gale increasing, the Capt. set the Mizzen-gib & with this & main-royal-fore-top-mast-sky-scaper which was standing well, the ship worked wonderfully. But at this precise moment of time the man at the wheel was struck down by a thunder-bolt which precipitated him with such violence down the fore-hatch-way that he lay there for a considerable time in a very senseless state. The wind now blew furiously from all points of the compass, & all the sails would have been blown instantly from the masts if it had not been for the equal pressure of the wind on all sides which kept them in their places. While the Capt was considering what was best to

be done in such an awful state of things, the Carpenter
 called out from the cross-trees, where he had gone to
 sound the bells, that the ship had sprung a leak, &
 that there was four feet of water in the Carcase. The
 boson-sunne that we should all go to Dany's locker
 (a phrase in use among sea-faring persons to sig-
 nify the bottom of the sea, altho it is difficult to cor-
 recture the derivation of the expression.) In this time
 of extremity, when the ship was half submerged beneath
 the loading material, with its stern uppermost, expecting
 every moment to be capsize, the Capt conceived a
 bold idea, & he instantly called out thro' his
 speaking-trumpet which he held in one hand, &
 a glass of gag in the other, to make fast the bowsprit
 by the puttock shrouds of the bowsprit cross-jack.
 As as to keep the vessel steady - on which she im-
 mediately lighted to the unspeakable satisfaction
 of the ships' Company. The bosn handed her fore-sail
 & kept her broadside to the wind, so as to bear
 the brunt of the gale on her lee-quarter. It was to
 this admirable manœuvre that the safety of
 the ship & the lives of the crew & passengers
 was mainly owing. - & in order to mark my
 sense of our Captain's extraordinary sea man-
 ship - I signified to him my intention on my

return to Europe to present him with a copy of my large work on the Etymologies of the unknown Coptick dialects in 2 Vols. folio - as abridged from the original edition - for which he expressed his grateful sense of satisfaction, promising me that he would always carry them about with him as ballast in all his future voyages. Thus endeth the Doctor's journal and so end I today.

Friday. Glorious Shades today - carrying us along at the rate of 135 miles the last 24 hours. At this good sailing how soon we might be with our dear friends - showing them our beautiful boy. He is getting to be a very good boy now nights, I have to nurse him two or three times but I suppose all Mothers do that, & put on dry cloths on to the little dear - My Pills are dreadful - I never had any thing in all my life so hard to endure as these are - for now I find it impossible to obey the call of Nature without nearly murdering me - It is indeed sitting down is very painful - I have commenced taking Pills - every morning - as soon as I am all right with those I shall take Sulphur - as it is highly recommended.

Saturday We had our nice promenade upon deck, tho' not
 July 28th. as long as usual as we were driven in by a
 shower of rain - Thomas & I have been supposing
 such a thing as my being incited another voyage
 and not being able to go with him (for I could
 not bear to start again in that situation - & Thomas
 says he would take Nellie if she would go. I
 should love dearly to have her go with him - &
 instead of feeling badly at all - or jealous
 in the least - I should feel happy to know that
 my dear husband was not alone. I have per-
 fect confidence in him - so much so that
 I would not fear to have any young lady
 go with him even tho' it were not Sister Nellie.
 And I know she would enjoy it so much -
 that I really hope if any thing happens to
 prevent my going that she can go - tho' I hope
 most to be with my dear husband myself -
 and then I'd love to have Nellie with us both -
 only I should not be willing to have us be
 away from Father & Mother - I hope "Red"
 will have an opportunity of going some time.
 It would be pleasant for him after he
 is thro' with his Collegiate course - & I
 do hope he will go thro' with honors too.

Sunday Had a beautiful letter today from my own
 July 29th darling husband - and one that I wanted
 to keep - at least 'till I had copied some
 of the pretty parts in this journal - but I
 missed it from my trunk where I thought
 it in safe keeping - & upon going for it - I at
 once, on finding it gone - suspected it having
 been taken - as such things seldom go with-
 out hands - and as there is but one who
 ever goes to my trunk - I mentioned to that
 one my suspicion - & told him I'd like
 it, at once - The only reply returned to me
 was - "It's half way to Bombay by this
 time" - Now, was it I used? I didn't
 say or do anything - but I do feel like
 it - and somebody shall have his come-
 up-ance for it - or I lose my guess -
 In the first place the letter was written to -
 and directed to me - and I do not
 consider that any-body has a right
 to take a letter - under those circumstances
 even if they do know the writer - & they
 have been commissioned by him to get
 the letter - I hope he won't see this - for I
 don't want him to know that I said so

the letter 'till he gets his first desert - & I may not be able to give him those 'till we get home - where we shall have all the nice fruits which are best for Drabts - and the nice new milk too - with Ice - I could pay him off well, by drinking up all the milk - & I guess I would do so - Now he wish he had let my letter alone? - Showered all day - so that we were not able to take my dog out upon deck - He gave him a fresh water bath today - put him into his little Tub - & the little fellow really seemd to enjoy it, he will laugh & talk in his evening now - so that only Thomas & I understand him - kick his little feet about - is so pretty. Read, & once & talked some -

Monday
July 30th

I have fixed upon our being at home in four weeks from this time - this we shall have to sail faster than we have been doing the last 24 hours to do so - Only 71 miles - It is too bad to be so near our destined port - and see these short tracks on the chart - when decently long ones would bring us to it so much sooner - This is our 162 day - Baby seems to have a little cold - He damp here

Tuesday Let's miles only so says our Log for today - I am
 July 31st afraid we shall hardly be at home in the
 30 days as we had fixed upon. if we travel on
 at this slow almost a snail's pace. The
 weather is still fine with showers quite fre-
 quently - and as we are obliged to leave the
 Ship-tight on immediately its commences, the
 rain, on the Baby's account - we find it al-
 most oppressive - Took my evening promenade
 upon deck - Came in a little before nine
 & after reading my portion in scripture retired.
 Have finished the Book of Genesis -

Wednesday Another month has come, How fast the time
 August 1st passes. and still we seem to be no nearer home
 apparently than we were several days since.
 We have had bad weather for our making
 much progress in sailing - Calm one day, &
 head winds the next. Thomas and I spent
 two hours up on deck last night after getting the
 Baby to sleep - and we went home two or three times
 from New York - Once I went without him by the Boat.
 once by Rail - & had previously telegraphed to
 Father to meet me at the Station without letting
 the rest of the family know that I was on the
 way. The Boy calls & I have to leave as usual.

Thursday.
Aug 2nd

Barby claims so much of his Mam's time & attention that I have but little time left that I can devote to this poor Journal - And even had I time there is so little change here I have not much to write. I have the privilege that I might devote to writing could I stay in the Cabin - but the Roaches drive me out on deck just as soon as it is Lamp-light, & the boy is asleep - Else when I stay in - I have to be under the Mosquito-Curtain - I am sure I don't know what we should have done without this curtain - I really believe the creatures would eat the baby up - when they come in such droves so they did last night and as they do occasionally - Thomas fought them with a slipper in each hand going - and finally took refuge under the Curtain - but he found it too warm under there to be induced a great while - & concluded he might as well be eaten up as to Roach - There will be one pleasant thing about the Bark - We shall not have any of those awful creatures for the first passage at all events - I presume they will fill up in India -

Friday - I'm now about despairing of ever getting the
 Aug 3rd N.E. Trade - when a sudden Squall came up
 in the afternoon bringing them along much
 to the joy of all concerned - myself in par-
 ticular - for I am getting heartily sick of
 being confined in this little floating home.
 We sat upon Deck for an hour in the evening &
 enjoyed the breeze - It seemed as it used
 to when we were coming out - altho. I believe
 when we had these Trades on our passage
 out - I had not been out side of the Cabin
 much - I find I am not sea-sick at all
 now - I have not been since the baby was
 born - and we have had some fresh breezes
 and some head-seas the worst thing
 for Seasickness since then. I do hope if
 I am to spend the greater portion of my
 remaining days - on the Sea - that I shall
 have gotten over it for it is dead & fully
 disagreeable - besides being unpleasant
 for those about you - I wonder if little
 Eddy will ever suffer any from it - It is
 his native element almost - so that I do
 not suppose he will - Dear little fellow
 I hope not -

Saturday
August 4th

Our precious child is two months old today, and the dear little fellow does not seem to be very well today. He had a very severe pain in his little belly this morning - I do feel so badly to see him suffer - I am getting quite discouraged about myself - I wonder if I am never to enjoy my usual health - I do not feel well now at all - besides being nearly dead with Piles, & Canker - I do not suppose any one will believe but what I am well enough I look to well - But that is not always a good criterion - I find it so now in my own case - This past 24 hours - we have sailed 154 miles - On the 16th day at Sea. On the 13th day fired at at Sea - we are home - Already, I imagine, the dear ones have commenced to look for our arrival - And altho' they do not really expect us yet, knowing what a dull old boy the Sabine is - Still one feels as soon as their friends are home ward bound and the news is received that they have sailed - they feel then as if they could begin to look for them - or so I have always felt - when looking for dear

Sunday We have now sailed 10654 miles or 108th
 Aug. 5th day at sea - and have yet 2177 miles
 to Sandy Hook - But if these good winds
 could last we should soon accomplish
 it with good luck. We have sailed nearly 200
 miles today - I wish we might have 200 on our
 Log every day for the next 12 days - Then I fancy
 we should very soon see the dear home - that we
 left so many months ago. How long this year
 did seem to me when we left home - before we
 could be there again - And how very soon it
 has almost passed - and how great a change
 has come to us dear Thomas - We have a
 little baby born to us - A precious little
 charge - and what a comfort (as Mrs. H. H.
 Harding said) the little creature has been
 to us - and will be if we are but allowed
 to keep him - I sometimes fear that
 that we are not grateful enough to the
 Giver of all our Blessings - for this sweet
 valued gift - And that he will take
 it to himself again - We must trust
 in Him, & pray Him to spare it 'yet a
 little longer' & give us hearts to love, &
 praise him for all his mercies to us.

The dear child seems nicely today - & looks
so handsome as a picture, a pretty picture too.
I do think we have a handsome boy - I do
wonder too - if he is handsomer, or if I am only
looking thro' eyes of love. It cannot be that,
for I am certain my eyes of love do not al-
ways see beauty in the objects they look
upon - and yet the love does not diminish
one iota - Thank God, that that is so, for
I wonder who would ever love poor homely
I - if it was only where there was some-
thing to admire that the love was given.
Thomas tells me today - that our baby
has got all my beauty - that I am getting
as thin & lantern-faced - & ugly looking
as possible. It is a pity I think - that I
should lose any beauty - I never saw that
I had any - & if any one has seen any
in me - I regret it exceedingly that I have
lost it - One would say I seem to read
this - that Thomas must have had a
powerful glass, to see the beauty that
he tells me about losing - Well, my baby
has enough - & if I am homely to our
home friends, they can look at him -

Monday. Every day for this latitude we are having
 Aug 6th there we thought we were having first 11.5.

Winds - we are today in the enjoyments
 of a Calm. Have been within the past 48 hours
 108 miles. Too bad. When we were so confident
 last night of making upwards of 100 a day
 for the next ten days - and to be in N. York
 in just three weeks from last night - going
 in the "16th" of Aug - as Thomas did last year.
 Feeling a little cross - as my kind of person
 is always inclined to make me. I got
 a Channel Petticoat for my little boy. He grows
 so fast that those he has been wearing are all
 too small - & being made for night petticoats
 or with only one breadth - I am putting two
 together, & have them put right for now. I do
 not want him to wear either of his sister
 ones - He has three that I am keeping for
 home wear. This is the 109th day at Sea -
 2069 miles left for us to pass over - before we
 shall reach Sandy Hook. Thomas says he is
 in hopes to get in Sunday - I want to either
 the Friday before or after - so that I could
 have the dear soul to go home with me - & if
 we get in the first of the week - he will not

be able to leave the ship - for several days. &
 I will have to take our darling boy home to
 show to his Grandparents to his Aunt & Uncle
 all alone - I would not mind the going alone
 at all - only the not having Thomas to be
 received with me is what I am regretting -
 what a joyful meeting it will be if our
 dear people are all coming - There is one pleas-
 ure in being away from friends - the joy of
 meeting them again - I know the meeting
 with my dear husband has always been a
 joy anticipated for many months before
 the realization of it which was indeed
 joyful - The suspense that we are in
 previous to the arrival is always unpleas-
 ant - for so many months pass by after
 their leaving before we can again hear
 from them - But we trust in God in
 this as in all things - and pray that He
 will spare us all for several more re-
 unions here on Earth. & fit us to be
 united at last in that heavenly home
 where there are known no partings -

Tuesday This the 110th day at Sea we have sailed 135-
 Aug 7th miles making the whole number of miles 10897.
 and leaving us 1934 miles more before we ar-
 rive at Sandy Hook. Took Eddy out for a
 little while after giving him his Bath - and
 he is getting to notice things & persons some-
 what when we take him out. But it is such a
 pleasure to give the little fellow his Bath.
 We put him into his Tub every morning now -
 and he seems to enjoy it so much. Will
 begin to laugh & talk his baby prattle - as
 soon as we commence to undress him - &
 the same at night - thinking I expect that
 he is going into his tub again. I never saw or
 baby before but what made a terrible fuss
 about being washed & dressed. It may
 be that I was so very anxious to have plenty
 of water coming out - & he has taken it
 from me - & then again his Father enjoys his
 Bath very much. I know that Mother will
 love to help me to give him his bath when
 I get home - but she will caution me so
 many times to be careful - not once
 thinking that I have had him all to
 myself to do with as I pleased from the first.

Saturday Another fine day with rather slow trades. We
 Aug 8th have been hoping to have winds giving us at least
 180 miles daily - and we are only having 135
 and the fact is would have had but 131 miles.
 If we can have that every day we shall soon
 be with our loved ones at home - but I fear
 after we lose the Trades we shall have less
 and less on our Log every day. We have
 1803 miles left - I am so anxious to get
 down to three figures - It will seem so much
 less to us - even tho' not much - Set upon
 Brok every evening with Thomas to talk
 over our getting home. It will be such
 a joyous time - if - (?) Mr Stewart made
 a queer remark to me today - Said he -
 "Will I hope there won't be any Deaths,
 Marriages, or Births in my family - the
 latter would be worse than any other to
 happen in my Father's family" - If he
 meant to any of his Sisters of course it
 would be worse than Death - but to his
 Mother - I should prefer it - I imagine
 His Father has a second wife, & their little
 son is only about five years old I think.
 I wonder if Mr & Mrs M. & L. have a son

or a daughter. Mr. Stearns wanted a boy & she wanted a girl - He said to talk about it to day that he was a boy & mine a girl, we would change - I wonder if she would if she had such a boy as I have got. Give him up for all the girls in the world. I would not change with any one I have ever seen yet - Been sewing for the little dear to day - I am sorry that I have not his Blanket finished - I should have had it - if I had been able to have worked - I believe I was true always when I was well enough - before he was born - And now I find my time is mostly given to him - let alone all sewing or Reading when baby calls - He lays on the bed now talking as loud & laughing & throwing his hands & feet - If he keeps on improving - he will walk as well as talk by the time we get home. He calls me Gus already - Thomas says every day "Oh Gus he wont live I know" - I don't relish his saying so at all for I have fear of the same thing myself - he is such a bright baby. Perhaps he is our smartest

than any other - but I can say - he is the
 smartest one that I have ever happened
 to see - Perhaps those I have seen did not
 show their bright sides - Our little dear
 may be thought particularly stupid by
 the people at home - He's sure to ap-
 pear entirely different from what he
 is now if he dines - So note it he -
 Will wait to see - Only a little longer I
 trust tho' will we have to wait -

Monday Aug 9. Very light Tides indeed - Spent a small part
 of the morning upon deck with my little son.
 The remainder of the day was busy sewing
 in the Cabin - and he laughing upon the bed -
 amusing himself, and me too, in a great
 measure (not a peck) with his sweet little
 prattle. He will lie upon the bed and talk
 and laugh as long as he likes - then if
 his clothes are all dry he will close his
 little eyes - (not small either - Thomas
 calls them his Auntie Nell's great blue
 eyes) and go sweetly to sleep. Altogether
 every thing considered, he is a bright
 beautiful child if I do say it - Every
 day my own ugliness is made more

and more apparent to me. Thomas calls me the baby's old brother. Says the folks at home will all say "Why" "Gus" how old you have grown - & how homely too". My face he says is more conspicuous than ever - now that my face is getting so thin. Well, I can't help it - I have got a handsome baby & can well afford to lose all my good looks - for tho' I had, for him - I shall try to keep all my beautiful traits of character - & we all know that traits of heart & soul are more valuable than traits of face & form - "so mote it be!" Some persons cannot see their own ugliness - but I can see it for them - I wonder if he for whom that was intended will understand? He is rather stupid - I have my doubts about it. How very funny my wife is. I am really stupid in some things more, especially in her estimation, than in the eyes of the world. Ahem! - Our course today has been N W $\frac{1}{4}$ N. 113 miles, leaving us 1690 miles more before we reach our loved native land - "God bless our Native Land"

78.

Friday - Bah !!! Prodigiously awful certainly -
Aug. 10th Only 94 miles within the past 24 hours -
I am fairly disheartened - I feel so miser-
ably all the time - and then again, I
am so anxious to get home to show this
darling Baby - Ingratitude is one of
my reddeeming traits, I suppose I do ap-
pear ungrateful for all I have - since I have
been accused of it so many times - but
I certainly do not feel so - and wish
some person would be convinced of
it - But it is more than I can do - The
time may come when you will see
that your wife is not the worst person
living - Spent a part of the day on sled-
with the baby - the remainder was busy
getting things a little in order - to carry
home - Packed Eddy's bags - & some of his
folded clothes that he won't wear any
more till we get home - 1600 miles left
according to my reckoning instead of
D.R. I fear we shall not get home till
Wed is off to Cambridge - & I should
be so sorry not to see him at home -
if I am to leave again but too early -

We have now 16 days to go in the same day
 that Thomas arrived last year - & we
 are so many miles away I don't know
 whether we are to do it or not - I wish to
 wish - & that is all I can do - If blowing
 would do any good I'd try very best -
 I want very much to get home to get
 relief for my Piles - They are the most
 painful things I ever had in my life -
 and I fear if I don't get relief soon - I
 shall get them sealed so that there
 will be no cure at all - My Cauter
 is about the same - I am using some
 Myrrh & Borax & Honey for my mouth
 now - & for my Piles I use Tar & Opium
 & Sulphur inside - I ought to be better
 if doing would do it -

Saturday Rice day spent a portion of it upon deck
 Aug 11th with my young son in my lap sleeping -
 and my old husband beside me en-
 gaged in finishing his "half model" that
 he is building for his wife - Very good
 of him I think to take so much pains
 with all those little things as he is doing
 He had his ship all completed and it

a beautiful thing— He has given that to
 either one or the boy— One day it is mine, &
 the next the boys. And the third day— his own.
 I am not at all particular which of us three
 claimed it for his own. Since what is Thomas
 is mine— & so with Eddy's à la present at
 least. Ended the day by a little discussion
 upon Economy— not "Political Economy"—
 but Domestic— Hope we may both Profit
 from it— 114th day at Sea. Sailed 118 miles.
 Whole distance 1135-3 miles—

Sunday. This our 115th day at Sea. is a most de-
 lightful one. It reminds one of our beauti-
 ful Spring days. The air is perfectly di-
 vine— and we have been enjoying it— Thomas
 took his wife & son upon the Poop for a couple
 of hours this forenoon— and we both, or all.
 I may say, for little Eddy seemed much
 pleased— enjoyed it hugely— We have been
 having a good breeze for the past few hours—
 and I hope it may continue so for several
 days. It will help us along towards N. York
 "stunning"— by as Ned would say— Our
 little one went into a Tub of Salt Water
 this morning instead of Bath— He does

Enjoy his baths so much it is really a pleasure to give them to him - 145 miles the first 24 hours - leaving us 1350 more and with good breezes we could easily make that in 10 days - But we give ourselves about 15 more -

Monday.
13th

Still we are going on at a good rate of 145 miles - bringing us each day considerably nearer our destined port - The distance from Bombay to New York is 12848 miles - We have sailed 11644 miles - leaving us 1204 more - How anxious our people are getting about that time - They speak of us nearly every meal and wonder if the Old Father is not about in - With the blessing of Heaven & prosperous breezes we shall soon be there to bid it all over with them - The baby is getting every day more & more troublesome - He is a darling little creature - but he is very cross for a few days - I am sorry, for he has been such a good boy - that I was in hopes he would continue so - till he had his reputation started at least, with the home people - Oh dear - how poorly this book looks - I am writing

sitting on the bed with my book in my lap -
 and every other word have to stop & hush
 the boy - This ship too is a little unsteady.
 Moderate Trades & light rain Squalls - The
 weather is getting almost intolerable
 when the Cabin is closed pretty early.
 It's usually six about five & a half. Have
 a cup of Coffee & a piece of Cake - Read one
 chapter in the Bible - then play awhile with
 the boy - and he find it "big bells" time to
 Bathe & Dress - for breakfast at "8 O'Clock".
 I have taken all my meals in the Cabin
 since the baby came - as I felt afraid
 to leave him with Nancy. She seemed to
 have very little grumple about taking
 care of a child - (& what does she
 have little about, except washing his
 Diapers?). After breakfast - or just before
 Eddy goes to sleep - then Thomas Smokes -
 and I get his things ready for dressing
 and we bathe him - for I cannot hold
 him in his tub & wash too - he is so
 much pleased with the water that he
 throws himself about. I am afraid of
 his springing out of my arms -

Tuesday
 12th

After his dressing I usually take him
out upon Deck. where I sit while Nancy
cleared up the Cabin - Chota wants to see
every few moments - so that I have to
come in occasionally for that purpose.
On 117 day at Sea. We have sailed 149
miles - making the distance to New York
1050 miles -

Wednesday (Fish Radio- and as this the 118th day
15- chases we have made our run of 127 miles
bringing us into Lat. $28^{\circ}42'$ - Long 61°
56' - Our distance to Sandy Hook is
now 932 miles - Have been finishing up
some things prior to getting in - As
visit the boys things all in order -

Thursday
16th The distance is every day getting less
and less between us and our dear friends
at home. I can hardly realize that
the year has so nearly passed - It does
not seem possible when I look back to the
day we parted with our dear Mothers
on the Wharf - & our Sisters & Brothers
down Boston Bay. and think how the
time seemed to me - before I should
again be so near them - that the time

has almost come when with the blessing
 of Heaven, & prosperity attending us we
 shall soon press them to our loving hearts -
 And when I look over all the time that has
 passed - the various scenes that we have
 met with, and the birth of my baby - the
 greatest event of all my life - then it
 seems more than would be possible to
 crowd into so short a space of time. My
 baby has been with us now only a few days
 over ten weeks - and it seems to me that
 I have always had him - He seemed so
 old too - It may be - that is because we
 have seen no babies - And too I saw
 little Julie Mrs Hardings baby - She
 is 8 months old - and she seemed
 no brighter or more forward in any thing
 than does little Faddy - I recollect
 one being Mrs Harding called me into
 the Nursery to see how ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{she} looked
 She was sleeping in her little crib - &
 had turned herself over upon her side.
 He said she was beginning to do that -
 & he thought it very ^{very} ~~very~~ ^{early} ~~early~~ ^{early}
 My baby already turned himself over. ~~very~~

night and really begins to have quite an
 idea of "Cuddling". He is such a sweet
 little pet of a Bed-fellow - I shall not
 have him sleep with me at home, I
 think - and his Father will want him
 to - I suppose - for the sake of himself having
 him in the bed with him. Since the poor
 man has been turned out of bed ever since
 Chota came. He says now he shall be
 quite delighted to get into a bed once more.
 I often tease him - telling him I have
 slept away from him so long that I pre-
 sume I shall prefer to - at home - or
 sleep if I do he shall take the baby - or
 go in with Nellie - We are today the 11th 19th
 day at Sea - in Lat. $29^{\circ}50' N$. Long 63°
 $23' W$. Have sailed during the day 106
 miles - Whole distance sailed 12028
 miles - The distance to Sandy Hook is
 826 miles - and during the past week
 we have sailed 885 miles - so that it
 seemed strangely unfortunate for us if
 we cannot be home in one more week.
 We have still the Bermuda Islands to pass
 & they expect bad weather & head winds -

Friday
17th

Seto in with moderate breezes & fine weather. We find that all sail on our ship will not sail but 7 knots per hour. Signally to black looking - and the day ended with brisk gales from E. Double reefs in Top-sails - Thomas & I both suffering from a terrible headache - loss of sleep the cause probably. Had an awful fight in the afternoon - tho' Thomas calls me foolish for being frightened - One of the chain links parted at the wheel. and with such a sea on - as we had. Then - I did apprehend danger - & with good cause too I imagine tho' they won't admit it. We are about 35 miles from Bermuda today - in Lat. $31^{\circ}41'N$ & Long $65^{\circ}26'W$. 149 miles - leaving us with only 677 miles between us & New York - If we could only have good breezes - and make our 141 miles - for "a few days" - how joyfully we would help John read sing "New Days" - & any other that we can sing as well as that - I do hope we can be in in one more week - & in season to go home too - that next -

Saturday "Lorey" (as Mrs Harding calls her husband)
 18th Sits at one side of the table writing in his
 journal - I, the other side writing mine -
 I shall not write up mine till he finishes
 his - that I may get from him a more
 accurate account of the State of the
 weather - & the distances &c - than I can
 form my own observation - Our little son
 lies in his hammock snatching sleeping
 perfectly unconscious of all danger -
 knows nothing but innocence - Dear
 little fellow - I hope he may always
 be so free from all wrong as he is at this
 time - We are now only 600 miles from
 N York - down down with good winds we
 might be there - Why can't we have
 them - Our dear folks are now looking
 in good earnest for the Sabine - This time
 is only the 121st day & last year she
 was 157 they hope - & hoping, believe
 she will be there sooner - God grant
 that our passage may not exceed
 120 days - Lat $32^{\circ} 30' N$. Long $65^{\circ} 57' W$.
 Sailed 79 miles - leaving us 600 miles as
 I have said once before - 12235 miles.

Sunday
19th

Misere! Here we are seven miles further from New York than we were yesterday. At this rate I fancy we shall not be in on our next Sabbath. Calms seem to be the order of the day this day at least. How dreadfully provoking it is - when with good breezes we might reach our destination in four days - to be driven about and back every day - I do wrong to find fault. I am aware when we have been prospered so far - but how can I help it, when I am so anxious to get home? The baby too is getting every day older & larger - and I almost fear they won't see their first child - grand & nephew - a little baby. Give him his Bath this morning which he seemed to enjoy hugely. Thomas says he should not be surprised if the little fellow should make a great ado about it - the first time he is washed at home. If he should & continue it they would never believe he had enjoyed it so much at sea. One year ago tonight - I was with Mother, Hardee & Jimmie down on

the Wharf in Boston - looking for the
 coming of this same old "Sabine". Little
 did I think that I should be one of
 those that would be looked for on
 her arrival in one year from that time.
 How singular every thing is in this life.
 Just as it may be, is herself on the great
 waters now - tho' I hardly think it -
 It would be rather strange if she were to
 be in N York just ready for leaving for
 the Golden land and from that for the
 Land of Medlock when we arrive. But
 No! she would not leave when she
 is expecting her Brother so soon I know.
 Even tho' she did perhaps dissappoint her
 Charlie - I am quite anxious to hear
 how Nellie's correspondence has termi-
 nated - if at all - I dreamed a curious
 dream about her the other night - It
 was - as if I had just returned - &
 I asked her how Mr C. H. was - she
 said he was there a few weeks before -
 & was well - I questioned her some-
 time - and finally she said - she
 would tell me tho' he did not much

her to mention it to any person - He
 was sitting with her one evening - &
 says Oh Nellie - I wish you would
 put my daguerreotype out of sight -
 I don't want any one to see it here.
 Nellie said - You can take it your-
 self - & put it where it wont be seen.
 He then told her - he supposed he
 had done ~~very~~ wrong - in calling so
 often upon her - & writing to her - as
 he had perhaps been giving her en-
 couragement - & he did not wish
 to - for he was engaged to another, &
 to a young lady in Andover - Mrs
 Harriet Beecher Stowe's daughter -
 I asked Nellie if she felt badly - &
 if she let him see that she did - She
 said No indeed she wouldnt have
 had him and she gave him to un-
 derstand so - But I could see, so
 I thought in my dream that she had
 been troubled by something - for she
 was very pale & thin - & I concluded
 that was the cause - tho' I did not
 tell her so - I hope such it not

the case - Thomas & I rather like the idea
 of Willard's - "Boats" are expensive articles.
 And since we do so well in "Terresine"
 with one member of the family - think
 it would be profitable to have an in-
 terest in another. I do wonder if one
 week from today will find us still off
 or if in N York - or in Boston. or last this
 by no means least in Lowell - Mr.
 Cromwell has promised to get a breeze
 tonight - Success attend him! My poor
 dear Husband does say much about
 it - from the fact I suppose that the full
 Moon is silent - Lat. $32^{\circ} 23' N$. Long
 $66^{\circ} 31' W$ est. I am questioned so very much
 about the weather & the barometer - that
 if it varies in the least from what I
 say the results are - I am accused of
 telling two stories - one to the passen-
 gers - & one to my wife - so I have to be
 very careful what I say or what remark
 I make! One would not suppose it
 was necessary to question - But I have
 to - & then seldom get any satisfactory
 answer -

Monday
Aug 20th

One of my days gone - and only 51 miles in the past 24 hours. I already begin to get dreadfully impatient - I am suffering so much with my Canker - that I am more than ever anxious to arrive to get relief - for I fear if I do not soon that I never shall unless I mean my little baby - and I shall be very sorry to do that. Beautiful weather we are having - and see little Land Birds around quite a lot of them. Commenced reading a book of Mr. Stewart - The Martins of C/o Martin By Charles Leno. It is quite a nice story affair - Lat. $32^{\circ}38'$ Long $67^{\circ}14'$ 558 miles

Tuesday
Aug 21st

Better luck today - We have made the extraordinary run of 75 miles - and therefore find ourselves 440 miles from Sandy Hook. Thomas says he is quite certain that he will take a Pilot about 9 o'clock Thursday night - I hope we may not be disappointed - I have commenced a letter to send home as soon as we arrive - Sat upon deck three hours last evening - Saw the most

Beautiful Meteor I ever saw in my life.
It shot from S.E. about 70° high - took a
slow course to N.W. about 90°. It seemed
as if we saw it very nearly a minute.
Thermometer standing at 83°. Lat -
34° 10' Long 68° 27'. Whole distance
sailed 12436 miles - 124th Day.

Wonderful fine beautiful weather but oh dear very nearly
Aug 22nd calm. It is so bad - only a two days sail from
New York to be "battered & jangled" could never
be long. I would not care if we were two
or three weeks more if I was feeling better.
But to speak honestly about the matter, I
think I am miserably - not yet past
all cure - but if delayed much longer
I fear I should be. We have been bothered
by a boat from the Bark Frederick Loring
20 days from New Orleans for Marseilles.
He gave us papers up to the 15th of July -
which were very acceptable tho' they were
all N. Orleans papers - not as interesting
to us as Boston or N. York would have
been - We learn from them however that
the Great Eastern is in N. York - and that
the price of admission is one dollar

a head. We are today in Lat. $35^{\circ} 37'$ Long $89^{\circ} 37'$ making since yesterday 82 miles N.W. whole distance sailed is 12518 miles - To Sandy Hook 390 miles - and this our 125th Day at Sea. Oh dear wife or be at home this week. Not home this week - but in N. York. I hope that Nellie will not neglect to write me in N York. that I may get it on our arrival. It will relieve the agony of suspense so much - for I find the nearer we are to getting in. the greater do I feel that agony to be. We change our plans nearly every day about getting home. Last night we decided that if we get in Sunday to send merely a Telegram saying "Sabie arrived, such a time, All well - Love send for Boston &c." - Not making any mention of the little stranger I am in hopes to take them - It would be such a pleasant surprise to them all. Then I should arrive in Boston Tuesday morning - Would go directly to Mother Knicker's where I'll remain till the

2 1/2 Train, and then go up to Lowell with
 Father - How many wonderings there will
 be - when they know that we have arrived - as
 to whether we have got a baby to bring home
 'Precious little fellow' - I have one of the
 dearest little boys in all the world - & I
 only thank God for his kind preservation
 of him thus long - & pray for his contin-
 uance of his kindness & mercy -

Thursday Today is the one that Thomas had fixed upon
 Aug 23rd to take a Pilot on board - but I believe he
 has given up the idea till about next Sat-
 urday night. I can't imagine who the "Sonab"
 is that we have amongst us - and it is just
 as well perhaps that I don't know - since
 if I did they would incur my sincere
 hatred to the end of the passage - I
 know it does one precious little good
 to find fault - but yet who can help
 it? Surely not I - who when well &
 happy, have not the most amiable
 disposition in the world - and now I do
 believe it is worse than ever - The goods
 I did have is fast fading away - as
 well as all my good looks - I have

always been fearful that if I had a
 baby, I should fatten up tremendously -
 I shall never have any more such fears -
 for I should prefer to be as large as is
 Mother Henslee to being like a spindle.
 My height will not admit of my being
 very poor - Oh dear - Well. I had not to
 give any more thought about the sailing -
 but trust in God to our getting home
 some time - I am so impatient - How
 delightful tho' it will be - the first few
 days - if we are not bored to death
 by persons calling - These same people
 that are "much too" are very terrible
 inflictions sometimes. They are always
 there at just the wrong time - They come
 in moments when their presence is only
 a discord to all our thoughts - and the
 worst of it is - they don't know it.
 They have such an awful amount of
 self-esteem - they imagine they can
 never be any but welcome visitors -
 Some there are - in my circle of ac-
 quaintance - & I shall shortly (prove
 this to be true -) after I get home.

We are now in Latitude $30^{\circ}55'$ North, &
 Longitude $70^{\circ}20'$ West. Having made
 since yesterday noon - the enormous
 run of 80 miles - But there is a
 breeze expected soon I believe. The
 falling of the Barometer indicates
 that we may expect a change - &
 if we have a change - it must be
 a breeze - for we have had none lately.
 Whole distance sailed is 12578 miles.
 Sandy Hook 329 miles 126 Days at Sea.

Friday. - We have not made the progress during
 Aug 24th the past 24 hours that we had hoped
 to - being in the Gulf Stream - and an
 Easterly Current against us - we have
 made but 96 miles - leaving us 280 miles
 from Sandy Hook. How very much more
 impatient do I find myself the shorter the
 distance gets - I suppose it will be so till
 the end of the passage, and when that will
 be - we have none of us the power of
 foreseeing. I wonder if Mocha Kendal
 has not consulted her old friends
 in regard to our coming - and our
 precious baby! I dare to say I have

has several times - An old fort! she does tell some things correctly - and I must confess that she really comforted me not a little one year ago this time. Just one year ago today it was, that we were sitting in Mother Hendrie's parlor and I asked her to go down to the old woman - that I would pay for it - if she would - She went, and came back quite delighted - saying that the old stone said he would be there within two days - and sure enough he was, in just two days - The gift of looking into the future, has never yet, I believe been given to any human power. Still many believe it - and I am foolish enough to like to listen to those who think they have it - I do not mean to hear the bad that they may think they see for me - Only the good - Another curious fact enough - & it indeed does the future - It is present with us. Before we are aware - and could we see it, one half the pleasure would be lost - for now we have it in the anticipation - None more.

Latitude $57^{\circ}16'$ North. Longitude $71^{\circ}25'$
 West. 126 7/4 miles sailed - 127 1/2 Day.
 Saturday Began to think of it. Thomas has been to
 Aug 15th Sea nearly clear past. and has never
 had a Cyclone Gale - or a Hurricane like
 this present voyage. It seemed to me al-
 most as if it were to disquiet me with
 the Sea entirely - and I can say most
 assuredly that if that was the object
 it has succeeded most admirably.
 Two Cyclones. One tremendous Hurricane
 and Cape of Good Hope gales without
 number - The day commenced with brisk
 increasing breezes from E. & black looking
 at Sea. took in St. at 1 P.M. at L. It com-
 menced to rain & the wind hauled South
 in a Squall. At 3 raining in torrents. and
 wind coming in gusts. Barometer falling
 very fast. All hands were called - & they
 began to shorten sail just as fast as pos-
 sible - & at 4.30 had the ship under
 two close reefed topsails - and the wind
 almost a Hurricane. At 5 Thomas came
 to the sad conclusion that the ship was
 running into a Cyclone whose centre

pass our position - & that it was best to "heave to" which he did on Port tack under Main-
 sprail close reefed & fore topmast stay-
 sail - At 3 a fierce hurricane - and
 the sea very much compressed - The ship
 pitching her bow under the water every
 moment - There were several little birds
 around some of which were found
 on deck in the morning. Thomas says he
 never has seen so fearfully frightful a
 sky in his life - of a brassy yellow tint -
 such an one as strikes terror to the
 heart of a sailor - At 8 P.M. the
 wind died away to a calm - and
 at 8.30 commenced to breeze up again.
 Thomas was at the wheel himself -
 helping steer - from 2 till 6 - not
 daring to trust any of the sailors to
 do it alone - The morning was beautiful
 and at 8 o'clock we were going along
 4 knots per hour. I have kept this ac-
 cording to his account - from the noon
 till the next morning - having taken from
 Thomas' Journal - as I was too
 frightened to observe much myself - over -

Baromet. Measurements.

Wind	Time	Barom.	Heat.	W. S.	W. N.	Remarks
S. S. E.	P.M. 3.00	29.89	82°	81°	81°	Thick Sam. In gusts.
S. E.	4.35	" .79	"	"	"	Thin gusts.
"	4.40	" .75	"	"	"	"
E. S. E.	5.50	" .74	"	"	"	"
E. B. S.	5.10	" .72	"	"	"	More to. fierce gale.
"	4.45	" .66	"	"	"	Hurricane.
"	5.55	" .62	83°	"	"	"
S. S. E.	6.00	" .60	"	"	"	"
"	6.05	" .59	"	"	"	Very peaceful looking.
"	6.10	" .57	"	78°	"	"
"	6.15	" .55	"	"	80	"
"	6.20	" .52	"	"	"	"
South.	6.30	" .51	"	"	"	Perfect Hurricane. Sea angry.
"	6.40	" .46	"	"	"	"
"	6.45	" .45	81°	"	"	"
S. B. W.	6.55	" .48	"	"	"	Pale blue lightning etc.
Calm.	7.00	" .44	"	79°	"	Subs. Hurricane abating.
"	7.10	" .42	"	"	"	Brightening up at the West.
"	7.35	" .40	"	"	"	Hurricane & clouding up.
N. W.	7.40	" .43	"	78°	"	Back again.
S. W.	8.00	" .44	"	"	"	"
N. S. W.	8.15	" .49	"	"	"	"
West.	8.30	" .50	"	"	"	"
"	10.00	" .67	"	"	"	"

I wish I was not so terribly tired. It seemed to me last night as if I should be crazy - I was really fearful of it. My head seemed to be in a perfect whirl and I think if I am to see many more such gales as this of this present voyage, a room in Somerville had better be engaged for me at once. My little boy seems to be troubled as well as myself. He was very uneasy during the evening till after 8, when I put him in his hammock - and rocked him - and the little fellow went to sleep. & did not wake again till after 3 o'clock. He enjoys that very much. & I shall take it home for him. The remainder of the day fine - Sat upon deck during the evening - and discovered a Brigantine close upon us - The first sail that I have seen since we came out. Mr Stearns thought I ought to have a Silver medal - & Thomas said I should be upon the Lookout - for we were all sitting here - & the Lookout on, but no one saw it, till I spoke -

We reckoned it up and concluded that
with some 4 knots, we could get into
N. York Monday morning at 9 o'clock -
I do sincerely hope we may not be
disappointed again - Found Vernon -
is now at noon in Latitude $38^{\circ} 09'$. Longitude
 $71^{\circ} 57'$. Our course N N W. 63 miles - whole
distance sailed 127.34 miles - To Sandy
Hook. 170 miles - 128 days at sea.

Sunday. How well do I remember one year ago to-
Aug 29th day - I was at Mother Kendie's waiting
for the coming of my dear husband in
this same old Sabine. I had watched
and waited for 8 long weeks. Had asked
every one I knew every time I saw them
if there were no vessels telegraphed -
This day, Mrs Wheeler was spending with
us - Father came in to see us in the
forenoon about 12 o'clock - having just
come from the Exchange - No tidings he
said - but not to be discouraged
for Mr. Fiedick was not getting at all
so - He was sitting at dinner at about
a quarter of two - when Father again came
to the door - saying "the Sabine is coming

in tow of a Steamer will be up in two
hours - What joyful news that man
to us all can only be realized by ex-
perience - Suffice it to say that
there were tears & smiles - smiles & tears
We had about seven different gen-
tlemen come in to tell us of her
arrival - and at six the dear
soul came himself - looking hand-
somer to me than I ever before saw
him - But this is intended for a
journal of this year - & I find my-
self wandering back a twelve month
this is so apropos - I could not help
it for no doubt she is as ardently
watched for now as she ~~was~~ then.
Disappointment is marked on the face
of us all today - We were hoping to be
heavily in - and found this morning
on rising - a Head Wind was to be our
portion - Pray Heaven it may not
be many hours of the day.

Don't I catch it? Bety me - for I need it
badly - I think it best not to give him an
opportunity to say that again -

Today at Noon we were in Lat. $39^{\circ}18'$ North -
Long. $72^{\circ}13'$ West. Had made but 67 miles
since the noon before - Making in all 1280
miles - & Sandy Hook 103 miles - 129th day
at Sea. Only think of that & weep - 103 miles
and here we are likely to be for as many
days for aught I see to the contrary. The
is dreadfully agitating & so Pinelake -
My darling little baby is not well - had
not been since we got across the Gulf Stream.
Thomas says they always take cold - & I
fear he has - for he is very nervous to-
day - and his eyes look quite badly -
Dear little creature I hope he will keep
well till we get home - then I can do so
much better for him - & glorious night -
The sky was beautiful tonight - I sat
& gazed upon it - till we got out of all
patience striking the ship head S. E. when
she should be - W. N. W. that we could not
stand it any longer - & came to our
cabin - & soon after I was ensconced
in my little bed. beneath the counterpane
away from "Roaches" - with my little "pigeon"
just above me in his hammock - and my

dear old pot just across the room. Stretched
out on the Sofa - pretending to be deeply im-
mersed in "The Martins of Cro Martin" -
but I think in his heart he was crying
out - Oh Wind - Wind - Wind - & Mrs.
Took Pilot - Made out some Reports -

Monday Finished the Reports for the several news-
papa 27th - wrote really this morning - Left with
this delightful head wind - we should
find ourselves in D. L. before we knew
it - I suppose every one will say what
was your Cargo - & rather than charge my
memory with Linseed & Buffalo Hides -
I will put down the same that I gave
the Reports - Cargo - Per "Satine" - 2000
Bags Linseed - 2400 half Bags ditto - 310 Bags
Saltstic - 8 Bales Salted Sheep Skin -
19 Bales Cow Hides - 15 Bales Tanned Sheep
Skin - 37 Bales Buffalo Hides - 100 Bales Wool.
4262 Bags Linseed - 104 Bales Madder
Root - 320 Bags Coriander Seed - 12 Bags
Carraway Seed - 109 Bags Gall Nuts - 124
Bales Wool - 4 Cases of Marble Antiquities
from the kind of Minerva - When shall
we have an opportunity to see this in Print -

I am getting worse and worse every day - I am
certain that Thomas will say "Of two evils
choose the least", in going again - and prefer
to leave a cross, fretful, peevish wife at home
to taking her with him - for such I am now
I am aware of it all - & yet know not how
to remedy it - I am sick - dreadfully sick -
if ever a person was - and heart-sick at
being so near home so many days, and
not able to reach it - And then again
my dear baby is so dreadfully chafed
his little legs are very sore - He is so
fat - and the weather has been so warm,
must be the cause - for I can attach no
neglect ~~to~~ myself ^{to} being the cause. I do
not believe there ever was a baby that
had been more carefully attended
to than has mine - It may be over-
care - for I have always been very par-
ticular to change his clothes as soon
as he is wet - and always dusted him
with powder every time I have changed
I long so much to be at home that I can
have better accommodations for the dear
child - & that I can get something for

myself too - It does not seem as if I can
stand it many days longer - But I suppose
I shall have to - as there is not the least
prospect of our getting in for one day -



20 blank pages follow

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The Old Man.

'Til the dead of night, & an old man stands
At a closed gate with uplifted hands,
And the tear drops freeze on his sunken cheeks,
As with quivering, feeble voice he speaks;
And tells to the night, in saddened tone,
Of something fled, & of pleasure gone.

I open the gate, for the night is cold —
My pulses are weak, & my limbs are old;
Alas I've wandered, & sad have been
The sights which my weeping eyes have seen
Of Angel, open — I fain would rest
My weary head on the Pastor's soft breast.

Shut the gate, for the hour is nigh
For a year to be born, & for one to die.
My feet are sore, & I wearied come;
O, open the gate, & take me home!
I've wandered far since, a year ago
A babe I was cradled in ice & snow.

Bright shone the vision as I laughed in glad
At the glorious future that waited me! —
But all is past, — here at last I stand

At the gate of Time, with uplifted hand,
O Angel best, — for my failing breath
Asks peace, repose, in the rest of death.

Eleven strokes from the clock had told
That the year was weary & worn & old; —
An hour, and the pealing echoes flew
To tell that the year was young & new.
The Angel had heard, and unbared the door,
And the old man rested for evermore.

Edw. Sprague Rand Jr.

Written at Sea — Aug 27th 1860.



38 blank pages follow

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Vessels spoken by the Ship Sabine - on her
Passage from Bombay to New York. 1860.

April 18th Latitude $7^{\circ}40'$ North. Longitude $68^{\circ}49'$ East.
1. A.M. Ship "Antelope" (Hole Maester) 112 days from
London for Bombay. Capt. came on board, &
breakfasted with us.

May 24th Lat. $24^{\circ}12'$ North. Long $52^{\circ}14'$ East. British
5. P.M. Bark Britannia 48 days from Manilla to
London. All well.

June 6th Lat $33^{\circ}28'$ South, Long $29^{\circ}58'$ East Br. Bark
9. A.M. Glenariff 54 days from Singapore to Liverpool.

June 9th Lat 36° S. Long $23^{\circ}45'$ E. Swedish Brig "Emilia"
2. P.M. 42 days from Batavia for Stockholm.

June 12th Lat $35^{\circ}45'$ S. Long $22^{\circ}50'$ E. was seen an
9. A.M. American Bark double topsails - showing
pirate signal Blue ground - red bordered
with white letters (T. C.) steering West.

June 22nd Lat. $35^{\circ}9'$ S. Long $20^{\circ}50'$ E. Br Bark "Sir Philip"
3. P.M. Napier. 57 days from Bombay to N. York -

June 23 Lat $35^{\circ}32'$ S. Long $19^{\circ}58'$ E. Br Ship "Mindoro"
9. A.M. 43 days from Bombay towards Liverpool.

June 23rd
4 P.M. Lat. $35^{\circ}26'$ S. Long $19^{\circ}40'$ E. Br Ship "Queen
of the East" 70 days from Calcutta to Liverpool.

July 1st Lat $27^{\circ}55'$ South. Long $9^{\circ}00'$ East. Am
4 P.M. Ship "Andes" 80 days from Pinang to Boston.

July 4th Lat. $24^{\circ}10'$ South. Long $5^{\circ}01'$ E. Br. Bark
10. A.M. "Mind of Tyne" 59 days from Cebu to
London.

Aug. 22nd Lat $38^{\circ}07'$ North. Long $69^{\circ}37'$ W. Branded
12. A.M. by a boat from Am. Bark Frederick Lening.
20 days from N Orleans, for Marseilles.



Presents received while in Bombay.

One Silver Brandy Stand, 3 Stained glass decanters.
" Pickle " " " " Jar.

These from Mr. Alley -

One pair Silver Salts, stained glasses inside,
One Silver covered Butter Cooler. Mahomet.
One Emerald Cutting. 5 Emeralds. Desathay Dujath.
One Biscade Silk dress. Desathay Merwanjer.
Two Bottles Attar of Noses. Cursetjee Merwanjer.
One Pocket Mirror dress. J. G. Hendee.
One Submarine Clock. "

One Hat - for Hanathay Astoria. Hendee Capt. Salter.
Six Jars Preserved Ginger - Capt. Frost.

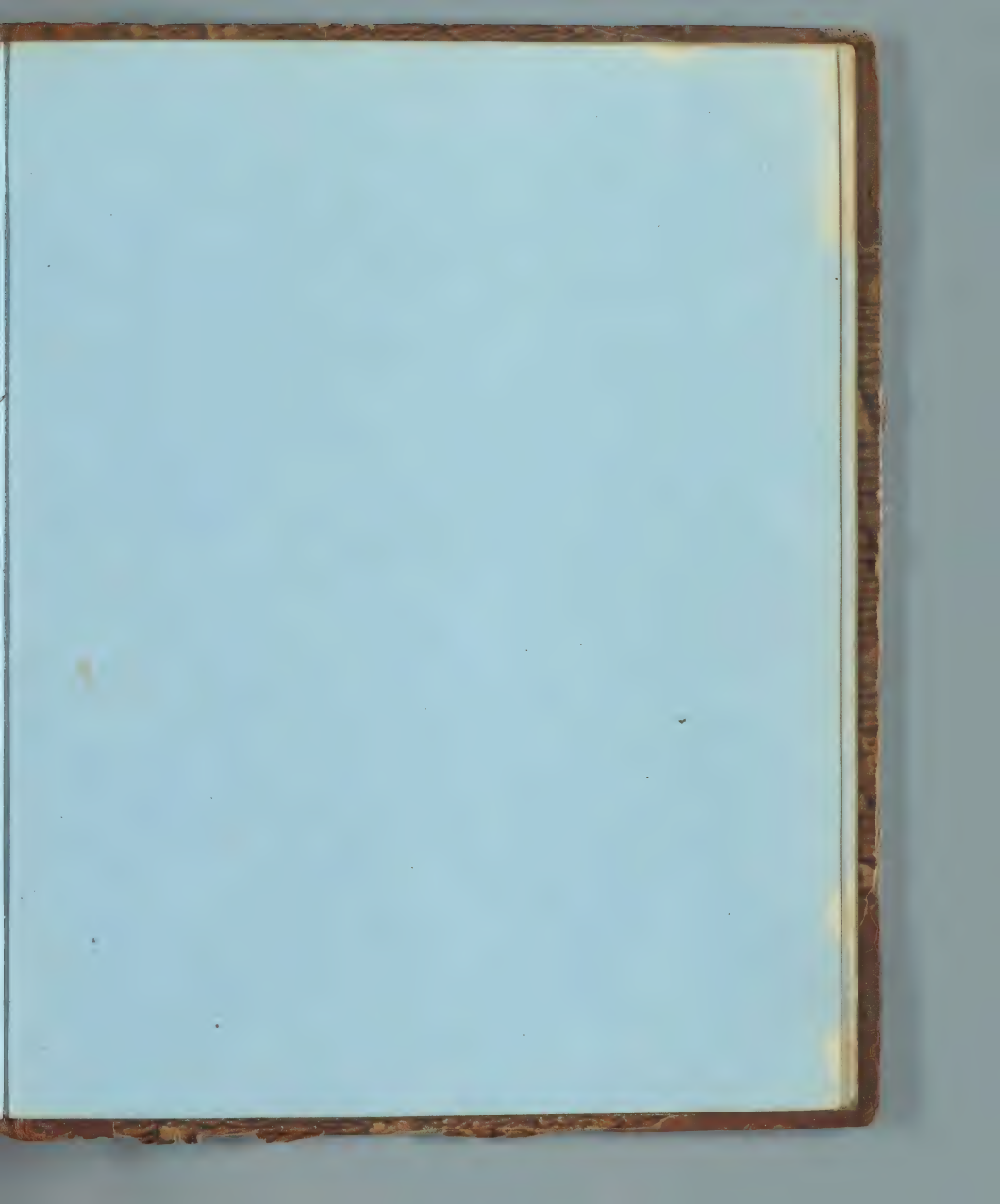
One Can Raspberries - Capt. Ames.

One Jar Butter. Two Bottles Peppes of Kingar. One doz.
of Fresh Eggs - two tins of Fire proof Mince. Capt. Salter.
Photographs of the Desathays &c -

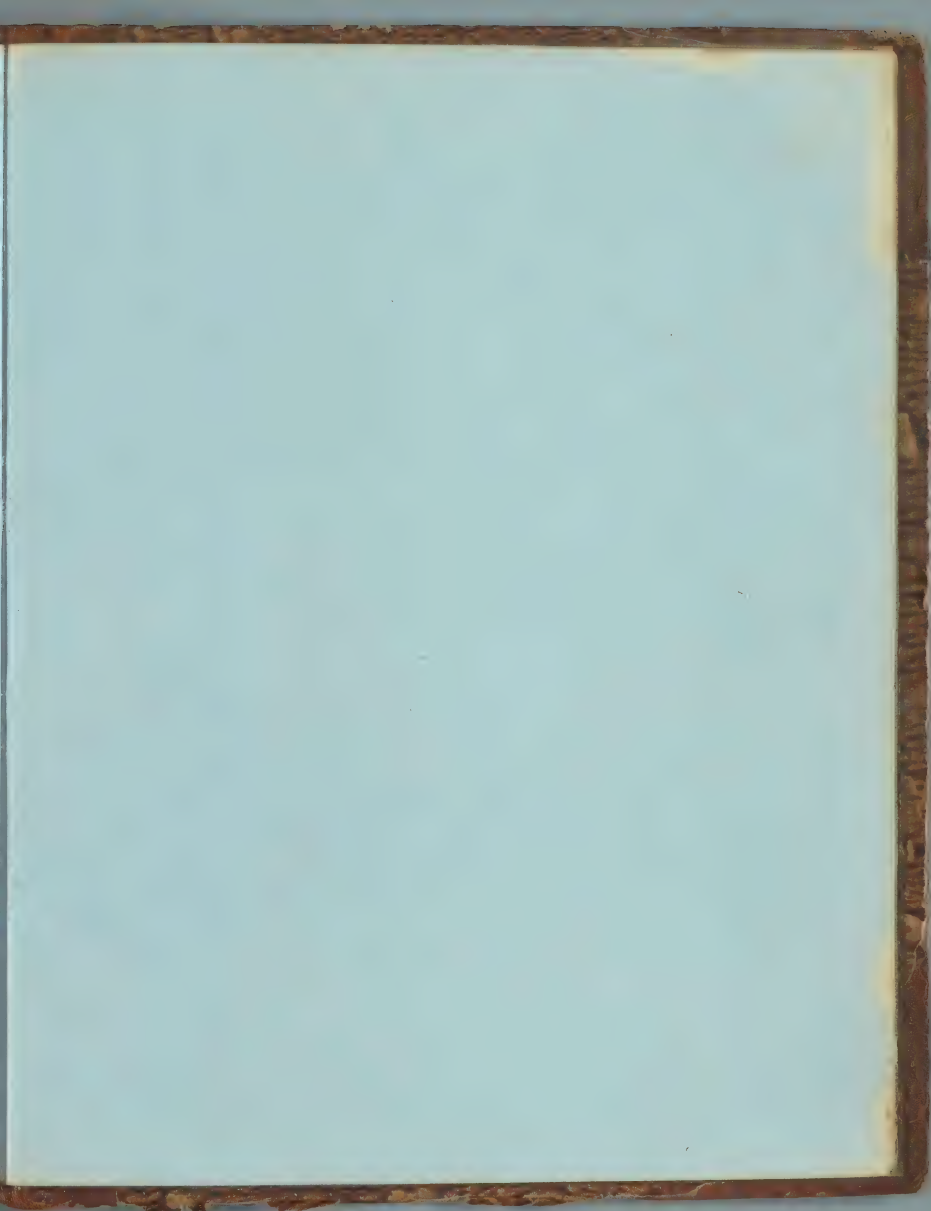
One Beanie Head-dress - Capt. Salter.

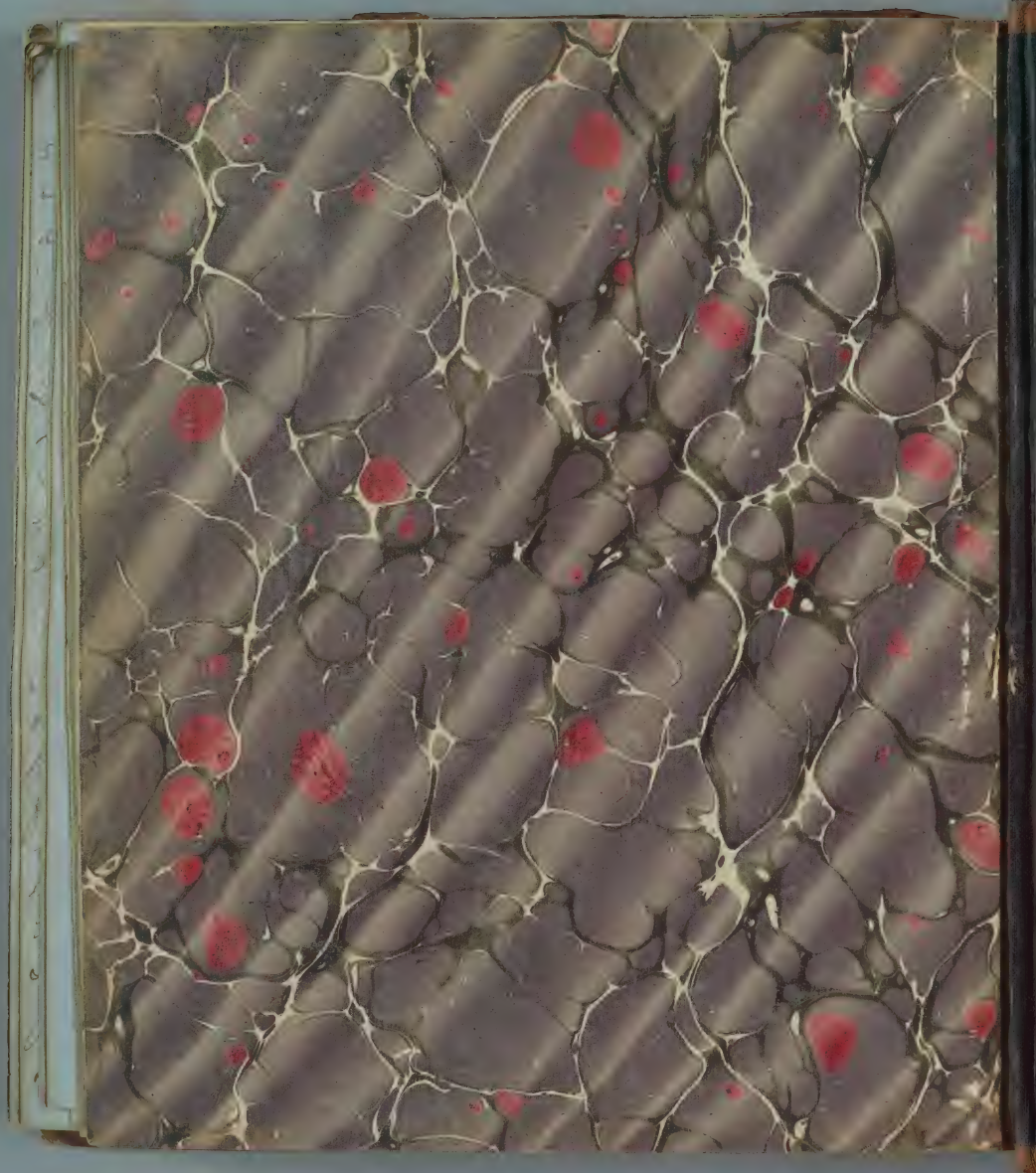
June 4th 1860 - Received as a gift from Heaven
One darling little boy - a Persian business.

Ship Sabine Left Bombay April 19th
Crossed Equator Indian Ocean May 5th
Off the Cape of Good Hope 17 Days. with suc-
cess strong westerly Gale.
Passed Cape of Good Hope - June 25th
" St. Helena - July 10th
Crossed Equator Atlantic Ocean - July 24th
Bermuda - August 18th Arrived at Sandy
Hook - 20th Pilot -





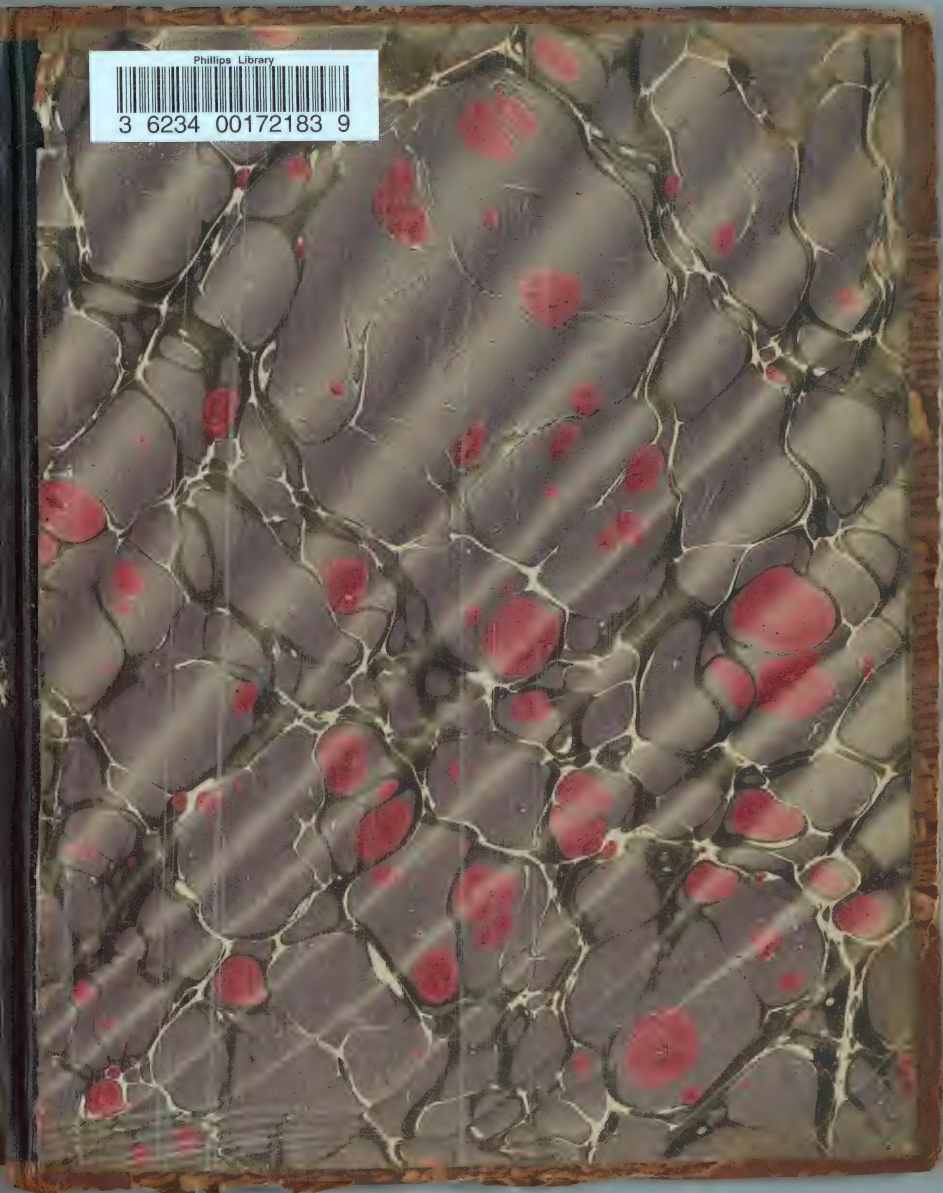




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JOURNAL OF AUGUSTA HENDEE ***

Kept aboard ship SABINE 1859-1860

(1) Saturday Oct 14th Left Charlestown at 11 A.M. & proceeded down the Harbor -

At 1:15 P.M. off Boston Light-House tearfully with most all the dear ones at Home. & for the first time in life found myself under the protection of my husband. At 3:30 went below - sick stormy night & reposed on the sofa.

Sunday Oct. 15th Sick - with sublime ideas of the sea. Amused during the intervals of Sea sickness watching Cockroaches. still on the sofa. sick & Home sick.

Monday Oct 16th Sick - with most vivid recollections [sic] of a pump, Ice Pitcher, & Mother worrying about Father some - & sorry I came to sea.

(2) Tuesday Oct 17th Gale of wind, still sick with severe pains &c.

Wednesday Oct 18th Gale moderating begin to feel better - & think I should be contented but for the Roaches. Nancy of no use - sicker than I -

Thursday Oct 19th Gale increasing again & poor I sick again.

Friday Oct 20th Squally but at times pleasant. went on deck for a short time. sit up some - but easier to lie down.

Saturday Oct 21st Sick again.

- (4) Friday - November 18th 1859 - L'homme propose et Dieu dispose - How many times within the last five weeks - have I proposed writing in my journal - and as many been prevented doing so, by attacks of sea-sickness - The first five weeks of our voyage must be gathered from a letter I was so fortunate as to find in my husbands writing desk to the dear ones at home - taking pity on them I suppose - as their daughter & sister could not get enough to keep a description of her first voyage at Sea - for their amusement. The letter spoken of above runs thus - Ship "Sabine" - En Route Bombay - to all the dear ones at home, these sheets are most respectfully subscribed - As I find my dear wife is not going to keep her Journal well posted, that you may have an idea, how she passed the hours on the ocean, I will e'en take upon myself the task of giving you a brief description of our passage - studies & pastimes. To begin then in the good old style - at the beginning - with Boston Light under our Lee - With a fine westerly wind - the "Sabine" spread her canvass [sic] to the breeze. We bade adieu to all our loved ones - with tearful eyes - (and one aching heart -) and cast off - Dim in the distance the Steamer left us - and on towards the

(5) Highlands of Cape Cod sped the good Ship - within whose oaken walls so many hopes were centered. Gracefully she rode over the billow, making her ^{kind} [Salaams ?] to old Neptune, and ere she had fairly passed Scituate light - I was alone on the deck - Above the noble ship was describing in large circles the sweep of her long spars - while below, Neptune was recieving [sic] his customary tribute - and the Fishes having a feast.

About 8.P.M. we passed Cape Cod Light house, and the wind hauling fair - we dashed under a cloud of canvass [sic] - With this fair wind, and all things in ship-shape order - I gave the course - and made my exit from the deck to meet my darling wife - "How do you feel dear"? "Give me the bowl quick" - was her answer. In the bowl already was deposited Pears, Bread - Wine &c - promiscuously floating about with every motion of the Ship - I tried to have Gus express a sublime idea of the ocean - but all to no purpose - My answer was always with a puke - Not even did she ask me to throw her to the Fishes - I tried to make her as comfortable as possible, with bits of lemon - & the Bowl always ready - and succeeded so far - that for fifteen minutes she did not puke once - and I fell asleep be [sic] her side - that is, She on the Sofa - & I on the Floor -

Thus ended the first day - with oc-

☆☆☆

(6) casual spells of puking during the night. The next day being Sunday -
and no church - Weather a little rough - and the monotony of the day
alleviated by spewing - Cockroaches in abundance - Gus a
little - (good deal) homesick - with an utter disgust for food of all
kinds - Monday - Still as sick as possible & live - with vivid
recollections [sic] of a Pump - Pitcher & Ice - Is sorry she came
to Sea - and begins to call me a Selfish mortal [?] for wishing [?]
it - and reproaches herself for not listening to Mother - Tuesday -
Gale of wind - Nausea increasing - Severe pains - nothing to do with
Sea sickness - Grand concert of the trio - & Nancy the Prima donna" -
(If I am not much mistaken - we might call it "quartette," instead of
trio, for I have a recollection, amid all my sickness - of seeing a
certain person with a Brandy Bottle in his hand - and that the
individual himself, said - it was to cure Sea-sickness -) Magnificent
chorus of the [troops?] varied occasionally with spewing. Ship
uneasy, tipping one side & then the other. Wednesday - Gale moderating
Gus beginning to feel a little better, thinks she ~~bottom line again~~
~~not photocopied~~ should be more contented- if the Roaches
were

(7) out of the way. Nancy still useless, of no use whatever, sicker than Gus. and pale from puking. Thursday, gale increasing, and the same old routine, sick and murmuring, and thus it continues until we are in the Trade Winds. Here the air is fine and clear, the sky very slightly mottled with clouds, and Gus continues to come on deck a little every day - Watches the beautiful sunsets, and thinks Father was "so mean" not to come on board. Talks about the Pump & Ice - and wonders if the expected heir will not love [?] ice water. Gus now seems so much better, the little ["fixings" ?] are in her hands almost every opportunity. One day she sits up all day - and the next poor girl is down again, with an insane mania for ^{washing} [two words indecipherable] - Every morning she takes her breakfast in bed, and never thinks of rising 'till that is fairly down - & even then is obliged to pass a great portion of the day on the Sofa. Has one little dress & shirt all finished, into which she put the little Maltese kitten and tossed her up & down.

"Pessus buty"
*[illegible word or words in quotes], Mama's pet, shall [?] have some comfort - Almost every day - Gus takes out all

*[I suspect this is "Pessus buty," being Thomas's rendering of Gus's baby-talk version of "Precious beauty," referring to the kitten.]

+

(8) the little ["fixings,"] and in her mind makes up lots of pretty little things, and winds up "Won't that look sweetly with little Diamond Catchups" - Of course I acquiesce, as what happy Father wouldn't. Then at times I am so mad to see Gus so sick I swear I'll become a Baby-hater. Well here we are in the Doldrums - 35 days at sea, and 3500 miles from Home. Gus remains about the same, sick most of the time. She complains of sickness at the stomach in the morning, heart-burn during the day, and a queer kind of head-ache most all the time - The weather such as we are having now in these Doldrum Latitudes, is enough to make he or she, has all the ills flesh is heir to, Dark, dismal & rainy, wind from all points of the compass in the space of an hour = Thus far, & no farther has our dear Thomas got in his descriptive letter to the dear ones at home - I will add the conclusion of the whole matter" - as soon as it is issued from his brain - I can say in regard to the truth of this journal - it is not exaggerated one particle - Had I have

(9) written it myself I fear I should have written a great many more sea-sicknesses - home sicknesses - & indeed heart-sicknesses - for who would

9 cont.

not be discouraged & heart-sick - to suffer continually for five weeks,
 & away from home on the "blue black mane" [?], and know that the worst
 was in store for them. For we know not the "end" - or where it will
 happen, what is still worse. True I have a good husband who loves me -
 & who is loved dearly by me - but at this time, I must still say -
 Mother knows best. Could I have been with Thomas for the 8 months
 and at home the 9th how very delightful it would be - however I shall
 try to be resigned, since it cannot be so - and be happy in the thought
 that with Gods will - I shall have a little "Pet" to present them on
 our return home - The five weeks that we have been out have passed away
 very quickly - tho' not as pleasantly, or profitably, as I could have
 wished on account of the sickness - however - I hope there are better
 days coming - The Thermometer is from 80° to 85° all the time - Too warm

(10) Saturday - November - 19th 1859 - Very warm indeed - Squally all day -

Saw a school of Black Fish - a Fish nearly as large as a whale - also
 a Portugese Man of War - A Beautiful little Fish - Mr. [Trott?]
 undertook to show off his agility this afternoon - by going down into
 the water - He did not succeed as well as he hoped - ^{and} ~~as~~ was obliged to
 call for help - Made one little Cambrie [?] garment today - Quite a

(10, cont.) pretty little affair - Wish the little fellow was in it.

Sunday - November 20. Another uncomfortably hot day - Took a salt water bath in my new "Bath Tub" - which I enjoyed very much - Put on my Black Silk - the first time I have seen myself look at all natural - and even now I do not - for my hair seems to be all falling off - I have tried to imagine myself at home this beautiful Sabbath day - however I find it hard to think of them as sitting at home by the side of Coal fires - While here we find it almost impossible to keep comfortable with fans - & thin clothing - The Thermometer ranges from 82 to 85 all the time - night as well as day - which makes it all the more tedious to bear. We have progressed very slowly since yesterday noon - hardly [six?] miles - God bless & preserve all the dear ones.

(11) Monday - November 21st. Rose about the usual hour, I find myself really very fashionable at Sea - Take my breakfast in bed - and ^{then} [there?] remain 'till it has partially digested - If fashion - I must say that I find it a disagreeable [sic] one - and one that I shall abandon just as soon as I possibly can. Light squalls of wind and rain - at least every hour in the day - Truly [or "Surely"], I shall be glad if ever

11 *could*

we get out of these Doldrum Latitudes - for never was more dissagreeable
[sic] weather than we have experienced for the last ten days - I am
feeling decidedly better - Hope I shall not have any more of those
awful puking spells -

Tuesday - November 22 - Still the same kind of weather - and sickness
too - I found this morning was to be my portion for the day - I was
unable to go to the table at either meal - and indeed could sit up but
a few moments at a time - Accomplished but little in the line of "fine
sewing"-

Wednesday - November - [sic] Much the same kind of weather. Feeling
decidedly better in health - but at heart a little ill - from a slight
cause - better retained in my head than in my journal - Nancy is getting
along very well - Has a great many [enquiries?] to make - and gets
everything as near right, as ever she did - far as possible out of the
way & be understood at all -

(12) Thursday - November 24th This day has been appointed by our most
worthy Captain & his excellency Mr. Stearns, as a day of Public
Thanksgiving & Prayer - Of the latter I fear there was but little.

12 cont

The day was a pleasant one, and we had a grand spread on board our good ship Sabine - of which I shall speak at greater length anon.

I have wondered so many times during the day - if it was Thanksgiving at home - Imagined it was - & that I could see all the dear ones -

Father preparing Chicken Salad - and wondering if [Gus?] wouldn't

like to do justice to it - Of one thing I'm certain - he would not have to prepare nearly as much of it - That darling Brother too - is he with

them - Mother and Nell getting dinner - & wishing I was with them, I

know. Mother Hendee & [Jennie?], I fancy are at Newton - if not at

Lowell - The day passed as pleasantly as could be expected - here at

sea - and ended with a very heavy squall - and one very vivid flash of

lightning, which took Nancy upon her feet - and into the Cabin where I

was - "Corporants," [?] seen upon the Mast Head - which I saw, through

the kindness of Mr. [Cromwell?] who called me & assisted me out, for it

rained never harder on shore - & the Captain had forbidden my coming out

in the rain - Mr. C. says - Keep quiet, & he won't know it -

(13) Friday - November 25th Feeling quite nicely after our day of Thanks-

giving - Cut out several little articles - and made one little shirt -

13 cont.

Hope all these little things will not be made in vain - Saw plenty of Flying Fish today - They look like our old white dove - as they come up out of the water - fly off at a little distance & down again - We have now been out 42 days - and have sailed 3834 miles -

Saturday - November 26th We crossed the Equator at 5 o'clock this morning - in Long $31^{\circ} 30'$ West - having sailed 3939 miles - Beautiful weather now - The Evenings are very pleasant - We sit upon deck usually 'till about 8 o'clock - enjoying the beautiful sunsets - & the fine scenery in the heavens -

Sunday - November 27 - A delightful day - seems much like one of our pleasant July days - No church at sea - and we pass the day as agreeably as 'til possible - with our books and writing - Wonder if Nellie has had "Ned's" [?] company at church today - Dreamed last night I had a little boy - thought 'twas a darling little fellow - and when they put him to my bosom - he looked up in my face & laughed - dreamed of Lydia too - Thomas has written some more in his letter which I will put upon the next page - as a continuation of the first three pages -

(14) This is certainly one of the most unpleasant regions on the face of our globe. A dense close atmosphere, except for a few hours after a shower - when torrents of rain fall - and the air is partially refreshed - but a hot glowing sun soon heats it again - and but for the sheltering shade of the masts, & continual flapping of the sails - which put a little air in circulation, it would be almost insufferable. No person unless on the spot, can form an adequate idea of its unpleasant effects. One feels a degree of lassitude unconquerable, which even the sea-bathing generally so salutary & renovating, cannot dispel. Seven more disagreeable days than the last have been I never passed in my life - (because I've had my wife) unless in the same latitudes - and then we have had Thunder and Lightening [sic] as an attendant on the Squalls. And such Lightening 'twas fearful - But then it served a double purpose - first teaching us we were dependant [sic] creatures on the will of one great Omnipresent, and second, it cleared the atmosphere, and the lungs would take in the fresh air, and we would feel again as if a little exertion (& a few clothes) would make us more presentable to those around us. Up to the present time, we have had only a few distant flashes of lightning, & "nary" peal of thunder - except

(15) those issuing from the lungs of my 2nd officer^{***} as he gives the necessary commands to the gentlemanly [maletots?] under his jurisprudence. The above needs a little explanation which I will take the liberty to do myself. Mr. Trott [?] is the officer spoken of - & if the truth must be told - is rather a poor one - I judge. His voice is no more commanding on deck than mine would be - and the manner of his commands are - Jack "will you be so kind as to do this & so - never mind, you needn't now." You can imagine how the weather might be - with the Thermometer on deck at 82° & in the Cabin (when it rains) with all the skylight closed & port-holes shut, I do not dare to look at it. I can only give you a faint idea of it, viz [?] - Gus, prefers to sleep alone - & brave the "Roaches" with only the fan in her hand, to having the chosen of her heart by her side. The poor soul sleeps on the Sofa - dreams of home, & good ^{wide} [word illegible] beds - and wakes to find his companion, only a kitten or the dog - Disgusted with such companions when a dear one is near - in Pajamas & [word illegible] - he silently creeps in beside his wife. (Those little kittens are just as cunning [?] & contented as they can be - They sleep with some of us every night - either with us, or one of the officers -

(16) Seventh Week at Sea - The Doldrums are now ^{astern}, and the good ship Sabine is running off with a brisk S.E. Trade wind. The dull & sluggish hours of the Calm belt have dwindled away, & in now beautiful invigorating breezes are swiftly passing us down the shores of South America. A few more miles & the Equator will be passed, and all the beauties of the Southern Hemisphere in its Heavens, make our sunlight hours sweet to linger through. Gus is fast improving her health - is now decidedly better. She rises in the morning earlier, & does not have to be down on the Sofa - three, four or five times while dressing. Gus, the darling made us a Topsy Parson [?] this week in honor of our Annual Thanksgiving. We on ship board appointed Thursday, the 24th day of November, in honor of that time honored custom - and as you will like to know how we on the "blue black wave" fared on that day, I will transmit our bill of fare - Soup - Boiled Ham, Boiled Chicken & Oyster Sauce - Corned Beef - Salt Pork - Mashed Potatoes - Beets - Tomatoes - Maccaroni [?] - Pickles - Whirtleberry [?] Pies - Plum Pudding - Topsy Parson - Almonds - Raisins - Tamarinds - & Candy of all kinds - The whole washed down with a bountiful supply of Lemonade - & ^{Cochituate} [indecipherable word] Water -

(17) without Ice. We sat down to the table at 2. P.M. & rose at 4. very well satisfied with our Thanksgiving dinner. But ere we rose from the wreck of this bountiful spread, we drank one toast in good old Sherry Wine to the Absent dear ones - and wondered if twas Thanksgiving at home, & if Father was wishing Gus had some of the Chicken Salad, that he had accidentally spoiled in dressing - Gus often wishes she was home, & I take it for granted she wishes I was there also - The Wardrobe of the Youngster is fast progressing under her skillful hands - Shirt after Shirt looks so cunning - I am almost tempted to kiss the little beauties - Nancy is busy toting around here a tumbling from one side to the other - till She is all Black - At this present time she is on deck watching for old Napkin (Neptune) as she calls him - She has heard the Sailors say he always pays the green hands a visit when they cross the line for the first time - & Nancy expects him to give her a Salt Water Bath, & be regularly initiated into the Mysteries of his ^{Briny}~~[word unclear]~~ Kingdom -

(18) Monday - November 28 - A fine day - the same as all at Sea - for we

have had fine weather - Feeling quite nicely - accomplished considerable on my Flannel [?] Embroidery - At about 8 - passed or I suppose it would be more proper to say that a large Steam Frigate passed us - for she left us far in the distance. It was a beautiful sight - and I wished that we were on board of her instead of in this old crank tippy ship -

Tuesday - November 29 - It does not seem to be of much use my keeping a Journal at Sea - for my days are so nearly alike - Every other day I am quite able to sit up on deck - and do something toward completing the wardrobe of my little one that is to be, I hope - the next I am hardly able to lie upon the Sofa without groaning - and it is not so much of a wonder if I am a little inclined to be cross - altho' I had not been aware of the fact till my husband informed me that I had been just as cross as a bear all the time. I had really flattered myself that I was an exception to the general rule in this case - But I find I was in the wrong - We are all too apt to be blind to our own faults - This will apply generally - of course the garment fits -

(19) Wednesday November 30th. Another day like all the rest - beautiful - My good day too - for I am not able to have two good ones in succession - I have been reminded often of my dear old Grandmother since I have had such variable days - for she has one good one & than^e a poor one - Dear old lady I hope her good days will continue till we return ^{est} that we may be blessed with seeing her again - We can hardly expect it - she is getting so very aged - Sat upon deck - at the extreme after part tonight a long time - The sunsets at Sea are glorious - and one can but be forcibly reminded of the passage in Scripture - "Great & Marvelous are they works, O God" - when gazing at the changes in the heavens - The Stars - "the poetry of angels as some one has beautifully expressed it seem more beautiful here than on the Shore -

(20) Thursday, December 1st Will add the remainder of my husbands letter.

As that will answer better for the description of the first of December - also for the account of the Island of Trinidad - Shall hope to keep a better journal of everything when I am able to write every day - as do Thomas and Mr. Stearns - Now, I can only write once a week - and oftener once in two - as when I feel able to write - the "old tippy Ship" keeps up such a tipping that I find it next to an impossibility to carry my pen over the paper at all - One week more has sped - so says the letter - and we are now forty-nine days at Sea - The Bug-bear current of St. Roque [?] has been cleared, and we passed by the formidable Brazilian Cape without tacking, and stood bravely [?] on to the S. with a brisk S.E. Trade wind. Bright moonlight nights with hardly a cloud in the sky, we sit on deck - not in each other's arms, for that would be beneath the dignity of Captain, T.W. Hendee - However we sit as near as the "Nasty old tippy Ship" will allow us - and thus the hours speed away. When Gus is not working on some little fixin we talk of home, wonder what all are doing, and wish for the Pump - & Ice Pitcher - Tired of one thing we go to another, making plans for the future, Viz - taking our family & making a [Summer tour?] to

(21) California - and return of course with lots of golden lumps - presents from our Sister and her husband - residents there. Or, perchance our Shoes are well worn out, we can go to Hartford, make a short visit, and supply ourselves with a good stock of Boots & Shoes. All these Airy Castles we plan - Our pastimes are few, for when Gus is well enough to work, she feels as if there was work enough to do, and She cannot afford to waste the time. Garment after garment comes off as cunning as can be from her busy fingers - and even now the little wardrobe consists of eight shirts, three dresses - six pairs of socks, a little cunning toilet [box? bag?] - with a paper of [Lubuis?] powder, found when five weeks at Sea, and [indecipherable word] from Aunt Nellie, also a cunning little Brush & Comb, from Cousin Charlie. As these little articles were not expected, we were surprised to find them when taking a Sailors pleasure over-hauling trunks &c. I think Gus is very much better now in the mornings, altho' Nancy says - every morning - "Mrs. Hendee wants a settling (for [Sedlitz?]) powder" which I send her - Then she waits 'till the "Flum i diddle" works off - & drinks it making it taste more like a dose of Salts - She takes a salt water Bath every Sunday - I cannot prevail upon her to oftener than once a week

(22) This the 8th week at Sea, has been rather more of an eventful one, in many ways than any of the others. The Trade winds so favored us, we were enabled to make a course for Trinidad Island which we discovered on Tuesday morning at daylight, about 27 miles distant. It was very hard to assure Nancy of its being real Terra Firma, and then she asked me it 'twas land like Lowell. At 10 A.M. we passed on the Western side about 4 miles distant. One Bard inshore of us, about 2 miles, and one ship ahead making the scene more like a picture as Gus said, when we were passing. I believe Nancy was more pleased than any one on board, for she was looking through my Marine Glass, whenever it was away from Mrs. Hendee's eye. This Island is almost entirely barren, and very rocky & hilly. One peak called the Sugar Loag is 1100 feet high - and one called the Tower or Nine Pin, is 800 feet high. 'Tis a noble looking column as it stands distinct from any other part, a short distance from the shore. At the South-western extremity is a bluff 600 feet high which resembles a Colossal barn. The Gables are distinctly seen & one can almost fancy he sees the thatched roof. The Sea in a S.W. gale has been known to break entirely over this bluff. At its base is a cavern opening into a small

(23) bay, with water enough to carry a Boat through. The inhabitants are few, gaining [?] a wretched subsistence, for the vegetation is very poor, although wild Hogs - & goats abound there. In the afternoon we came up with, & signalled the bark that passed in shore of us in the A.M. Again, all the same day, when we were going along with Royals [?] on, with a nice smooth little breeze, a whirlwind passed across our Bow, about 50 yards off - tearing the water up about 10 feet high. Had we been about 50 yards ahead, I fear the Sabine's spars would have suffered some, to say nothing of the Sails - Gus thought it a fine sight, as did I, but I do not like to see them so near the ship - The Trade wind held us until the 8th of Dec. - & then veered round to N. with fine beautiful weather, and moonlight nights, which will make one feel very romantique [?] on the Sea - even if he can't write so. The 9th week commenced with a good gale of wind from the N.W. and some of those high toppling [?] seas, that roll around the world in this open space of Ocean. The weather has now grown considerably cooler - & thick clothing is quite comfortable, in fact we have two blankets over us at night, tho' the Thermometer is not less than 64° during the day - & 60° during the night. But here we have a fluctuating Barometer - high & low - with the high fine weather & with the

✱✱✱

(24) low, a gale, though sometimes a pleasant one, when the wind is fair.

The gale that commenced this week increased until Sunday - when we were under very short Sail - running right before it. All day Sunday, Gus lay in bed - groaning and worrying [?] & wishing to be at home. And when I came into the Cabin, she was asking, does the Barometer still fall?" and if I answered in the affirmative, she would say - "oh dear, why can't you say No." But as I was brought up to tell the truth, I was obliged to dissappoint [sic] her in this case. Before the gale had increased to its fury, I took her on deck to watch the Sea - as it came rolling up astern - She was delighted with it - but I lost all sentiment when she said - it was not much more than the Rapids on the St. Lawrence - True it bubbled & gurgled under the ~~Counter~~ just as I should imagine a fierce rapid would - but not when the crested billow came toppling over like a [young?] Niagara, & sent its acres of foam, rushing along to tip another billow where it mingled again with the deep waters, & came sparkling over our decks like rain-drops from a summer shower. I don't think Gus has much sentiment for the Sea - for she dreads a gale fair or foul -

(25) and almost worships a calm. and truly we have had our share of fine weather, & now we are down in those Latitudes 40° S. & nearly 7000 miles from Boston - where we may expect [Brave?] westerly winds to run our [Easting?] up from the Island of Tristan di [word scribbled over] - to St. Pauls - a clean stretch of near 5000 miles - where I anticipate making not less than 180 miles per day on the average. One gale follows another, but mostly fair - A good oak ship and a stout heart may take such advantage of them that we may laugh at the efforts of Steam. In fact so seldom does a Steamer come this way no sooner would its shrill echoes of steam be borne on the wind, than the Albatross would fly to its rocky Isle, the Penguin duck its head, & the Molly hawk - [Solon?] Goose - & Petrel soar in graceful curves to some other stormy & yet undiscovered Cape. Now around the swelling Canvass & Oaken frame, the kingly bird of the Ocean, & his compatriots hover gracefully, & with their brilliant eye, pluck from the [raging?] element any morsel we may consign to its depths. Gus has watched them and calls them little dears - but has no idea of their beauty and size - I shall endeavor to capture one of each kind for her - & then I know she will be ~~[four or five words bleached out]~~ amazed to find each in ~~photocopying]~~

sc * d

(26) beautiful creatures so many miles from land. But the Cape Pigeons are my favorites - they look so much like doves - At this season - they are rarely seen any distance from land, as it is breeding time with them. Here we are now crossing the whaling ground & several shoals of Fin Backs have been hovering round, some quite near the ship - but Gus was too late to get a good view of them. Although one blowed quite under our Port hole - as we were going to bed, & sounded like a high pressure Mississippi Steamer through a Fog. During the week - we signalled the Br. Bark, [~~Borneo~~ ~~Romeo~~], from Glasgow for Singapore - A short time after she came up with a breeze, & passed us close to. The Capt had his wife on board, ~~fin~~, Gus waved her handkerchief in sympathy or joy, I know not which, & the lady tossed her baby in her arms, in return - Gus nothing daunted went down, & took the little white kitten - wrapped in a shawl - and tossed it up & down like a three months infant, & then as if fearful of exposure to the cold, handed it to Nancy to take below. Nancy took the joke - She is as happy as she is at all times - but She prefers to eat the Sailors mess to our own - I do not know how we could

(27) do without her - She is a fund of amusement in herself - We have all

the good Folks at home in her most [inimitable?] mimicry - ([woman's

Elinor
name illegible] in particular - is here very often - (She yesterday made

some Molasses Candy - & Mr. Stearns & I did the working & pulling -

Thomas was too busy in ship-building to assist us in the part - but he

did justice to the eating of it - His ship tell Father progresses

wonderfully - Will be a beauty. One of his Sailors has made him an

"Eagle" for the Figure Head - He ascertained when he brought the bird

to him - that he was a brother Mason, as he gave the sign of an

[Entered?] Apprentice - Of course Thomas will get up quite an intimacy

with him on account of Masonry.) This same Sailor is the queerest

specimen of humanity. From his looks - one would judge him to be either

crazy or foolish - yet I believe Thomas & Mr. Stearns consider him quite

a genius - Another of the crew is an old man over 50 years old - and

nothing of a Sailor - He says his wife died only a few months ago, and it

was for that he came to Sea - Has a little girl four years old - Poor old

man he seems to deserve pity - They do not put the hardest work upon him -

and they ought not to

(28) Sunday - December 25th A merry Christmas to all the darling ones at home - We have just dined on Fresh Pork - & Grape Jelly - & Apple Pie. Wonder if they have any better dinner than that at home. Wish I could be there with them today - Shall hope to in a year from now - How long that seems to look forward to - but to look back upon - how short - I have now live^d with my husband about fifteen weeks - longer by some ten weeks than I have ever been with him before - I find the old saying is true in my case - "The longer one lives with their husband the better they love them - and too that seems almost impossible - I see but one failing in him - or rather one thing that I would change if I could - It is his fondness for any^othing to drink - He is not perhaps any more fond of his liquors than most young men - but I would have him very temperate. I do not mean by that strictly so - or, but what he could take a glass with a friend if occasion required - Anything more than that troubles me exceedingly - I suppose I am more fastidious in this respect than many - & perhaps more so than is neccessary [sic] - but I have yet to be convinced that I am too much so -

(29) I am aware that Thomas will scold when he reads that last page -

thinking that I have no cause to put such a thing in my book - and yet a Journal is for our most secret thoughts - and why shall not everything go down. I shall intend to commence with 1860 which comes in - one week from today, and write every day - or something for every day - and shall then write every thing - as it happens or is thought of - Would that I could make a resolution to begin with the new year - to live better, every day - to do, & to be, good - in all things - so that my actions if registered in the Angels' Journal - would have no pages but those of Purity & Peace -

(30) Thomas has kindly written something for my Journal, on the Island of Trinidad [I think she's spelling it: "Trinidad"] which we passed on Tuesday December 6th 1859.

The grey streaks of dawn were just beginning to brighten on the Eastern horizon, when the joyful cry of "Land Ho"! arose from the deck of the good ship Sabine - Fifty-two days at sea - and such a sound falls on the ear most [harmoniously?] - sending almost an electric thrill to the sad and weary heart. We rush to the side of the ship - and behold! there on the distant horizon, like a dark cloud defined against the sky, we see the object called land. The last land we saw was the shore of our Western world and we saw that but dimly through the tear be-dimmed eye, as we bade our heart rending adieus to most all the loved ones of Earth. A thousand recollections [sic] rush through the mind as we gaze on this curious freak of Nature, thrown up as it were in mid-ocean. A barren pile of rock with barely verdure [?] enough for a few wild goats & hogs to subsist upon. What different [sic] feelings steal over us, as we gaze entranced upon the scene, for 'tis land - not the dear land of our birth, but still composed of the same elements, and in it we

(31) feel all that interest we have ever felt in land - Our long absence from our own native soil, with naught but the blue rolling mane beneath, and the sky above & around, gives us a double interest in this unique cluster of rocks. As the ship speeds on towards it - now we see some old feudal castle from the battlements of which the life-blood of [scores?] has flowed - and in whose ancient halls the revel has startled the infant hours of morn. Where the lordly master in his chair of state, has passed the brimming goblet to the [stranger?] knight - or welcomed the weary pilgrim from the Holy Land. Castles such as these, appear in the distance, where from their high towers the watchers blow the bugle call and start the revellers from their Banquet. Even so are we startled as nearer & nearer the Ship goes on. The towers [unveil?] themselves into mountains, and the wide Battlements into Table-land - and one high bluff of six hundred feet is turned into a good old fashioned barn with Gable ends & a thatched roof - A natural cavern through the base of this bluff - opens into a small bay - and in one position shows a miniature Island. In Hoarse murmurs the Sea rushes through this passage, and one can almost fancy he is in the barn - with the Autumn winds whistling round the corners, & [moving? moaning?] through the cracks of the great doors. But this vision soon vanishes. The Barn assumes the

(32) shape of a gigantic rock - and huskings are among the reminiscences of the past.

The shriek of the merry maiden as she flies before the [red ear?] is lost in the shrill cry of the graceful sea-bird, as he watches from some water-washed rock - 'till his keen eye rests on the unsuspecting fish, - then with eager flight he descends in spiral curves, & drops upon his victim, then rises till he settles far above on the cliff, & [feasts?] his young brood - They care not for the lofty spread of canvass that now sweeps by their Island home, for it comes upon their vision and is gone in an hour, & thus in 'dim blue outlines the Island sinks from view. We care not to watch its disappearing, [sic] for our thoughts are with the dear absent ones, & wrapt [sic] within ourselves we seek solitude, there to forget the Pictures of Ancient Castles - Foreign Isles - Seabirds & Sea - only to dream of thee, Home, Sweet Home -

(33) This the 10th week is not much of an [sic] one from which we can draw the wherewith [sic] to fill a page - however, as every week must have its separate record, I will [e'en?] try to [expatiate?] on the beautiful breezes of this high Southern latitude. West to N.W. with a long swelling sea, as high as a Flour barrel, or near it, the Ship like a cradle rocks from side to side, & once in a while one of those little (?) seas come on board, & smash, ^{smack}~~smash~~ it goes from side to side. These fair gales are nice things to put us along on our course when they do not blow too hard. We are averaging over 170 miles a day - and rather delightfully cool & bracing. But the decks are too wet for Gus to take her usual walk, from the Cabin door, to the Main-mast - once - twice - three times - & then - "Oh dear, I am tired - Don't you want to go into the Cabin Come, & away we go. Light up the Kerosene & [laugh/ ~~lamp?~~ ^{lever?}] when beautifully Mr. H_____ illustrated the [illegible insertion] explosive qualities of the Kerosene - oil - A step to the right a step to the left - and a step all around him - But you must forgive us for laughing way off here, for I can assure

(33
cont'd)

you - 'tis as much as I can do by laughing all day, to make Gus laugh

once a day - (Not quite so bad as that my dear)

- (34) The Eleventh week has been something like the last. Fine westerly winds, long days, & cool nights - Just cool enough to sleep well - Christmas came in this week - and on that day, we were 8000 miles from Boston, off the Cape of Good Hope. 72 days at Sea - In 50 days more I hope to get that good pile of letters you promised us at Bombay. Christmas passed off rather tamely with us - We talked of the good people at home. How the churches were dressed and as evergreens were scarce in our neighborhood, we could not dress our little domicil, [sic] and watched the Birds - and seas & [Heavens &c ?] - and passed into week - Which bring the 12th week - and opened with an ocean scene sublime. At One P.M. we were going along with Main Royal set, All at the table eating baked beans - Etc. - When my 2nd officer came in, saying there was something like a hurricane coming on the water - I hurried on deck, & "sure enough" - let go everything - All hands shorten Sail - and at 3.P.M. we had the Sabine under a moderate show of canvass, The gale was a fair one, and increased until about 9.P.M. until which time I took advantage of it - & then it was so

(34
cont'd)

furious I dared not run any longer - & hove to, under close reefed main top-sail - & storm spencer [sic] - But I soon found this was too much. After some considerable trouble, this was taken

(35) in, and [furled?], and there we lay with but the least possible show of canvass. Main Storm Spencer. From 10 to 12 the wind was of hurricane violence, and the Sabine lay with her lee ^rsail most under water all the time - I must say for two hours I never saw it blow harder - nor do I think it could blow much harder and the ship live through it. The Seas were frightful and I thought every moment some of them would come on board and sweep away everything from our decks - At 2.A.M. it began to moderate a little, and at 4.A.M. 'twas moderated enough to set the main top-sail close reefed. When I came below to turn in - & at 8.A.M. we were going on our course again with a moderate fair wind - The "Sabine" is a [crank? ~~crack~~] ship - but in a gale she is a beauty and behaves like a Pilot boat. She is one of the

(35 best Sea boats afloat. You will naturally wonder how Gus stood it all.
cont)

As of course my duty called me on deck all the time, I could not comfort her as much as I wished, but occasionally I would run down for an instant, to find her lying on the Sofa, feet braced - & holding on both hands - Nancy on the cricket - holding on to Gus. One time - she jumped up & was about to rush on deck - began to cry - & declared she heard the Capt. crying - and would go on deck

(36) and be drowned with him - It took all Nancy's power to hold her - and when I came down she was as nervous as she could possibly be. I feared the fright would affect her badly - but since the gale - she seemed quite bright - but is sure she will never go again to Sea - if she lives to get home. That I am, sure I won't - & shall do all in my power to prevent Thomas going again - I think indeed he is as sick of it as I am - & if he could get a good business on shore would leave it at once - I hope Father will assist him in getting something to do, so that he may spend the remainder of his days at home with his family.(!)

(37) January 1st 1860. A Happy new year to all the dear ones at home -
and ere the return of another New Years day - may we all be with those
dear ones. We are now 9051 [?] miles from them - and out 71 days ~~[note~~
~~discrepancy between this reckoning and Thomas's 3 pages earlier]~~ - The
weather is getting to be pleasanter again altho' rather rough now for
comfort - I have made a resolution to write in my journal every day
now, and in thus doing, I may get in something more interesting than I
have been able to - in writing only once a week - I have also made a
resolution to read my Bible every day - a duty that has heretofore
been very much neglected with me - God grant that I may be enabled to
keep my resolve - and that I may profit therefrom. I have written up
for three weeks, today - in the letter for our Home friends - or rather
have copied it from Thomas' descriptive letter - How very glad I shall
be to receive all those precious [sic] epistles that will be awaiting
us in Bombay - May they contain no sad news for us - but good - all
good - Evening read the [Gunmaker of Moscow?] aloud to Thomas -

(38) Monday Jan. 2, 1856. [sic] A very pleasant day - I accomplished but little in the way of sewing - rather from lazyness [sic] than anything else - for I was very well - Wrote some and read a little - Noted time by Chronometer for Thomas to take an observation - and it was so very well done he dared not trust to it - but called Mr. Cromwell to give him an altitude [sic] - After working ^[?] both - he found mine to be correct - and that the Old Sabine was turning into a Clipper - She had gone 215 miles in the last 24 hours - very good for her - On deck after tea - watching [Mother Cary's Chickens?]. They are a pretty little bird - Black - with a white [ring⁷] round their necks and tails - Evening read aloud to my husband again - Retired at four Bells -

Tuesday - Jan. 3rd Very fine weather - getting quite warm again -

Thermometer 75°. This forenoon signalized a vessel - The "Mogul,"

Capt. ^{Sproker} ~~[name illegible]~~ of Boston - from London for [Barataria B. ?]

The old Sabine beat her most decidedly in sailing - & she is a fine new ship they say - It was quite delightful to be so near a ship that

(38 cont'd) we can distinguish objects & persons on board - particularly so to me, when as in this case there is a female woman [sic] to be seen - It is so long since I have seen any but myself (except Nancy) I fear I shall forget

(39) but that I am the only one [sic] - unless I am brought to my senses by seeing some. This ship had been out longer than we - 92 days from London - while we are 81 from good old Boston. 215 miles sailed the last 24 hours - The Captain seems to be fearful that he will find himself in Bombay before he knows it - if she keeps on at this rate -

Wednesday - Jan. 4th. Very warm & just cloudy enough to be pleasant sitting out on deck - which I did during the forenoon - Thomas with me - he at work - ship-building - and I sewing - finished the last of my little shirts - and in the afternoon cut out little slips and night dresses. The little spotted linen ones for ^{Sea-wear[?]} ~~indecipherable word~~ ~~or words~~ some brilliant - After tea - out on deck - trying to call

(39 cont'd) the Stormy Petrels to us - and one Albatross, we saw in the distance
A Perfect ^{calm} ~~[color?]~~ upon the Sea giving it a beautiful appearance -
Retired earlier than usual - Made a discovery before doing so, which
nearly convulsed the Capt. with laughter, suppose 'twas joy -

(40) Thursday - Jan. 5th. A very dissagreeable [sic] sea on today - which
causes one to experience very uncomfortable sensations - Have not been
able to accomplish anything in the Industrial line - but lain [sic]
upon the Sofa all day - Else the nausea - attendant upon Seasickness,
was my comfort - Thomas called me out on deck to witness the
animalcules in the water - They seemed to cover the water for upwards
of a mile - giving it a thick red muddy appearance - Caught some in a
pail - They are a funny looking creature having a body like jelly -
transparent - Read over some ole letters - that I have wished since
that I had not read - as they only served to confirm my [suspensions?] [?]
, in regard to the affection of the person -

(40 cont'd) Friday - Jan. 6th Quite a gale - or at least quite a disagreeable storm - so much of an one that I have not been able to sit up at all - Feeling badly all day - think it must have been the day of [character followed by an underline] that we have been talking about - Mr. Stearns sick all day - and Thomas also a little - I fear we are going to have another terrible hurricane like the one of a week ago - Hope and pray not -

(41) Saturday - January 7th The storm quite hard all night - Thomas nor I could sleep but little - I awake from nervousness and fear - he from anxiety - probably - it being his 2nd mate['s?'] watch. 8 hours. We think, he Mr. T_____ must be in Consumption - he has a very bad cough - and he says he has not slept for three [months?]. He has a dreadful humor - showing itself badly in his face - and he tells Thomas that he itches all over with it. He is a strange fellow. We all think there is something wrong about him - and it may be so - and hence the reason of his family showing so little interest in him last

(41
cont'd)

voyage - Tho' that would be a poor reason for anyone to lose their interest in another particularly their own - Did not get up 'till late in the afternoon - The Ship being so unsteady, Thomas advised me to keep quiet - as he had hard work to keep on his feet when in the Cabin.

Sunday, Jan. 8th 10,000 miles away from home, and all the dear ones - no! not all - for have I not my dearest husband with me - We hope to be in Bombay in less than 40 days now - Pray [Heaven?] to guard and guide us aright that we may not be dissappointed - A nice day - & I am feeling nicely - save a pain in my left side, that however is nothing I think -

(42) Monday - Jan. 9th A nice day, if one could manage to keep in one place -

But in this crank [2]^P ship it is almost impossible to keep one's position for an instant. I find it very hard work to even sit upon the sofa with my feet against the trunk for a Brace. I do hope if Thomas goes to sea any more - he will have a more comfortable ship to go in than this old Sabine - Commenced one of my little spotted linen dresses today - Retired about 8-1/2 and read aloud till 10, to Thomas in Mrs. Southworth's Discarded daughter. I have a hanging lamp just over the centre [sic] of my bed in my little Boudoir - making everything very comfortable for me to lie in bed & read - One year ago today - I went to N. Boston.

Tuesday - Jan. 10. Again we are tipped up on one side - Spent the forenoon sewing - the afternoon in reading aloud to my dear husband - Some portion of a [Wreck?] was seen passing the ship today - But not near enough for them to distinguish what it might be - I would that I could look in upon the sweet ones at home. I wonder what they are doing now? Pray God to spare them all - and to return us to them in less than a year -
^{Note?}
Baby & all - "So [Wrote ?] it be."

(43) Wednesday - Jan. 11th A very disagreeable day to be up in this ship -

Indeed it was hardly safe for me to try to get about at all - So I made myself as comfortable and contented as possible on the Sofa - and there I sat, on laid all day [sic] - Hemming ~~[Jacket? pocket?]~~ - handkerchiefs, & doing a little mending for way of work - and reading to Thomas for amusement - The day passed with the Barometer on the fall - and every appearance of some kind of weather before morning - Did not rest very well - neither Thomas nor myself - as it was the 2nd Mates watch - and when it is his, & an appearance of a squall or a breeze - I am so anxious I cannot sleep - and do not let poor Thomas get as much as he otherwise might -

Thursday
Wednesday - Jan. 12th [sic] A little better day to keep up in than was yesterday. - tho' not sufficiently so for me to find it practicable to get much about - I find my dresses are already getting very tight - & fear I shall not be able to wear any of them when I get to Bombay. Well - "what can't be cured, must be endured" - I shall be sorry on some accounts, however I can go about in a Shawl - and if I finish my pink dress - I shall find that a good one - Finished the "Discarded Daughter" liked the book much - as did Thomas -

(44) Friday - Jan - 13th A very fine morning - Dreamed last night that I was down to Grandmother's - in her chamber - picking ripe cherries from the trees - out of her window - She dear old lady was {charging?} me to be careful - not to reach out too far - This afternoon we succeeded in catching an Albatross, or rather Thomas did, after many previous attempts in vain. These are really wonderfully beautiful birds - and it seems so strange after seeing them, to think of such handsome creatures so far from any land - One is reminded very forcibly of the handiwork of the Creator - and can say in truth, that the "Great Artist" acts here in the depths of the Sea as on the Earth. The Albatross will receive a description from the descriptive letter which will appear in a few more days - and one description will suffice -

Saturday Jan. 14th A very disagreeable day - for me as I was unable to keep about but very little of the time. We dined from the Albatross - found it very good eating indeed - quite as good I think it was pronounced by all who partook, as a Goose, and very like - Sailors are very superstitious as regards the killing of these birds on Ship board - and will no doubt be anticipating something dreadful - as we not only killed but ate this one on board -

(45) Sunday - January 15th The day commenced cloudy - and squally - and

ended as it began - with the Barometer falling fast - and every indication of something more. Have not been able to devote any time to writing either in my letter or Journal, from the uneasy motion of the Ship.

Monday - January 16th Spent the whole day in bed - and in a most disagreeable condition too, for the first part of the day - was spent in anxiety lest we were going to have a Gale, the Barometer had been falling very fast for the past twelve hours - indicating as Thomas thought, an approaching Cyclone, so frequent in these Latitudes.

Tuesday - Jan. 17th. Every indication of the Cyclone Gale. The Barometer falling very fast indeed. The Gale commenced in reality about half past one - & Thomas took in Courses, & close-reefed the Topsail. A little later - Hove to on the Port Tack - took in the Fore & Miz topsails, Main, & Fore Top Sail - Main Spencer. The Decks were continually flooding - Washing away on the Starboard side. The T. ^{Glt.} [mystery word] Bulwarks were carried away, Thomas really fearful for several hours. Thomas thinks the Sabine has outdone herself, in this instance. The whole distance sailed is 11,368 miles - and 95 days out -

(46) Barometer Movements, during the "Cyclone Gale" of yesterday.

P.M.	1 ^h 55"	Bar.	29. 45. 73°	Thomas considers this the hardest gale
	2 ^h 00.	"	29. 44. "	that he has ever seen, in all his ex-
	2. 10.	"	" 42. "	perience of sea-going. I think it a
	2. 30.	"	" 32. "	little singular that the hardest should
	2. 40.	"	" 29. "	have happened to come my <u>first</u> voyage.
	2. 50.	"	" 25. "	and really hope we shall not have
	3. 00.	"	" 20. "	another this voyage at least. I cannot
	3. 15.	"	" 12. "	control my feeling in the least. I am
	3. 30.	"	" 07. "	so dreadfully fearful of even the
	3. 50.	"	" 01. "	least indication of anything more than
	4. 15.	"	28. 96. "	fine weather. I think I have had my
	4. 30.	"	" " "	share of hard weather. Two
	4. 55.	"	29. 00. "	Hurricanes -
	5. 20.	"	29. 08. "	
	5. 45.	"	" 18. "	
	6. 25.	"	" 40. "	
	6. 40.	"	" 45. "	
	7. 40.	"	" 50. "	
	8. 35.	"	" 75. "	
	8. 45.	"	" 85. 72°	
	10. 30.	"	" 87. 70°	
	11. 30	"	" 89. 71°	
	12. 00	"	" 98. 64°	

(47) Wednesday - Jan. 18th 1860. Rather pleasant from the contrast perhaps of yesterday - tho' the ship is decidedly uncomfortable - and I do hope we shall be in Bombay, ere many weeks more pass away - I am confident that I shall never wish to try another Sea voyage - particularly an India one. Tho I suppose that I should find myself wishing to go again rather than that my dear Thomas should go away and leave me. However if God gives me another to love - I shall feel then that my duty is to stay at home - and try to be resigned to another separation - but I do wish so much that something would come up to induce my darling husband to try for a little fortune on shore. 'T'would be so pleasant to have a little home of our own - and to enjoy it together. I fear this is an air castle that I shall not be able to realize just at present -

Thursday - Jan. 19th Nice day - with the Trades, or so Thomas hopes they are. Spent the day in repairing some of Thomas pants - and Pajamas and sewed a little on some of the little things. I ^{tried} ~~word illegible~~ to write some in my letter home - but found it impossible, the Ship was so very uneasy. Indeed [?] it is hard work for an old hand like Thomas to write well, as the Ship goes now.

(48) Friday - January 20th We are still in the enjoyment of the S.E. Trades -

and the most beautiful weather, and were it not that the Ship is very uncomfortable from the high sea, I should enjoy everything. Now I am obliged to brace my feet firmly against something when sitting - and to catch from Sofa to Chair & from Chair to Table, when I walk - else I should many times in the day - find myself going down on to the floor - harder than would be agreeable, just now. My pet commenced his letter home today. Growled some about the thin paper - and the Tippy ship - I wish all those kind friends at home that want so many letters from us - would just try to try [sic] to write something when sitting in a rocking chair - and someone making the chair go just as fast as possible - and that would be a very much easier thing than writing in the Sabine.

Saturday - Jan. 21st We are in very hot weather again - the Thermometer standing in the shade being up to 80°. Only just think of the difference, Home, it is probably down to zero & below. It is hard to realize that they are having sleigh rides and skating - while we are nearly Baked as "Bee" [?] would say. ^{Banned} [Word illegible] my Embroidered Skirt today - and one of my plain ones - The Eve'g [?]

10-10-10

(49) indeed I may say, the great portion of the night was spent in killing

Cock roaches - They are thicker than ever - and we have discovered

lately that they are particularly nice for flavoring Pies, & Puddings -

At least we find that everything tastes of Roaches. Mr. Stearns has

written a Parody on Tennysons Charge to the [6.00?] - The subject being

Roaches - to the right of them! Roaches to the left of them! &c.

Sunday. Jan. 22nd 1860. Commenced the day in the Bath Tub - Enjoyed

the Salt water very much for the morning was intensely hot - and I have

had hardly enough sleep during the night to refresh me at all - however

the Bath did so. The Thermometer today is at 86°. Dreadfully hot - tho'

I doubt not but ^{were we} dear homespeople [?] would willingly exchange the temper-

ature of the air with us - tho' not perhaps situations. I wonder if they

have gone to church today. How pleasant it would seem to be there - to

hear the chiming of the Bells that calls [sic] them to the House of God -

and then how pleasant to start off with our loved companions for that

house. I should enjoy it very much - and hope that in a year or less -

(may it be less) I shall have that happy privilege, my dear husband, too.

(50)

13th week

Nothing more of interest than the usual brave westerly winds - which are fair ones for us. The Sabine is now running along on nearly the same track we took last year - and not 50 miles difference [sic] in position, when the same number of days out. Being two months later in the season, when the N.E. Monsoons are in full blast in the Bay of Bengal & Arabian Sea, I shall go a little farther E. before stretching to N. & thus sail up along the coasts of Ceylon & Malabar, making a fair wind of this light Monsoon, & getting a fine view of the [Lane of Ghants?] - I trust on or about the 15th of Feb. we shall cast anchor in Bombay Harbor - under the walls of its renowned Castle. Gus down here in these bracing winds, complains of head-ache, almost continually, eats but little, and wants to see her dear little ~~mother~~ [Moth?] - and cries because she can't, and as the little delicacies are now nearly all gone, I fear she craves many things 'tis not in my power to place before her. She don't [sic] eat as tho' she relished one thing, still for all that, she grows wonderfully stout & looks four inches in length, has to be stretched from all the button holes. I am sure I can't account for it (?) unless we attribute it to the Sea-air.

(51) 14th Week. At last after many vain attempts - I have succeeded in taking an Albatross. I have seen finer and larger ones - but that is not speaking disparagingly of this one, for he is a beauty. Measuring 9 ft. from tip to tip, across the wings. Mottled grey around the head, dark brown on the back & wings - & faced with pure white. The body was about the size of a very large goose and somewhat resembles one when stripped of its covering. Feathers enough on him to fill a large pillow, which have been divided around between Gus, Mr. Stearns & Nancy. Beneath the feathers, the body is covered with a down about an inch thick, and if ~~we~~ we are any judges, superior to Eider down. I have preserved one of the wings for Gus - as also one of the feet - to make a money purse for Father. The Bill is about 6 inches in length, of a beautiful flesh color. The upper part overlapping the under at the outer end, with a hook-like protuberance. He opens it when angry - full four inches - & snaps it making a very loud noise. The eye is 1/2 an inch in diameter - Black and piercing - and when he gazes on one with such a proud defiant look - all with one accord, pronounce him the noblest of aquatic birds. But alas the cupidity of men, cannot see ~~the~~ God's noblest works in their pristine glory, on their billowy home & ~~[last two words bleached out]~~ *rest content.*

(52) But he must needs take them from their happy sphere, and wings, bill & feet, go to adorn his Cabinet. I felt as bad to kill this bird, as I should have done to shatter a porcelain vase, to get some of the fragments as mementoes of what was once beautiful. Sailors too, are very superstitious about the killing of one of these birds - and think - no doubt that the Ship will be doomed like "Cooper's Ancient Mariner."

~~[sic - surprising from an educated sea captain]~~ But we ate of him in the Cabin, and found it not an unpalatable dish. Now then, for one of those singular coincidences, which go to prove the general rule - and confirm the ignorant in their superstitious notions. Hardly had the digestive organs performed their duties on the masticated Albatross when the wind began to moan in hoarse murmurs through the rigging, & tears from heaven began to fall patteringly on our decks. The birds our constant companions for the last 30 days - grew clamorous - & left us, one by one, 'till naught remained to break the still ness, but the hoarse moaning of the wind, & sullen murmur of the waves. From noon of the 16th to noon of the 17th the sky grew blacker & blacker - the rain fell in torrents at times, the wind came in gusts, with perfect violence for about 10 minutes - & then sinking to an ominous calm, Barometer slowly falling. I

(53) saw in all these tokens, every indication of an approaching Cyclone and made the Sabine snug [?] to ~~resist~~ receive? it. The sails were furled with extra gaskets, & double lashings put on all things about the deck. About 3. P.M. the blasts came sweeping down from the N.E. at a terrific rate. At 20 ^m past 4. the Barometer was its minimum. 28.94. The Gale commenced to [haul ~~howl~~] from N.E. to S.W. giving us such a tumultuous sea - as I did not think a ship could live in. Not a rag of canvass [sic] was on her - and the spray from the ocean whirled as high as our Masts heads, so at no time from 1/2 past 3 to 8 P.M. could we see above ten yards distant. During this time the Sabine lay with her Lee rail under the water, & Starboard Loner [?] yard arms in the water. Sometimes I did not know whether she was under the water, or above, Spars floating about our decks, Lee rail washed away, and all hands lashed with their own ropes - 'Twas really fearful to me, & in all my going to sea - I did not suppose the wind could blow so hard. 'Twas the fiercest Cyclone I ever saw. At about 8. P.M. commenced to moderate, so that we could look about us, & see the damage done - which was not very great - 50 dollars will repair all I think. From 8 to Midnight

Jc**

(54) moderating fast - so that at Midnight we kept away on our course -

running nine miles per hour. The next day was Jan'y 18th - and just 31 years ago on that day so says the Chronicle there happened a severe squall. Gus was very nervous all the time - but on the whole - I think bore up much better than she did in the previous one & tho' I was on deck most of the time - I managed to creep below for a minute once in a while to cheer her. She has got so she watches the Barometer & watches me - & every time I [clew~~1~~] up a royal asks - "Is it going to be anything frightful"? I hope we have had our share of Gales on this voyage - for really there was wind enough in the last one to make a dozen good brisk gales of sufficient length. This morning Gus breakfasted [on?] some flying fish that flew on board in the night, the wings of which she has preserved in her Journal, which I am sorry to say she neglects. But I will excuse her bad [weather?] such as this for instance, Stiff Trades - high sea, under double reefs - & running 8 knots on an easy bowline The Sabine is rather uneasy - I find her so myself - and why shouldn't the verdant [?] ones. Thus endeth the 14th week - in 3 more I am in hopes to have my letters from home & good news.

(55) Monday - Jan. 23rd. The weather is beautiful - but we are now in the Doldrums which makes it unpleasant for us - since we are sailing very slowly. Hope on, & keep hoping - and we may find ourselves in Bombay after a time. Was unable to sit up at all to-day. I think it has been a sick a day, [sic] as I have had. Evening tried to sit out on deck - but the squalls prevented. Killed about 2000 Roaches & retired.

Tuesday - Jan. 24th Here we are in weather hot as we ever saw it any where p in the months of July & August - Thermometer at 86° in the shade. Our dear ones at home are probably watching their Thermometers to see if the Murcury [sic] goes clear down thro' the bottom. Still, cold weather would be preferable (even to I who never liked it) to this hot weather day and night - and "Roaches" for an accompaniment. Been doing "Spring Cleaning" today or having a little change round - Got out some of my dresses and tried them on - to see what alteration will be neccessary [sic] - if any. They will need but little I think. The evening was spent on deck - and a more beautiful one I never saw. The Heavens in this Southern Latitude are truly glorious, and one can but admire the constellations if [seen?] here - even tho' they have never before noticed them.

(56) Wednesday. Jan. 25th. Had a real attack of Indigestion in the night -

Suffered
~~[word illegible]~~ terribly. Thomas got up and got me something which

after vomiting me [sic] - relieved me somewhat tho' not entirely.

Commenced my letter home. Looked at the [faces?] of my darlings at

home. But they were all so quiet - I wanted a word from their sweet

lips - and could not be satisfied till I had tasted a sweet from my

dear husband's lips - who is all in all to me now - I am very certain

he will never wish me to go another voyage [sic] with him - I have

caused him so many sleepless nights, and troublesome days, this one.

I hope I may be enabled to return it some time. "Tho he does not

imagine I should be good for much in sickness, I hope to prove to him

that he lies under a mistake. I am reading "The Neighbors" by

[Frederika Bremer?]. Believe it is the same book Harriet was so much

interested in at one time. "The Bear," &c.

(57) Thursday. Jan 26th Calm. Calms. Calms. At this rate I fear it will be sometime before we get our pile of prescious [sic] letters. The Evenings are glorious and the sunsets now in this Southern Latitude must surpass anything, any where. We sit on deck now during the Evenings till ten & sometimes till Eleven o'clock. And it is delightful. I often wonder what we should say at home - to pass four or five hours of the Eve'g on the piazza, with nothing of Shawl or bonnet on. Here we can, & perceptibly receive no harm from it.

Friday - Jan. 27th Still our cry is oh these horrid calms! When shall we reach Bombay. Enjoyed a Bath on Deck this evening. Thomas & Mr. Stearns in Pajamas - and I in my night dress - Had the Hose played upon us - 'Twas delightful.

Saturday - Jan. 28th Delightful over-head - but ship standing almost still. Swimming in the Sea this afternoon. Bonita caught - Very nice fish indeed - The meat something like Turkey. Weather too insufferably hot, to do any work.

check dictionary

Sunday - Jan 29th Delightful day. Dressed in my [word illegible] dress today - Thomas in white suit. Quite natural to get on something decent once more. Read ["Kenneth." ~~21~~] "Or the Guard of the Grand Army. Caught 4 Bonitas.

1855-1856-1859

(58) Monday. Jan. 30th This disagreeable weather of Calms still continues - and we shall have to defer arriving in Bombay, for a number of days, I fancy, unless we do more towards it than we have done in the past two weeks. The beautiful evenings are still enjoyed by us - but the weather is too hot to expatiate much upon it. We manage to live during the ~~deck~~ day by sitting on deck - under an awning, fan in hand and in the Eve'g on the Poop - with ditto, ditto.

Tuesday - Jan 31st The last day of January, & no winter for us. Still the Calms - and Calms are still enough. 'Tis enough to give one the Blues of the deepest dye imaginable.

Wednesday. ~~Jan~~ February 1st. In sixteen ~~[2]~~ days we have been hoping that Bombay Harbor would have among its vessels the [far-famed slow sailing~~r~~] ship Sabine, Capt T.W. Hendee Commander. L'homme proposè et Dieu disposè.

Thursday. Feb. 2nd Saw a Sail, far away in the distance, but near enough to know that we were not the only unlucky ones on the great ocean of Calms. "A painted Ship, on the Painted Ocean. But still, calms, are the cry. Kept the first watch last night with

(1) Monday [Thomas takes over here and starts numbering the pages from '1';
June 4th

seeing his handwriting makes me doubt that earlier insertions were
his - perhaps rather some later reader] Midnight commences with
an increesing [sic] breeze from North East & fine beautiful
weather towards morning sharp Lightning & Thunder at S.W. & wind
failing at N.E. At 5 A.M. took a squall of wind from W.N.W. which
gradually increased to a gale & at 9 A.M. it blew a strong gale
from West by South. raising a very large sea so the ship was very
uncomfortable - Gus complaining of pains in the morning; occurring
at irregular intervals. & of short duration not very severe - I
could not very well notice their period as I was called on deck at
4 A.M. & did not leave it again until nearly 10 A.M. About this
time we split our Main top sail so bad we found it necessary to
bend a new one, & again I was called on deck - where I staid
until after 12 o'clock [sic] Noon. Came below took dinner as
usual & smoked my cigar - & wrote up my journal. while writing
my journal Gus had several severe pains - which some what con-
firmed my suspicions of the morning - At tea time - that is
[2 ? 3 ?] o'clock.

(2) Monday the pains became more regular. & very severe. occurring [sic]
Continued

about once in 5 minutes & lasting one minute & 30 seconds. a
 few other unmistakable signs about this time began to occur - &
 accordingly we made all necessary [sic] arrangements - or in a
 nautical phase [sic - "phrase" ?] - We shortened sail to the
 smallest possible quantity of canvass [sic] - spread the
taraulins - Battened down the hatches - & anxiously awaited the
 expected squall - At 6 P.M. the pains were very severe - the
 ship at this time was very easy indeed the gale of the morning
 had moderated to a gentle breeze - but still there was a very
 large sea running - however we only put canvass enough on the
 ship to keep her easy in the sea - About 10 P.M. Gus was in much
 pain - "Oh Thomas I know I shall die" - "give me chloroform or
 Ether." "I can't stand another pain like the last." I sat by
 her side all the time holding her hands in mine. which she
 grasped so tightly - she really hurt me some

(3) Monday I talked to her of things - about "Louisa ' Lydia" Emily" Lucy"
Continued

&c. there was hardly three minutes time between the pains &
they did not last more than a minute - but Oh! I would have
given all the world could I have been able to entrusted [sic]
the event to someone else. I sent Nancy to bed at 6 P.M. &
told her I would call her when she was wanted - Thus my darling
layed & suffered until 11^h 55' 48" PM I became a Father. & Gus
a Mother - as I supported him into this world of sorrow & sin.
the strange cold atmosphere of which struck with such a
shivering sensation on the dear little exposed body - I saw twas
a Boy - & then he oped his mouth & such Lungs. the cry of which
made glad his Mothers heart. When Gus asked "Oh Thomas. is he
perfect?" to which I replied "Oh yes as perfect as men can be
in this world - & such a bouncer" - Whereupon the little fellow
oped two of the prettiest blue eyes in the

(4) Monday & let his gaze rest on his Father - & now while I am writing -
Continued

I think had it been any other baby I should have said "pitty
 ceature gat [?] eyes [perhaps baby talk]" - I dispatched Nancy
 for the water &c for washing the little fellow clean & comforted
 the Mother as much as possible - As the Mother was now without
 pain & very much exhausted with the assistance of Nancy we had
 him soon dressed & laid on the Sofa. Although I really believe
 Gus must have made calculations for two. all the articles of his
 wardrobe were so very large - however experience teaches wisdom
 & she will know better another time - though if God spares to
 us this little one never with my consent shall she suffer so
 much as she has this night - After Gus became a Mother say 5
 minutes of 12o'clock - all her pains ceased & she did not have
 even the semblance of a pain after this - at the expiration of
 half an hour

(5) Monday
Continued

Tuesday
June 5th

for the After Birth to come away - as there were no prospects

however I attempted with gentle manual means to remove it - but
without success. then at 3 A.M. tried again but without success.

At 4 A.M. tried again but in vain, now I was beginning to get
alarmed - & found it almost impossible to cheer my darling wife -

I then went to our passengers room the Rev. Mr. Munger to ask
his advice - but he never having had any children could only say
"trust in God" - My whole trust through't had been in God. So I

returned to Gus & at 4^h 30' A.M. introduced my hand & took it
away - What a Joyful moment was that for both of us. & at one
time I fear I loved not the Boy - for I thought I should lose
the Mother - My feelings have been such as never before & such
as I never wish to have them

(6) Tuesday
Continued

again - I then immediately made the Mother comfortable & at 5 oclock gave her in her own arms her own little son Edward

[Tucke ?] Hendee - She took him just as any mother would -

kissed him just as any Mother should - & put him, where I have no doubt, he got something good - I then tried to have her

sleep. which she did in short naps. I also took a short nap -

After giving orders to the Mate to make all possible sail

At Breakfast time I awoke - took some breakfast sent Gus a cup

of tea - cracker &c. After Breakfast took Edward in my arms &

gave him a throug'h [sic] washing. after a good oiling - then

with the four corners of the blanket tied together & nothing

else on him - suspended him from a pair of Spring ballance [sic]

Steelyards. He took them down to nine & one quarter pounds. &

allowing 1/4 for Blanket we called him

(7) Tuesday a good "Nine pounder" During the remainder of the day the
Continued

weather was fine - the ship very easy - & Gus very comfortable -
very well in every way only much tired - He knows already how
to eat - & I think in his mess chest there is plenty of food.
as he has two very large ones. the time & place estimated
where he was born, is as follows.

Greenwich Mean time 9^h 47' 28"

Mean time at Ship 11^h 54' 04"

Apparant [sic] time at Ship 11^h 55' 48"

Latitude 32° 20' 44" South & Longitude 37° 20' 30" East. of the
South Eastern Coast of Africa Port Natal bearing about West 105
miles - Moon nearly full & in the Zenith - Jupiter & Venus below
the Horizon - Mars at the West nearly 6 hours past the Meridian -
Mother very comfortable all day - & Boy - bless him; as noisy
as possible - I retired early as I was somewhat tired - & slept
very sound

(8) Tuesday
Continued

so sound I awoke & found Nancy & Gus preparing some dry & clean clothes for the little one. Gus says she tried to awaken me - but couldnt & was obliged to call up nancy. She is of no use to us whatever & a more stupid person I never saw. if I want a cup of tea for Gus I have to get it myself - or tell her. she never thinks of doing any more than what she is told - & not even that unless she does it right away - the trouble is she does not know how - & 'tis impossible to teach her. Last evening at 5 Gus called me & asked for Nancy - I thought of course she was preparing some toast & tea at the gally [sic] for her tea - & replied to that effect - Gus said - I guess not I have not seen her for over two hours. I went to look for her & found her

Wednesday
June 6th

fast asleep in her room - several times during the night. I responded to the first fond calls of a Father - & put on numerous clean diapers

(9) Wednesday I flatter myself I did it well to [sic] - but Gus kept giving
Continued

me cautions to take care. she knew I was not doing it right -
 but the darling little fellow was handled as carefully as any
 one could handle him - & I do not dare to trust him in Nancy's
 hands. for I should soon expect to see her & Baby together
 rolling on the deck. At 9 A.M. washed the baby all over -
 powdered him all over with the little puff from his cousin
Charlie - & then brushed his little black hair with the brush.

I found it almost impossible to get on his clothes - not because
 he was so large - or the clothes too Small - For I flatter myself
 he will keep up the average of Babies - the trouble was simply
 in his clothes being all so large. For as fast as I got them on -
 one end he kicked them off the other - or sliped [sic] through
 them so easy - After he was all clean &

(10) Wednesday
Continued

& comfortable - & had given me one of his sweet smiles - I laid him on the pillow & then played Nurse & Ladys Maid to Gus. tis unnecessary for me to detail all the little minutia of the opperation [sic] - let it suffice I did all twas neccessary [sic] - & then Found our position - about 150 miles from the Southern Coast of Africa - In the afternoon I sat with Gus - played with the Baby & at 8 P.M. retired to rest. was called as usual several times during the night to play the nurse. & often found my fingers well covered with yellow ochre - or a kind of substance very much resembling it - Gus says as she lays in bed, "little darling" "Ain't he a handsome baby Thomas" Of course I assent - & as he lays on her arm he really does look cunning & pretty - & she lifts up one of corner [sic] of his Blanket & says, "I could lay here forever & look at him - Makes pretty

(11) Wednesday speeches about his Grand Father Grand Mother's. Aunts [Netter ?] & Concluded.

Jennie - & Old Uncle Ned. Says Father Baby's Grandpapa must give him a little gold cup for drinking - "Oh Thomas I know if the little darling lives for us to carry him home - Mother will want him in bed with her the first morning after we get there" - there are already [sic] lots of plans in regard to him - already we have figured out a course for his infant-years. & every day there is something new. Truly he is a wonderful Baby! - & I say so.

Thursday Truly we are having most beautiful weather - hardly a cloud in
June 7th

the sky with a smooth Sea - & a light air from the North - & though tis now mid winter in these latitudes Say 36° South we have a range of thermometer averaging 76° & not less than 69° at night. A few days Easterly wind & then

(12) Thursday we shall have doubled this stormy cape - & away we go rolling
Continued

down the South East trade winds for Home. Gus is doing finely -
 very well indeed - so much better than I expected any one could
 be after such a siege that I am truly thankful - We have one
 little trouble with her breasts - they secrete the milk so
 fast - our little Heir cannot keep them down in fact they are
 so hard & [knoby ?] I fear a Broken breast. We put Nancy to
 them but she could not do much in that line - I have made a
 lotion that will soften them somewhat & [scatter ?] some -
 though I shall be careful not to [scatter ?] the milk too
 much. The Lotion has proved so successful that we have
 succeeded in drawing off a 1/2 tea cup full & Gus feels
 greatly relieved -

(13) Thursday About now I begin to experience all the delights of being a
Concluded Father. Called up seven or eight times during the night - &
oftimes just as I am removing the [condemed ?] diaper - just
by way of variety the little fellow will fill my hand. I had
much rather his Aunt Jennie or Nellie were here to attend to
this part of the performance. For we dare not trust Nancy.
He is such a comfort to us & we love him so much - Such a
hungry mortal to [sic] - he wants to eat every five minutes -
He only crys when he is hungry. we stop his mouth with a teat.
then he sleeps until he is hungry again - & so on we repeat.

Friday Another one of those beautiful days. The ocean smooth - & sky
June 8th clear. a faint air from N.W. so we make but little way on our
course.

(14) Friday Gus seems very well to day - so much so - I carried her in my
Concluded arms to the sofa - took all our bedding out for an airing - Gus
 layed on the sofa & made some little articles for the Boy - in
 fact she seems so extraordinary well [sic] I am in hopes we will
 have a healthy baby. if all the signs are well we hear about
 then truly he is a healthy one - He keeps nancy rather busy
 making clean napkins & me ditto putting them on. I can do it
 quite well now but cant say I like the job. Gus laughs to
 him - [cooe's ?] to him - & then cry - Snaps at me & says she
 dont mean it but is affraid [sic] I shall hurt the baby.
 Edward 5 days old. Nellie 26 years old to day. Almost an old
 Maid Aunt.

Saturday Another fine day like the last Gus a little nervous to day -
 9th as little Eddie was worrisome most all night so neither of us
 got much

(15) Saturday sleep - Gus wonders if all babies breathe in this way; thinks
Continued

something must be the matter - then again "He has one stool
 more a day than babies ever have." everything looks wrong to
 her in him but still he is the most healthy looking baby I
 ever saw. If He sleeps "I am affraid [sic] he is not well as
 he would not sleep so much." & if he wakes there are the
 same troubles - I can hardly get her to eat anything for fear
 it should harm the baby. She would not take Castor Oil -
 although very [Costine ?] - so I gave her a dose of Epsom
 Salts - which gave her some relief - but she imagined it worked
 also on little Eddie - & now she will take nothing - although
 nothing has passed her for two days I am affraid to make even
 the most casual remark concerning him - for fear of worrying
 her - she will say - what did you say so for

(16) Saturday "now I shall worry about that all night" - then she will cry
Continued

& wish herself with her Mother - saying she does not know what
 he wants - "Oh dear if Mother was only with me I should know
 what to do" - When as I think if her Mother was here - & there
 was any trouble with the little one - she would not know it -
 no - not even the color of his stools - I try to reason with
 her but all to no purpose - she will take no rest - for fear
 the child will wake & she not hear him - when in fact - when
 she has been in a sound sleep the little cherub will only
 raise his arm & Gus is away with the usual "What does Mother's
 darling want." "Has he a pain?" "Is He hungry" - &c &c. -
 She idolizes him so much I fear 'tis a sin. But I must be
 firm or she will be sick herself. & if firmness costs her a
 slight pang for the present I

(17) Saturday hope she will thank me for it afterwards.
Concluded

Sunday "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted
 June 10th within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is
 the health of my countenance [sic], and my God." The above
 quotation was taken from the Bible this P.M. as I opened it to
 select a verse for my darling wife - thus the reason I have
 here transfered [sic] it - I do not intend to preach a sermon
 from it although were such my intention I could not perhaps make
 a better selection. & perhaps could bring some consolation to my
 darling wife - She is truly my darling as she lays here with
 her babe on her breast. the smiling cherub taking his supper
 from the fountains of my pride - dropping into a gentle Slumber
 to smile with

(18) Sunday
Continued

angels while he sleeps. Gus says "Little dear." & I echo. God
grant that he may be spared to us For we both love him very
much. Our arrangements in our little Cabin are so very
different from when we left Boston I will here make a brief
sketch of them - "viz"

Where the Long Sofa stood we have a large four posted Blackwood
bed stead with cane Bottom. with four upright carved posts &
a white Muslin Mosquita curtain pendant therefrom. the bed is
full wide enough for Baby Gus & I. But at present I occupy the
long sofa at night - situated on the forward side of the Cabin -
closing the right-hand door. with the left one open or shut
as we feel disposed - in the center between the Sofa & bed is
the table. at which I am now writing. & the Medicine Chest
thereon - our old Stateroom we

(19) Sunday
Continued

have converted into a dressing room & wardrobe - & the opposite room we have installed Nancy - A large Curtain fore & Aft, runs

the entire length of the Cabin - so our passengers can pass

through the After Cabin without intruding on the privacy of the

Sacred Starboard side - thus are our arrangements & we are as

comfortable as possible as one can be on board the "Sabine" -

But Gus is timid since the Cyclone Gale she does not enjoy the sea

one moment - In fine weather always dreading a gale. & in a

gale always fearful of the ship's going to pieces - the trusting

the Stout oak frame which has weathered many a severe encounter

with the Elements - tho' since the birth of our son & heir we

have had supremely fine weather - & though tis

(20) Sunday
Continued

mid winter - we have had light breezes & a mild temperature - so the Sailors "poor souls" have hardly been called to reef top sails more than once. They are very anxious to know, from Nancy when they are to see the Boy - & they all seem as much pleased as I do myself: I shall show him as soon as we are well clear of the Cape & bowling down the S.E. trade wind have run into warm weather. He seems the perfection of Health & happiness to-day - all the signs are prosperous. though Gus has one - a very peculiar one indeed - viz - if a certain appendage looks plump & fair he is well. but if flabby & hanging like a washerwomans thumb he must be sick - However he is well & we trust in God to keep him So. Nancy loves him but still we dare not trust her with him she is so very careless. I must call

(21) Sunday her the most ignorant person I ever saw - amusingly [sic] so.
Concluded

She has an idea, - since the death of her "old Granny" - that she to [sic] must die - Her Mother died somewhere about this time of about the same complaint she is afraid of - I asked her what was that complaint - her reply was "Information"- I at once assured her she would never die of that - for if she live long enough to acquire the first symptoms of it Methusalah's age would be nought compared to hers. To-day we made the South Eastern Coast of Africa near Cape Naches [?]. & when I told her it was Africa she gazed on it with a kind of Sisterly affection. Gus laid on the Sofa a short time to day while we aired her bed - & seems very well if we except an almost continual paid she has in her Side.

Monday Set in with fine weather & smooth sea. running in for the
 June 11.

Land - at

(22) Monday
Continued

weather looking very threatening at the West - At 2 P.M. we took a fierce squall from W.N.W. which increased very fast to a gale & at 7 P.M. we had a strong gale of wind - All night dark & stormy with rain - Gus continues to fear a gale as much as ever & has the blues so bad I find it impossible to cheer. Continually asking about the Barometer - & with every sea that strikes the ship want [sic] to know if there is no danger of going to peices [sic] - says I do not answer her right - if I say yes. she find [sic] fault. if I say no - she says - "you know you are frightened yourseff [sic]." She cries more than half the time - & has the worst kind of blues - & if a spray comes over she grasps her baby & "Oh Thomas is there no danger" - is well aware tis foolish to worry & in her present weak state. & will lay the foundation of

(23) Monday
Concluded

some disease - The boy continues to grow & is now quite a Lad - only a week old. knows how to ask for his breakfast - dinner - supper & Lunch - [een ?] so his Mother understands every word he say [sic] - & I imagine I do. Although he is now a week old we have hardly heard him cry - put all together twould not make five minutes - He lays on the bed with his large blue eyes open. & realy [sic] seems to notice those who are hovering over him - we even think we can detect a smile on his cherub face. He will lay thus for an hour or more - occasionally stretching or gaping - & putting on such an old look I tell Gus he remind [sic] me of one "Gen [?] Tom Thumb." only he is a great deal handsomer. Gus reads the Medicine Book in the A.M. Has the symtoms [sic] of some disease - reads it again at night & before I can cure her of the morning complaint she she [sic] all the symtoms [sic] of the evening [?].

(24) Tuesday To day we have a rather hard gale of wind - with a high
June 12.

tumultuous sea on ship rolling & plunging very bad - an
American Bark in company bound West. Hove to under our
Lee we are rangeing [sic] ahead of him very fast. & since
yesterday noon have lost 10 miles. What must he lose
When this gale commenced He was about 9 miles west of us.
& this A.M. we came up & passed - signallizeing [sic] as we
passed - I could not learn his name - as he had not the
Code - but his private signal gave the initial letters

NG | In the P.M. the Gale had increased to such an extent
we were obliged to ^{land} hand [? or 'bend' ?] our For topsail &
heave to - the squalls came with violence bringing Hail with
them - & the temperature decreased from our average of 70° to
59°. We warm weather birds felt the change very sensibly -
but closeing [sic] the Cabin doors & Lights we

(25) Tuesday
Continued

were comfortable within - Gus says "Oh! Thomas. did you ever see anything half as bad"? I reply - "Yes! The Cyclon [sic] - "Oh dear I don't mean that - but anything else - I tell her yes. last year off here I had thirty three days just such weather with twenty-two sucessive [sic] westerly gales. then the Barometer is asked about again - Gus is worrying to-day very much - something has been done wrong about the N^{ave}₁ [sic] of our baby - because it has not yet come off. How can it come off? with the Belly band on tight - & I not allowed to remove it to see [the ?] how far the process of sloughing has advanced - tomorrow when the ship is easier I am bound to to [sic] attempt it - Though I am well aware how many admonitions for caution I shall receive -

(26) Tuesday No one can tell how ignorant I am in all things pertaining
Concluded

to babies - but yet I have one here to do for - & one of the

Wednesday sweetest little ones I ever saw. To day we have one of those
June 13th

old Fashioned gales so severe off this stormy Cape - yet our

little "Cape Pigeon" roughs it out finely under his Mothers

Lee. The ship is very uncomfortable - & Gus as worrisome as

ever - thinks we must go to pieces, & no mistake - On looking

at the little fellows Navel this P.M. which was in spite of

all Gusties [?] caution to the contrary - I found it must have

been off a day or more - as it had sliped [sic] a little on

one side. & part of the belly with which it came in contact

excoriate - as though there had been a blister applied - a

spot as big over [or 'ever' ?] as a silver dollar - &

looking very much inflamed all around - we throughly [sic]

cleansed it & dressed with Simple ointment

(27) Wednesday & we hope to have it all healed in a few day [sic]. We have not
Concluded

been able to give him a real good washing since he was born.

first we were affraid [sic] of the Bandage around his waist

slipping - & now the ship has such an uncomfortable motion

'tis unsafe - as one has enough to do to hold on to ones self.

However we gave him a kind of wash - & made him as comfortable

as could be. the weather is too cold to keep him exposed to

[sic] long. Gus I think would be nicely only for this gale

which keeps her awake & gives her a start every motion the

ship makes.

Thursday The Gale still continues with a very high turbulent Sea -
 June 14th

Gus very uncomfortable & exceedingly - unwell - She sat up

in bed to day more than usual. & looks very haggard. Little

Cape Pigeon as good as [better pie ?] - Nancy useless -

tumbling around - trying to knock her brains

(28) Thursday
Concluded

out if indeed she has any - Gus says our little one looks like

Sammy Coburn [?]. Uncle Sams Sam. I can't trace it - Mr.

Stearns think [sic] he looks like me - I cant see that either -

the Gus [sic] says he looks something like his Grand-Mother

Hendee. but still I am at a loss to trace any resemblance -

& only think he looks like a pretty little Baby. with light

Brown hair - bright blue eyes - pug nose - & so Fat as butter -

& a temper just like his Father's so says Gus - to night as I

was looking under his belly band - when we were about to

change him - to see if the dressing on the sore was all right -

I felt something warm trickling through my whiskers - & on

raising my head to find the cause. [slop over ?] my face &

into my eyes. came a little stream of warm water. Gus thinks

it cunning I shant what I think [sic].

(29) Friday All this Forenoon the Gale continued to blow with unabated
 June 15th violence but towards night it moderated suddenly & left us
 with a high sea. & an almost Calm. the ship rolling round
 with sudden, but easy rolls. Gus so much better she sat on
 the sofa this afternoon for about five hours. cut out & made
 a little sack for Cape Pigeon - as also some diapers; the last
 he uses very fast & so they are all stained with a peculiar
 kind of yellow - that salt water will not take out - new ones
 have to replace them - made from old sheets - night dresses -
 Chemises &c. of which there is already a large stock on hand.
 The Sack is more for Master Edwards Arms than anything else.
 to keep them warm - as he is very much averse to having them
 wrapped in a blanket - He has some as presents from his Aunt
 Jennie

(30) Friday But all are too large. we put one on him this P.M. twas
Concluded

really as large as a shirt would look on a clothes pole.

So Gus has come to the conclusion to make him some smaller

ones. He seems very fretful to day - & Gus thinks he has

taken a cold. Asks if he does not breathe a little croupy.

The wind is dieing [sic] away again but in the wrong quarter

for a fair wind so we must anticipate another gale after a

few hours Calm. We are making nothing at all - & losing

something every day. with a tremendous head sea.

Saturday Another Gale from the North commenced about 9 A.M. & at
June 16th

Noon was at its height blowing fiercely. Ship very uneasy -

& a very low Barometer. 2 Ships in [Co ?] laying to. we have

weathered on them some 10 miles during the Forenoon. Blowing

hard all night - with a tremendous sea - up to the waist in

water all the time on deck - Sailors washed

(31) Saturday out of the Forecastle - Cook out of the gally [sic] - putting
Concluded out Fires - washing away spare spars. Peg pen & all moveables
 [?] about deck. Hove to under Storm Main Spencer. Ship
 leaking from straining so much. one pump going continually -
 We are driving fast to South with this gale - & the Old Sabine
 seems as much doomed to cruise off here as the Flying Dutchman.
 Gus keeps her bed - lays & worries - cries most all the time -
 blames me for not telling her there is danger - when there
 is none. wishes the Baby [want?] born & all sorts of things -
 so between her - the Ship Leaking so bad. & the Gale. one
 can judge something of what I have to contend with.

Sunday Hard gales. large & dangerous sea - Fierce squalls - of Hail
17th & rain - [indecipherable word or words] we are driving to the
 South Saw several ship [sic] all bound East decks continually
 flooded with water - Gus in bed all day - Gale

(32) Sunday hauling from North to South West & growing Cold. but still
Continued

blowing fierce And Sea washing clear over us. One Boy

[Pat Welch ?] vomiting all day in the Forecastle - supposed

Sea sickness About 9 A.M. As I was going on deck to take a

look at the weather - & had just emerged from the Cabin doors

& closed them after me. the Ship gave one of those tremendous

rolls - that Gus thinks will roll her - (the ship) over -

taking on board a Good Hope Sea. & washing poor me first

to the Lee side - then back again to the weather side - with

such force - that in going my ancle [sic] struck against one

of the iron [bolts ?] in the deck & sprained it - & What

with the blow as it struck on the inside ancle [sic] bone -

& the sprain - I had one of the most exquisite pains I ever

experienced in my life - I managed to crawl inside the

Cabin from whence the officer of the deck

(33) Sunday found me & took me into the After Cabin - Nancy bathed it -
Concluded.

& swathed it - & then bolstered on a pillow I tried to make
 myself comfortable for the night - but what a night was that -
 such pain I could not help Gus about the baby & all the
 changes had to be made alone by her. She wanted to bath [sic]
 my Ankle [sic] but poor child - twas as much as she could do
 to keep herself on the bed - much less move around the
 Cabin - Baby passed a worrisome night so I had company -

Monday Gale moderating very fast under all sail once more with a
 June 18th leading wind - which soon fell to a Calm - & then in a short
 time breezed up At North again. with fine weather & a smooth
 Sea. We find this last Gale has driven us 200 miles south
 of the Cape a little farther East than we were 5 days ago -
 This seems a poor prospect for

(34) Monday getting around - & I am anxious - our stock of fresh water is
Continued

getting Low & I don't care to have to stop at St. Helena to
 replenish it - as also this weather is to [sic] cool to wash
 the Cape Pigeon as he ought to be washed. Gus Sat up all day to
 day & seems much better - than I have seen her since we left
 Boston Has cut out & is making a little [illegible word or
 words] Cape Pigeon - to keep his little head warm. A little
unwell as yet. thinks Edward one of the Handsomest babies in
 the world & knows she would not call him handsome if he was
 not. I say naught but if he looks like his Papa - of Course
he must be Handsome. But as yet I cant see as he resembles his
 Father only in one little thing - & that of course is hardly
 enough to form any judgement on - Gus after a hard days work -
 bathed my ankle [sic] for about an hour in tincture of

(36) Monday & when I saw him - I was sure he could live but an hour. a
Concluded
 peculiar rattle in his throat & such a gasping for breath was
 truly distressing to witness - I staid two hours expecting every
 moment to be his last. but still he suffered on. I then with
 the same assistance came aft & retired for the night - was awake
 as usual with several squalls but not very severe ones as they
 were only hungry squalls.

Tuesday We have moderate weather today but a head wind so we are making
 June 19.
 no progress at Home [?] - & only running in under the [land ?] -
 I suppose to take another Gale & be driven off to south once
 more. The Ship is quite easy now, with hardly any motion. &
 Gus get [sic] round as naturally as ever - though she has not
 yet been out side the After Cabin door since her confinement.
 More unwell to day than usual. tho Cape Pigeon is

(35) Monday Arnica [?] & it seemed much better after she had done - but
Continued

while in the process her hand did not seem gentle over the
bruises - but her assurances - of "it's all right" I used to
bathe Father's just so somewhat reconciled me to her harsh
touches - the Boy Pat whom we thought Sea Sick yesterday -
has turned insane - lost the power of speech & seems to
suffer very much - I sent Nancy this P.M. to put Mustard
Plasters on him but he tore them off as fast as they were put
on. His pulse seems regular - but his heart is very
irregular. I cant form any idea what can be the mater [sic]
with him. He looks & acts more like a dieing [sic] person
than anything else I can compare him to. About 10 I was called
by the Mate - saying he was dieing [sic] - as the death rattle
was in his throat - The Mate & one man carried me into the
Fore castle

(37) Tuesday
Concluded

as well as can be. & Just as helpless. though we think him quite a bright boy. & already we think he takes some notice of those around him. At least he knows his Papa from his Mama. more especially when he is hungry - we both love him so very much - I fear we sin in loving the Creature more than the Creator - but how can we help it - we have so long wanted one - to love & do for - & so much love babies both of us. that now we are blessed with one & a boy - I fear we forget our first duty in praise & thanks to Him who gave him - the Boy Pat remains about the Same in a kind of death Like trance. & we much fear he will not recover. My Ankle is much better thanks to Gusties [?] gentle bathing [sic] -

Wednesday
June 20th

Still the same gentle breezes - & smooth Sea - & we are close in under the land - Gus quite [bright ?] today but "Cape Pigeon" a little worrisome

(38) Wednesday We gave him some annis seed tea - yesterday - some sage to day
Continued & pepermint [sic] at night - so he sleeps in his little
 Hammock all night as happy as any baby can be. I believe the
 little fellow like [sic] it much better to sleep in than the
 bed because he does not feel the motion of the ship near as
 much. We are close in under the Southern Shores of Africa -
 & Nancy look [sic] at it & calls it the "Faderland" - I wish
 she was there for all the use she is to us. As we were in
 Shoal water All the Afternoon & becalmed we tried our luck at
 Fishing & in about one hour caught right nice large fish
 resembling a Salmon & running from six to sixteen pounds -
 they resemble a Salmon in every way - but have the Haddock
 mark of St. Peter - Gus thinks them nicer eating than Salmon -
 I think them full as nice - towards night we took a

(39) Wednesday very faint air from East which is a fair one - but 'tis hauling
'Concluded'

too fast round to North again to be much benifit [sic] to us.

The Boy Pat still continues in the throes of death - has
taken no nourishment since Sunday - nor spoken. He can't
survive much longer - I think twould be a mercy to take him
hence. for he suffers so much.

Thursday We were to day at Noon, off the Southernmost point of Africa.
June 21st

Cape Augullhas [?]. about 27 miles from the Land. & as our
fair wind has failed us & we were once more undergoing the
tedious hours of a Calm - the Fishing lines were let down -
& we took thirteen large fish of the same species as those of
yesterday. Had a chowder for dinner - but t'went [I think he
is abbreviating 'it weren't'] one of Jennies Chowders. For I
do think she makes a Chowder to suit me exactly - & I wish I
was in a position to eat one at this present moment.

(40) Thursday We have now been off this Cape of Storms - near twenty one
Continued days. & had near two weeks of successive Westerly Gales &
 a high turbulent Sea. So Gus has fairly ignored the Sea.
 & to see her suffer so much makes me miserable - & I cer-
 tainly will never ask her to do so for my sake - again. For
 the last week She has been troubled very much with a pain in
 her side - & a severe one it is to [sic] - I am worried
 about it somewhat. She says the "Old Woman" told her she
 would have it after her baby was born. & that she did not
 see any baby coming home with us. so I think this worries
 Gus some. I wish all such old Hags who make such pretentions
 of seeing into the future were - or had been burnt in the
 time of the Salem Witch craft. I can't see how anyone of
 half common sense - if the term is

(41) Thursday too strong excuse it - can believe in such absurd predictions -
Concluded

'tis astonishing how many Gulls [?] there are in the world!

Gus is getting along so finely now I hope she will soon
 resume her pen - & continue on the pages of this Journal.

As My scrawl & little sense seems altogether out of place
 here. In fact I am so used to keeping a Sea record of the
 daily routine of events on ship board; I can hardly write
 anything else than "commences &c - [Mip ports ?] &c.

Ends &c - Lat & Long - Course - distance sailed - & whole
 distance sailed - So to keep a ladys journal - one of my
 rough nature must needs soften his hand a little - & more
 develop the soft spots in his head -

Friday We are having smooth weather - with a light air from all
 June 22nd points of the Compass - working around. Cape Augulhas [?].
 in Shoal water & during the

(42) Friday Calms fishing - good success in that line, as we took between
Continued

forty & Fifty averaging twelve pounds each. Two other ships in
 Co. working around & fishing at the Same time - at 10 A.M. we
 were close in under the land breezed up from West [sic] - & we
 stood off to South expecting another "Tea Party" At 3 P.M.
 Exchanged signals with the Br Barque "Sir Chas Napier" 57
 days from Bombay towards New York. "Sabine" 63 days out.
 Every things beats the "Sabine" for we are as deep as a Sand
 Barge. A pall hangs o'er the ship today - one of those
 solemn events that clouds the spirits. & calms the Joyous
 heart, has taken place in our little world - one from our
 member is missed - no more shall the whistling gale, dash the
 salt spray over his life inspired form - but beneath the angry
 Billow, with the Coarse hammock for his winding sheet. there
 he shall rest

(43) Friday
Continued

until the last trump shall sound & sea give up its dead -

Patrick Welch a native of [looks like 'Russiabuctoo']. St.

John's Joined our crew at Bombay to gain the shores of New

York. but ere we had sped half. the distance to that

destined haven. the Angel of Death spread his wings hovered

o'er his sinking form - in all the terrors of delerium - till

wearried [sic] & exhausted he sank into that sound slumber

which knows no waking - & his soul passed on - we hope to

its blest abode. The Services were conducted by our Passenger

- the Rev. S. B. Munger but not with that solemnity I had

anticipated. I had hoped he would have taken the opportunity

to offer a few remarks to our crew. but he only read the

beautiful service for the burial of the dead at Sea. from

the Book of Common Prayer - without any comments & really

seemed to hurry through - with

(44) Friday unseemly haste. as he had burried [sic] a Wife at Sea on
Continued

one of his passages to India - I had looked for more feeling
than he manifested on the occasion - the Corpse was laid in
the gangway - the service hurried through - A heavy splash
[sic] - a circling of the dark blue waters of the deep. & the
body had sunk where mortal eyes may never look upon it again -
& the Lee was still & smooth again - as if its surface had
never been broken by the passage of this frail relic of
mortality as it passed into its profundity - the sails were
once more filled away - & the ship sped slowly on once more
through the yielding waters. Death at Sea where the ship
constitutes the world of a few inhabitants, strongly linked
together, in consequence of the solitude which reigns around
them in the ocean desert - is always a solmn [sic] thing -
even when the

(45) Friday victim is one who has chosen an ocean life - & when it may be
Concluded

expected that the wanderer over the oceans surface may sleep
his last sleep in its immeasurable depths; But when a Lad,
so young in years - the world looking bright & cheery
['inward'? 'onward'?] - as he toils up the deep ascent to
gain the highest round - thus to be cut off from all his
ambition - is doubly solemn - & our hearts drop one tear of
regret [sic] as he sinks in the general grave - where the
"wild waves" sing his requiem & the crested billow sweeps
heedless over the spot.

Saturday Light leading breezes taking us slowly around the Cape. In
June 23 the Forenoon Spoke [?] the Br. Ship "['Mindaro'? 'Mindoro'?]"
43 days from Bombay to Liverpool In the Afternoon Spoke ship
"Queen of the East" 70 days from Calcutta towards Liverpool -
they all sail by us in these light

(46) Saturday winds If we do not get round this Cape soon I shall certainly
Continued

have to touch at St. Helena ['Helens'?] for water. Our Cape

Pigeon remains about the same - Bus calls him a little

troublesome thing - but to see her manœuvre [sic] with him

one would not think she thought so. There we see how

beautifully is the gradual & silent course of nature

exemplified by the infant in his mothers arms! watch it,

as I do! How helpless & dependent lies the sleeping babe.

What is there to indicate a soul is there enshrined? The

Mother's boundless love, which beams from her eye as she

gazes upon her child, the fond caress, the voice softened

to sweetest music, as she sings his lulaby [sic]; gives us

a sufficient answer. She doubts not the priceless worth of

her child, and as weeks roll away

(47) Saturday
Continued

she perceives that each brings some new charm to the
cherished one - The softest music sounds not half so sweetly
to her ear as the first lisping of that infants tongue - &
when it first utters her name the Mothers heart thrills with
a Joy hitherto unknown - & she runs to tell Papa. or writes
his lispings in the well known messenger of the heart. &
speeds it to him in some far off Land. to cheer His heart
on his lonly [sic] Journeys across the trackless ocean.
Think you then that Mother becomes weary because the babe
learns so slowly to express his wants? Many a Month must pass
before her child can give the least return, by word or deed
for her love; & long years must transpire before he can
learn to think & act for him self. yet the Mother complains
not. but willingly & patiently does she watch over him in

(48) Saturday infancy - protects him in childhood - counsels him in youth -
Concluded

& in Manhood he becomes her support & comforter.

Sunday Light leading breezes still continue to hurry us around the
June 24th

Cape. & we are sailing along in fine view of the land. but
disappointment again is our doom; towards night the wind
commenced to Haul to North & increased to a moderate gale
with one of those uncomfortable head seas on. So we are
prepareing [sic] for another "Nor Wester."

Monday Here we are in all the enjoyment of a Hard gale of wind
June 25th

from the West. right in our teeth. but we have some company
as two Barks one ship. & a Brig are working to west with us.

Three weeks ago to day. I was childless - now we have one

loved little one to care for & minister unto o'nights [?].

& almost daily we feel our hearts expand towards him - until

I fear if we

(49) continue on loving him so much - there will be no room left
in our bosoms for the pulsations - Already he begins to
notice some - & his Mother lies & looks at him - with that
strange sort of worship love always calls forth - I am called
to see him raise his hand - "he does it so cunning" & then
"such an old expression" as he puts on - "did you ever see
anything like it?" I have never seen much of babies in any
way - but this one I cant see too much of - three weeks old
to day - & Oh how much dearer is he to me now than then -
though the next morning I did think twould be impossible to
make him any dearer to my heart. Alas how little do we
imagine how much the heart clings to those dear objects -
that make life beautiful - until in our moments of sadness
& thought we see the frailty of human life - & now I

(50) am a Father. I can draw three scenes from our Married Life -

Respectfully dedicated to my darling Wife. Augusta E. Hendee -

Loved well, when first I asked thee for a loved return -

And thou didst hesitate ere plighting troth with me -

When the mantling [?] blush on thy fair cheek did burn -

We kissed & asked Heaven to bless our loves on bended knee -

Loved More, when by thy side at the nuptial hour,

The family grouped themselves beside;

And on thy unresisting hand with gentle power,

I sliped [sic] the ring, that marked my blooming bride.

Loved most. when off the stormy Cape Good Hope

(51) With our first wee prattler [?] on thy knee -

I saw through thy dear eyes they soul devining -

The lover - husband - Father blent in me.

Tuesday
June 26th

Round the Cape at last - once more we have a fair wind &

I hope 'twill take us into the "Trades" - Gus & the Boy the

same dear creatures as ever - He keeps awake all night & of

course keeps his mother awake - & I catch it good because I

can sleep while he is crying - if I could not sleep at such

a time - I should be as cross as a bear. So Gus may think

herself well off the little ones [hubabuhboos ?] does not

disturb me. Gus is a queer one & thinks I do not do half

enough for the youngster - when between him & the ship &

hours for sleep I have hardly had a chance to look in a

book. Gus still continues to worry about the Gales &

watches the Barometer as closely as ever -

(52) Wednesday Fair but light winds still continue to favor us. & the "Sabine"
June 27th

is jogging slowly along towards home with her precious freight
on board all in good Health. unless we except Nancy who is
ailing all the time - although we see no signs of "information"
as yet. One day she doses with Boneset [?] tea. the next
with wormwood bitters - then I am called upon for Castor oil -
Purgeing [sic] pills - & Rhubarb. truly I would not make
such a medicine chest of my insides for all the imaginary
diseases in a well stocked doctors [sic] book. Our pet
pigeon still continues in good Health in spite of all the
symptoms Gus is continually noticeing [sic] - today he is
costive [?] - tomorrow a diarehea [as near as I can make out
his spelling]. then He breathes croupy. or has a cold in
his head - & his "Father is one of the most heartless men
I know of because He does

(53) Wednesday
Concluded.

not worry himself sick, because of all these imaginary diseases - We hope every day either Father or Ned will be in New York on our arrival if Ned's vacation is not at an end - At any rate there will be two dispatches go forward - thus - Arrived Last night ship "Sabine" - all well including a Boy born off Cape of Good Hope June 4th 1860.

TWHendee. [sic]

to Eadward [sic] Tucke Esqs. [sic]

Lowell Mass &

one to Mrs. [looks like 'M. W. Hendee'] No. 2. This of course if God spares all our lives in the continuance of the Same great blessing we now enjoy -

Thursday
June 28th

The same light but fair breezes - with the monotonous routine of ships duties - "Cape Pigeon" as good as ever - & Gus as anxious - thinks she would not sell the Boy for ten thousand dollars. Nor would I! -

(54) Friday Same light airs & cloudy weather & we are making only 60
June 29.

miles pr [sic] day towards home. & still nearly 7000 miles
of ocean waste to traverse - The Cape Pigeon seems as well
as ever - & almost talks or at least tries to as much as any
baby can at his age. Gus made a supper off of oysters fried
in batter & considered them delicious - & only wanted the
pitcher of Ice water on the dineing [sic] room table at
home to make her a happy mortal - She cannot seem to get
accustomed to our water at Sea - although we have beautifully
clear water from an iron tank - & I think cool enough for
any one to drink. We cut one of our last Pumulo's [sic]
to day leaving only two - the one we cut was very dry
although it looked quite fresh on the outside - [illegible
word] very dry inside however we managed

(55) Friday to get enough out to taste a little fruity - she'll cut one
Concluded

other tomorrow - The smooth sea makes things a great deal
pleasanter than off the Cape - & to day we discovered our
head [~~'sails'~~? 'rails' ~~4~~] very much [illegible word] & open
so much so had the breach been under the water line we -
could not possibly have kept afloat [sic] with both pumps
agoing this accounts for the leak when we were off the
Cape - & pitching ['bows'?] under into a head sea. so one
pump going continually all the time could just keep us clear
of water. but in fine weather as even in a moderate gale
this breach cannot reach the water so there is no danger
to be apprehended from it -

Saturday Same light airs from the West & cloudy weather - & a
June 30th

['Strange'? 'Stranger'?] ship gaining on us bearing [?]

(56) Saturday South West at Noon 10 miles - I am looking for the Trade
Continued

winds but where are they? I do not know. weather warm
enough now to wash Cape Pigeon every day - we strip him
stark & on his Mothers Lap I manipulate For she is so much
affraid [sic] of injuring some of his limbs - that I dare not
trust her to do - she does not half do it In fact she does
not yet know how to handle him - pruff [for 'proof'?] that I
know best when she washes him the little one strains [?]
his lungs to the utmost - & when I wash him as I did to day
he "says never a word." but looks up in my face & smiles.
I wash him - dress him - & handle him so readily - that I
think I only require one requisite to make me a wet nurse -
who would believe it. one of the Sons of

(57) Saturday
Continued

Neptune - brought up with a marline [sic] spike & Tar bucket
in his hand - thus going through all the phases of Docter [sic] -
Midwife & Nurse with such good success. though I think with
many another before me Nature unassested is the best Midwife -
but a cheerful - but firm & judicious friend is the Mothers
best comfort & Main Stay. Slept with Gus last night the
first time for many weeks. the Cape Pigeon in the Hammock
above us. where he slept so securely & comfortable - we
were only aroused once curing the night - Cut another Pumulo
today which we found very juicy & Gus enjoyed it much both in
drink & eating. there was enough for half a dozen in this
one. & in the one of yesterday not enough

(58) Saturday for one. Killed our best Pig to-day for we could not spare
Concluded

the water to keep life in him - we have one duck & one
chicken left so our three quards [sic - 'quarts'?] per man
is just sufficient to keep us from want. We are all on an
allowance but the Boy. & he seems to get it just when he
wants it -

Sunday [words 'Bad pen' written in above 'Sunday' referring to the
July 1st blotches of ink on this page]

Fine smooth sea, with light
but fair winds. & we are getting along slowly Another
Strange ship gaining on us from astern - Gus & the boy
still in the enjoyment of Health - & Nancy complaining as
usual - Gus rises now as usual in the morning. & dons that
dress "which is so easy to slip on over another one" She
finds it a very nice one to nurse in - & very warm &
comfortable for these latitudes - Gus looks so cunning as
she lies now in the bed taking an afternoon nap. fast

(59) Sunday
Concluded

asleep - & the little one on her arm with his bright blue eyes

gazeing [sic] around to see what his Papa is doing - & I will

say He is the handsomest baby I ever saw - if it is mine -

For the Pug nose will not be a pug nose after all - & the

red hair will be almost as dark as mine

Monday
July 2nd

Another ship coming up astern - & at 4 P.M. we exchanged

signals with her. she proved to be American & Ship "Andes"

from "Penang" bound to Boston 60 days out. We asked to be

reported at Boston "all well" She passed on out of sight

ahead - & again we are seemingly alone on the Broad ocean.

& the light wind we have had dieing [sic] away to a Calm.

Dined off of Fresh Pork to day. but swine does not taste

at Sea as it does on shore - The feed is not as good - &

then the cooking very bad indeed - How good some Straw-

berries Cherries &c would go at this time.

(60) Tuesday Another fine day & the ship speeding along towards her
July 3rd

destined port. in all the glory of a good spanking
breeze. & all sail set. all hands on deck cleaning
ship. Tarring scraping iron & the various duties of
refitting - Nancy has made us a Hogshead cheese out of
one half of the head of our old Hog. Tasted very nice
but cut very poorly indeed - Now is about the time
Nance earns her money in washing diapers. we keep her
rather busily employed on those things & I am glad we
have found something she can do on ship board - Gus
finds the Boy wont be sick in spite of all her
anxieties - so she worries about the Shape of his head.
thinks it falls in here too much - or bulges out there
too much Thinks at times 'tis idiotic in shape - I
wonder what next she will have to worry about.

(61) Wednesday This is the anniversary of our glorious Declaration of Inde-
July 4th

pendence - & also the Pet Pigeon is one Month old to-day -

& such a bouncing babe as he is - but he does not talk

yet. Although his Mother says he tells her a pretty story

almost every day - which of course she alone understands.

& Makes me understand also at times more especially in the

mornings when he pipes up so strong - that after 3 oclock.

I never get any sleep. Of course this is pleasant for one

unaccustomed to such things - Gus is now so well - she

will of course continue on this Journal - I have kept it

up one month to day far - & though all its previous pages

may be interesting ones - the first I wrote are the most

so to me - besides if I continue - some people will be

disappointed - so I will

(62) stop here & let her write a word on this day to eke it out.

& I will hold the baby which she is doing so - perhaps she may have a word to say about the events that happened one month ago to day - & mayhap some of the dear ones at home would like to read what were her own "feelinks" [sic] on that occasion.

[in Gus's hand:] My dear husband thinks it is high time for me to say a few words for myself, of myself - and perhaps it is. He has so kindly written for me the past month, and has done so in so much more interesting a manner than I could have done myself - I would gladly have him continue even into the "End of the Chapter" - but then as he says - it would not be my Journal. or my Journalizing - and, again would be rather a tax upon dear Thomas' time - since he has his own, & [a name; could be 'Nancy's' but looks more like 'Maury's'] Journals that must be attended to every day. So here I commence the day my little one is one month old.

16.

(63) One month ago today - a little Embryo [?] human being was given into my keeping. A dear little helpless fellow, he calls for our largest sympathies and loves - & has them. His coming has been regarded with feelings of peculiar interest by both his Father & Mother, and as the anticipated moment arrived our hearts beat with additional quickness - to know the End, and the result. Only a Mother can realize the sensations of joy & delight that were mine, as the first wail of the little Stranger greeted my ear, (for he was not taken from the bed, when I knew that he was living - and that he had a voice of his own.) And the voice of my dear Thomas who was dearer from that moment than ever - saying in rather husky tones - "Oh! Gus - its a boy - & perfect too, just like his Father." For nine long months had I waited for that sound not daring to hope that God would be so good to me as to give me the realization of all my earnest hopes & desires, for I have hoped for a boy &

(3) [Gus apparently now decides that she should have started numbering from 1 again when she resumed writing] now I find myself the Mother of as perfect an one as I could wish. He was born under very peculiar circumstances, being "far, far at Sea," no one with me but my dear husband, whose sympathy & love for me, shown during that tedious night I shall never forget. My little boy was born at twelve o'clock, after having suffered as I thought, intensely, for seven hours. "My private opinion, publicly expressed" is - that it is a terribly hard thing to have a baby - and is much worse than I had supposed. I should dread the sufferings, another time, more than I ever have this, & yet I shall hope to have another for a little sister for my Eddy. I would be willing to suffer as much again & even more were it possible, rather than not have the little jewel. I know that my dear husband did every thing as well as anyone could have done - and had I had a physician I think they could have done no more for me - except the giving of Ether - which

(4) Thomas would not do - even tho' I called loudly for it several times - when in the midst of a terrible pain and I thought I could not have another. I would not have taken it when in my sober mind, I came to know what I was asking - The pains were more & more severe towards the last - until the three or I may say six last - which brought the little fellow's head down where his Father could see it - and then brought him into the world - It seemed more than human nature could endure - & altho' I had inwardly resolved, to make no noise about it - I could not suppress my shrieks - I tried to do so but all in vain - they would come - & at length the whole had come. No not all - for the After-birth still remained. I was so impatient to have Thomas cut the Navel-string - & get the little screamer well washed & dressed - that I would not allow him to come near me 'till he had done so - and in the mean time

(5) was so anxious to watch proceedings - I quite forgot any other pains that I might have - and which perhaps, I did have - but they were so much lighter than the preceeding [sic] ones I did not notice them - & did not assist them any. Our little one "God bless him" was washed, dressed, kissed by his Papa - then lain upon the Sofa - and we began to think that it was time for more. But still we waited for two hours - then as the Books all say - "if the After-birth does not come in two hours - you must use your hand gently to remove it - & Thomas tried, but could make no impression at all - We waited another hour - & both getting a little anxious - Thomas went to ask the Rev. Mr. Mungor if he knew of any-thing that could be done. The only answer from him, was "he had never been a Father tho' married twice" - & all he could say, was to "Trust in God." Our whole trust had been in him throughout the entire night but I was beginning to fear even to trust

(6) to him - when nearly four hours & a half had the child been in the world & still no signs of anything more. I could see that my darling was getting frightened - and tried hard not to let him see that I was frightened - tho' I must say that I was fearful for some little time [or 'times'], that I was not going to be permitted to stay with my darlings - However thanks to the good Father who assisted my darling husband - I am still here. Thomas waited 'till he dared wait no longer then inserted his hand, & with almost magic skill - drew it away. Never, shall I forget my feelings at that moment. It seemed as if my whole intestines must have come - We both cried & laughed alternately - then Thomas betook himself to getting me washed & dressed - & after I was made comfortable, & had taken some weak tea - the father brought his prescious [sic] little baby - & laid it upon its Mother's breast, where the dear little fellow seemed to understand

(7) his position, as he gave evidence of in a very few moments,
as also that he was somewhat hungry after his perilous
voyage, I then with my Baby took a nap - and when I awoke
and had taken some Arrow-root gruel - I must say, I felt better,
freeer [sic, 3 e's] from all dissagreeable [sic] sensations,
(save of course weakness -) than I had felt since I left
home nine months ago. Thomas has been very careful of me,
not letting me move myself in bed even for three or four
days. the fourth day he took me from the bed to the Lounge
as carefully as he would the baby, where I laid to have the
bed aired & made - I was not taken out of it again till
Monday - & then not again till Sunday - when I walked from
the Sofa to the bed - much to the annoyance of Thomas - who
still cried out loudly against my stepping upon my feet. I
was dressed in two weeks - & the third went about my room.
Now it is the fourth week - and I find my-

(8) self still in the Cabin - The weather has been cooler than before I was sick - else I have no doubt I should have gone upon deck by this time. Now, we are having the weather begin to get warm again & I shall soon get myself out with my "Son," to enjoy once more the pure air of the Sea - Our little one seems as healthy as any baby - except that he is a little troubled with wind - he is a dear little fellow - and I am glad to see that his dear fellow [means 'father,' I think] loves him so much - I used often to wonder - if he would not love a baby so much as to take some of my love away - but I do not see that my share has in the least diminished, and I can surely say - that were it possible - mine would be daily increasing for him, but already the fountain of my love is brimming over - I trust that it may never be less - nor that we shall love our little treasure too much - to forget the love due the giver. I am anticipating now so much pleasure in getting home with him - and yet I

(9) Wednesday find myself constantly fearing that something will happen to
Continued him. How much the dear ones at home are thinking of us now -
wondering, & not daring to speak of it - We have a great deal
of sport in dressing the boy now since the Navel-string came
off - Thomas assists me as much as any old Nurse would - &
does quite as well I think, and the little fellow himself
seems to enjoy the washing part hugely -

Thursday Thomas came into the Cabin this morning quite delighted -
July 5th saying that he hoped we had got the S.E. Trades - and that
with 140 miles a day we would soon be with the loved ones.
He has decided upon its being the Trades now and says in a
day or two, we shall have fine beautiful weather and can
take "Eddie Tucke Hendee" out upon deck - where he will
seem to gain [?]. But as to that matter I dont see but
what "the child" (Lauretta) is gaining, shut up in the
Cabin. He is

(10) Thursday already getting stout - & is so bright - I believe the little
Continued

dear knows his Mother even now four weeks old. I cut off a
lock of his hair yesterday for his Father's ring. We have
had several severe gales off the Cape since I have been con-
fined in my Cabin. The day I was confined we had had a very
hard one lasting for a few hours - & clearing off it seemed,
almost on my account - for had it been at the heighth [sic]
of its fury, at the time I was suffering - it would have been
very bad for me - for I always suffer so much at the mere
mention of a Gale - that with one at that time - & my other
sufferings - and beside this the ship would not have been
nearly as comfortable. In this instance again we see our
Heavenly Father's love for us manifested in that - the still-
ing of the Storm. He has taken us carefully through many
severe gales - and dangers the past year - and I would that we
were better fitted to appreciate all his care for us - and to
live in such a manner as to show forth our Gratitude & love
for his mercy.

(11) Friday These fine beautiful Trades have taken us along on our course
July 6th

towards home, in the past 24 hours, so says our Captain from his Noon observations 168 miles - The Thermometer stands at 68°. the highest it has been for a about [sic] three weeks - and I believe it has never been below 55° and then only for an hour or two. Not remarkably cold weather - tho' we have been shut up in our snug little Cabin - the windows all kept closed except for our morning airing - and "big blankets" drawn closely about us. The weather is very fine, and in a few days - we hope my sone & I, to be able to enjoy all the beauties of the weather & the Sea - upon Deck - which we can do in a much better way - than we can closely shut up in a Cabin, tho' we have every thing just as nice & comfortable as heart could wish - away from all our home friends. We have one of the Bombay Bedsteads - that has been very nice during the last month. I want very much to keep it now - and call it "Eddy's Bed" since it was upon that bed that he first ['made' ?] his appear-

(12) Friday-
Continued.

ance into this cold world - Thomas has talked of leaving it on board the Sabine if his Predecessor [sic] should desire it - but I have half persuaded [sic] him to send it along to Lowell - by telling him - how nice it would be for Eddy - It is a nice little Bedstead - one of the India style - quite differant [sic] from our New England manufacture. hence the reason for my wishing to retain it. It will be a good place to put it in Brother Eddy's room - and he can have his little nephew in it with him perhaps. He is a charming little fellow - and I can now see the full force of a Mother's love. Nothing can be purer - I do so much hope our little one will be spared to us. but almost fear that we are loving him too much. His Father laid upon the bed with his little sone last night - & so quietly I supposed them both sleeping but upon going to the bed - Thomas looks up - so perfectly satisfied - "Oh Gus! I'm worshipping this boy." He says, he often comes to the bed at night, (for the poor

(13) Friday fellow sleeps upon the lounge.) and looks at his boy - laying
Continued.

upon my arm. I wonder if "poor I" gets any admiring glances?

Well, if I dont I am content, so that my boy gets them all.

The little rogue has a fashion that is not quite pleasing to

his sleepy Papa & Mama - Viz - that of waking up at four

o'clock - in the morning, and keeping awake - He is not

satisfied either to lay awake alone - but will persist in

singing his own song. Tho' sweet to us - it may not be so

very musical, since he only sings one note - always La--a--a.

Mr. Stearns thinks he will make a good singer - if he gets

them all as well as well [sic] as he has that one note. We

have dressed him today in one of his Dressing Gowns from his

Aunt Jennie. Tho' too large by a great deal - it is very

comfortable this cool weather [sic]. He looks like a young

"Catholic Priest" in it - as he lies in his little hammock

over our bed, He enjoys his hammock days, but prefers his

Mother's arm during the Night.

(14) Saturday. Very fine. going along so Mr. Cromwell says 12. knots per
July 7th. hour. Thomas says when she goes so much as that again he wants
to be called for he should expect she was going into Eternity.
I neglected one thing quite important in giving my account of
my confinement - which will do just as well now. It was of my
Breasts which were for a few days very bad indeed - and had it
not been for the "Spirits of [Minderus ?]" in our little
Medicine Chest - I think there is no doubt but that I
should have had a Broken Breast. They were monstrously large -
and so hard & knotted - even way underneath my arms so that
I found it painful to have my arms in bed with me. Nancy is
just begining [sic] to earn her wages, in washing Diapers.
Before this time I must say she has not earned her Salt. And
I would not have her with me another time if whe would give
me the rates of her wages. A miserable creature she has
proven herself - and not as "[Amiable ?]" as we have supposed
her to be. I sincerely hope that Mother will be provided with

(15) Servants when we get home - and will have no room for Nancy -

I should have decidedly less patience with her than I ever had when she was with Mother. She has been complaining [sic] more than three thirds [sic] of the time since we left home.

Perhaps I have not Charity enough for her - I know one cannot help being sick - but when I was the sickest - & needed her the most she seemed to understand that that was a good time for her to be laid up. Every ill that she hears of - she lays claim to - knows that is her case &c - Expected she was going to drop off the 20th of June - because her Mother died that day. I did not feel in hopes she would do so - tho' I should not have missed her assistance much 'till since the coming of little "[Chota Sahib ?]" and he seems to understand that she hasn't paid her way - one would judge - by the quantity of Dirty Diapers he gives her to wash - Her Memory is not as long as her body - & everything has to be told her every day - regularly. I have wished we had Lizzie Proctor a dozen times.

(16) Little Eddy the same prescious [sic] baby - kept his Father
& Mother awake from twelve o'clock last night instead of from
four. Put his Bombay cloak on him today. Just a fit - & he
seemed to like it much - Thomas had an Auction Sale of the
Remainder of his Slop [?] Chest - Mr. Cromwall acting as
Auctioneer - The Result of the "Sale" has not been brought in
yet. Found a piece of poetry today in an old magazine that I
am going to put in here for my little sons benefit, in a few
years. It is headed -

"The Daily Life of a Christian Child"

Come hither little Christian,
And hearken unto me;
I'll teach thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.
When a Christian child awaketh,
He should think of God in Heaven;
And softly say, "I thank thee, Lord,
For the sleep which thou hast given."
He must say when he ariseth,
"From evil & from harm
Defend thy little child, O Lord,

[I tried to approximate her indenting.]

(17) With thine everlasting arm." He hath asked to be obedient,
 The water that he useth And so he must fulfill
 Must remind him of the day His parents bidding cheerfully
 When Baptismal waters cleansed him, With a glad mind & will.
 And washed his sins away. In all his daily duties
 And, in low tone & earnest, He diligent must be;
 He must say, "This day renew, And say, "Whate'er I do, O Lord
 A loving Lord, the saving grace I do it unto thee."
 Of my baptismal dew." When the little Christian playeth
 Then, dressing very quietly, He must use no angry word;
 The Christian child should say, For his little fellow Christians
 "With they spotless robe of righteousness Are members of the Lord.
 Lord, clothe my soul, I pray." If a playmate take his playthings
 He reverently kneeleth He must not rudely try
 To pray beside his bed - To snatch them back, but mildly ask,
 With closed eyes & humble voice, Or meekly pass them by.
 His holy prayers are said. He hath asked to be made holy,
 And, as he thus approacheth So he must strive all day
 The God of Heaven above, To yield his will to other's will
 He looketh down, & smileth on His way to other's way.
 This little child in love. No greedy thoughts dishonor
 He goeth to his chamber, The Christian child at meals;
 To his work or to his play, He eateth what God giveth him,
 But the prayers that he hath prayed, And ever thankful feels.
 He must keep in mind all day.

[approximation of Gus's spacing]

(18) When no human eye can see him,
 He knoweth God is high,
And that darkness cannot cover him
 From his all-seeing eye.
When in a fault he falleth,
 He must not hide the stain -
 Repentance & confession
Must yield their healing pain!
 He must kneel then in his chamber,
 Confess what he hath done,
And ask to be forgiven
 For the sake of Gods' dear Son.
Again, when evening cometh,
 The Christian child will pray,
And praise the Lord for blessings given
 To him throughout the day.
Then his soul to God committing
 He quietly may sleep;
God, & his holy angel hosts
 Will watch around him keep.
God bless thee, little Christian!
 Be holy, humble, mild. Obedient, truthful, diligent,
 A truly Christian child.
God bless thee little Christian, And bid thou God bless me!
I've taught thee what the daily life, Of a Christian child should be.

[Approximation of Gus's spacing.]

(19) Have been making the baby some smaller shirts. I cannot imagine what the people home all meant to give me such large patterns. Every thing I had made was nearly twice too large. I dont know but my ignorance led me to make things larger than they intended - but I did all just like patterns - The dresses are all so large I doubt if he can wear them when we get home, tho' he is growing very fast - and looks now like a child three months old. How strange it seems to think of calling dear little cunning Mother Grandmother. And "Ned" "Uncle Ned" - Grandfather too - and the Aunts Jennie & Nellie - Mother Hendee seems more like a Grandmother - She is so large - I wonder if his dear Great-Grandmother will be there to see our little Cape Pigeon. Thomas says if she is living - he shall take a carriage and go down for her - tell her he brought home a "Cape Pigeon" - and he wants her to come home with him to see it. Dear old Lady - God bless her - & keep her till our return - She has always hoped to live to see Gustie's baby - & I pray that she may.

(20) It seems almost like too much happiness to think of being ours - the getting home with our beautiful baby - and finding our dear friends all living and well. However, the bitter is still mixed with the sweet in this. When we think that we shall very soon have to be separated again. If we do not all go - my dear husband will have to leave me - and I cannot bear the thought that he may go and leave me for more than a year. And indeed it is not probable that he will do so - And when I think again of my starting for this long voyage - and the terrible Gales we have had this time - is another dreadful thing. But it is no use to spoil all the pleasures of going home by dwelling upon these sad thoughts of separations - It will come soon, full too soon - that there will be a final separation - even tho' it be a long time - as all separations must come to all - And while we only leave for a brief season - why mar the pleasure of the whole in borrowing trouble.

(21) Sunday. Another beautiful Sabbath, and we are still on the Sea - I trust
July 8th.

before many more shall arrive we will have left the old Sabine
in New York - & gone to our dearly loved Lowell home. How
different a Sabbath is at Sea, from on Shore. No ringing of the
Bells - only the Striking of the different [sic] hours. no
church going - for we have had no services from the Rev.

Passenger since the third Sunday out - The Sailors tho' quiet
of course have each their different [sic] pursuits to pass the
day away in an unholy manner - and I think we all have feelings
different from our home Sunday feelings. Thomas has just taken
the Baby out to promenade the Decks. I put on his flannel
sack - a Blanket - and my knit shawl - I believe he took him
out to introduce him to the Doctor & the Sailors. I will give
you his opinion of the world out of doors - when I get it. I
am fearful that we are going to have trouble with him -
o' nights. He seems possessed to wake up about 12 - and lays
awake for an hour or two then, - & again at four he is wide
awake - and no more sleep for any body on board ship, after
that time - 'till after eight - Then he is inclined

(22) to nap awhile - when he wakes - has his bath & dressing - and sleeps again 'till one o'clock. We have had one Death on board ship - Patrick Welsh - I had taken a terrible dislike to the poor boy - believing that he made way with our "Pet Juliet." and she was such a beautiful kitten - I was sorry to lose her. He was offended with the Capt - for making him stand a double "Lookout" - for impudence - and in the morning the kitten was missing - So I at once imagined poor Pat - was the cause of her disappearance [?] - I may have judged him wrongfully - and all on board think I did. as the Cat was a favorite with all - Then poor boy suffered considerably & died - with no one near to smooth his pillow. or to recieve [sic] his last good-byes. The services were conducted by the Rev.d Passenger - and in a manner not very satisfactory to the Capt - as he says had he have known [sic] it would have been done no better - he should have conducted them himself. Thomas was so provoked that Mr. M__ did not go in to see Patrick when he knew that he was dying for two or three days - that he says - he shall

(23) not invite him to have services again - either in our Cabin - or on deck - I am rather sorry - for I liked it - altho' Thomas & I - have our Chapter in the Bible every night - which will perhaps do us just as much good - for I trust we neither of us forget our thanks to "our Father in Heaven" for preservation during the day. Eddy has come in with his Father - Says he saw the Cook - the Carpenter - his Grandpa Andrew - (an old man on board) & had a nice time - He liked it so much that he closed his eyes to it all - & forgot every-thing in Sleep. He has a habit I dislike very much - that of rolling his bright eyes into his head when sleeping. It always frightens me - it looks so much as if he was dying - I presume it is the wind on his stomach causes it - as it does his smiling so sweetly in his sleep. We have moderate Trades so Thomas says in his Journal - Gone in the past 24 hours 146 miles - Thermometer standing at 71°. and I am still wearing the "Double-dress" - "The dress I was to wear over another one" - Sweet memories of the dear ones at home.

(24) Monday - Feeling unusually homesick today - from some cause or other -
July 9th.

The weather is getting warmer - and we are going along briskly -
My little "Cape pigeon" rather troublesome all night - and his
little bowels quite loose - I do hope the little pet is not
going to be sick - Thomas and I had our first quarrel about him
last night - however, we did not come to blows. Have been
cutting him out some Bibs today - Think they will be quite use-
ful as we cannot have our Washings done very regularly - since
our Water is so low - We are all on an allowance of Three quarts
a day. It would seem to those at home that three quarts for
each one was quite sufficient - but when they take into con-
sideration that for cooking - Soups - Coffee & tea - has to come
out of our allowances - it looks differantly [sic] beside [sic]
all the water we drink - Our drinking water after being in the
"Mudky" [?] - hanging under the open Sky-light, is quite cool, &
palatiabale [sic] - I drink it now with a real relish.

(25) My dear little Cape Pigeon lies on the bed beside me sleeping so sweetly - and I am alone save he in our little Cabin - & to pass the time away - will write on tho' there is not much I can say - unless I still say on of our beautiful boy - and I may wear out the subject entirely, if I do not stop some time. Not to me will the subject be worn - but to those who may chance to see this journal - after I am gone - Thomas & Mr. Stearns are taking their usual walk upon the Poop - Mr. Cromwell is at the Main Brace as usual at this time - Nancy is in & out. The Capt just told her of some India Coins - that she had best [?] have them &c - She thought they would be of no use at all at home - & he told her she could get a good deal for them of Antiquarians - She said - "I dont know Aunt Cranes" - & after he went out - (as he had laughed at the joke -) she asked me if he meant old Alanson Crane at Lowell - Said she never heard that story before. Five weeks ago this time I was suffering terribly -

(26) Tuesday - Our 82nd day at Sea - and if we are home in 125 days as we hope
July 10th -

to be - we shall have 43 days more - just one half as many as
we have been already - The time has passed quickly so far -
but I expect the remainder of the passage will seem much longer
to me - since I shall be so anxious to get there with our Baby-
boy - And yet the five weeks (for it is five) since we have
been blessed with his precious [sic] little self - has almost
flown - when we look at it in one sense - and still looking at
him, & thinking of him - I can hardly remember when I did not
have him. I do so much wish I was a better woman than I am
that I might the better discharge my duties as a mother & wife -
I try every day to do better, but I may say - "When I would be
good, Evil is always present with me. I'll try - shall still
be my motto - and I may yet accomplish with Gods help - some
good end. Surely there is no better place for Joining [?]
good resolutions - than here upon this broad expanse of waters -
God bless my Darlings -

(27) We are having moderate trade winds, & little showers - going on at the rate of 118 miles per day - Are about 115 miles from St. Helena today - the nearest that we shall be to it. I am sorry on some accounts that we are not going in there - Should like to see the Island altho' Thomas says it is the poorest specimen of Creation that one can see - but as being the Burial place of Napoleon - altho' his body is not there now - makes it rather noted. Mrs. Carroll was hoping we would go there - so that she could hear from her friends there - But they are not very much admired I believe by persons that go there - so I dont imagine I lose much by not making their acquaintance. I have been hoping that our friends at home would know nothing of any prospect of having a baby - but fear they will know all about it thro' [?] Capt Salter or Capt Barnes - Since their wives are both in Portsmouth - & it is but natural that they should speak of me in their letters - I hope they will not hear of it - 'Twill be delightful to take him home unexpectedly to all

(28) but our own immediate home friends - and I dont imagine they will speak of it to any one - Little Boy slept beautifully last night - but seems rather inclined to keep awake today to pay for it. Little dear grows like a weed - and certainly is the brightest baby I ever saw for one of his age. I suspect by the time I leave the "Sabine" with him he will be very smart - will perhaps know all about the Ship - This old Ship will be watched by me with interest - 'till its last plank is gone - as it is the Birth place of our first-born little one - I should be sorry to have another one at Sea - tho' I got along so nicely - with every-thing - But I think the time before the child is born [sic] had better be spent in Shore than at Sea - if a person is as nervous of the approach of every wind that is'nt [sic] just fair - as I am - My little boy has some of the nervousness [?] about him that his Mother showed at the time of the Cyclone - Then I would grab at my Berth - every time the Ship gave a pitch - and that was every moment for one day -

(29) Wednesday Our little Cape Pigeon lovely as ever. I am really in earnest
July 11th

when I say that I never saw so a smart [sic] a baby for one only
five weeks old. Already he notices persons and things - & I
believe they do not usually 'till they are 2 or 3 months old -
Indeed I know Lucy's was three months old when I saw it - and it
was the wonder of Mother Hendee & Jennie then - that the little
thing seemed to notice [?] and it was no more than our little
fellow does now. Of course all persons think the same that
their own Baby is the brightest and their own husband is the
best - & it is a very happy belief, or so I find it. May I
never believe any differantly [sic] - It has really seemed like
getting home today - Thomas has been packing boxes, Has put up
all our Preserves - Jelly's [sic] - and Jars - filled three
good sized Boxes. It is a good job done - being one that re-
quires care - In a few days we will put ready some of our
trunks - that we shall not need any more - So that we shall
be all in season to leave the Ship immediately on our arrival
in

(30) New York - and that time will soon be here if nothing happens -

Less time than we have had our little boy perhaps - How delighted

we shall all be to get there with this precious [sic] baby -

and find our dear friends all living - Thomas will have to be

in New Y___ till the Ship is discharged - He must go on with me -

and then go back again - I should so much want him to go on with

me - and be there to recieve [sic] a welcome with his baby and

I - for I am confident of a warm one - and then again he is so

proud of his son - of course he will want to present him him-

self - The little dear looks so cunning as he lies here on the

bed - I have to leave whatever I am engaged in - to go to him

and see if he breaths [sic] right - and to give him a Mother's

kiss. How pleasant it is to watch the every motion of a dear

little baby - and to wait 'till they shall know their Mother

and to notice her approach by one of their sweet smiles &

cunning little "I . . . I . . ." [?] ['moves'? 'waves'? or

maybe 'mones' for moans?], but those who have been blessed by

the coming of a little prattler can know fully.

(31) Thursday. When we undressed our little one last night we called Mr. Stearns
July 12th

in to see him - and he said he had grown so very fast - it suggested the idea to our minds to weigh him again & see if he had gained so much - accordingly we called for the stilyards [?] - and tied him up in the same Blanket he had on the other time[s ?] - and found the little fellow had gained four pounds - weighing 13-1/2 lbs. and 38 days old. If he keeps on this way. I fancy we shall have no trouble about his dresses being too large when we get home. indeed I fear they may be too small - since some little shirts and Bands that I made to fit a few days since are decidedly tight for him now. Mr. Stearns says he is a fine looking baby - the handsomest one and with the prettiest bright blue eyes - that ever he saw - That is something, coming from him too, for he is not used to speaking in praise of any thing but his own friends &c - I wonder if Mrs. Stearns has her little one yet. I dont believe she will have a handsomer or smarter baby than ours if she is a little richer & lives in all the style of Indian magnifi-

(32) cense. She was to have a Nurse that has 50 Rupees a week. She had her engaged for three weeks - Only 75 dollars for his Nurse - & probably the Doctor will have as much more - An expensive baby it will be whatever else it is - Our dear little fellow has cost nothing as yet - We can afford to spend the more when we get home (if he is spared to us -) to show him off in. The weather for two days has seemed dissagreeably [sic] damp - so that I have not as yet ventured out upon Deck - I should not fear for myself - but I do not want to get any cold to go to "Ned" - We have been only a little over 900 miles the past week. Have not been one thousand miles in one week since we left Bombay. Thomas says. We were talking of another voyage last night - Thomas says, if I dont go with him, now that I can as well as not - he shall think I do not care as much for him, as he has supposed me to. He is very wrong there, I think - He should take into consideration my sufferings of this present voyage - and he knows very well that I cannot help it [if ?] I should leave with the intention of never returning

(33) of, if I did get back again it would be with a diseased mind, more so than it is now, for I work myself up into such an excited state at the times of any trouble that I cannot tell if I am insane or sane, and I imagine it has been hard work for Thomas to tell sometimes. I have been a source of great annoyance to him a great many times I know, for it is very trying to him at those times - & then again I have found so much fault with things that could not be helped - for instance the food on board - I was always terribly dainty - and having always lived well at home find it hard now to get along with some things - I hope if God spares us all - that the time will come when we shall have a house of our own - I dont care if we do not have but two rooms, so that those two be on Shore - and then Thomas shall see that I am not the dissagreeable [sic] fault - finding person that he believes me now to be, that is, if I am not on the Sea long enough to get this fixed upon me. I know it is unpleasant for him to hear

(34) me always speaking against the Sea, when it is his choice as a profession. I try hard every day to like it - but every day finds me still stronger in my antipathies towards it. I shall of course expect to go again - if we all live and Thomas goes again - So I may as well make the best of it - I have chosen a Sailor for my husband - and I should I suppose choose the Sea - I would not exchange my dear husband for all the men in the world with all the gold but I would exchange his business, for the poorest employ - so that it brought us in enough to live comfortably - & did not doom my lazy husband (for I find he dislikes hard work-) to labor. I am quite alarmed about my darling little Son tonight - He has seemed ill all day has vomited quite freely - but I think from some Anise Seed tea we gave him - I pray that Heaven will spare us this little gift - It would be so hard to lose him now - dear little fellow - But we must say & feel - "Not my will, O, God, but thine be done" - & pray that he may be spared.

(35) Poor Lucy, how badly she must have felt. I thought then, that were I Lucy, I should wish my baby had never lived - She thought my remark (for I made it to her) strange. I can see now why she thought so. 'Tis said, "'Tis better to have loved & lost, than never to have loved" - and I believe it true. Altho' I should never want to have another baby should this dear one be taken from me - I should remember him with ~~so~~ much of pleasure & sorrow mingled - But I trust our Good God will be merciful to us this time - as he has been so many times before - and fit us to discharge our duties towards this little boy, in a manner pleasing in his sight - I have looked over the Medicine Book - and find nothing as usual. It is generally so - never find anything in those books that you want - when you want them. I know that little or no medicine is the best for an Infant - Let them have plenty of sleep - & keep them warm is the best for them - God bless all our dear friends at home - & keep them safe 'till our return -

(36) Friday - I wonder what I can say for myself today - or I should say for
July 13.

my baby perhaps - since all I have put in my Journal seems to be
of that baby. Well then to begin - "His Father" has been en-
gaged with the mixing of the Paints - preparatory to fixing up
the Ship for her arrival home. It has occupied him all day -
So that "Baby and I have been together all day alone - save now
and then the husband & Father coming in to give his wife & babe
a kiss - & to see if all was right with us. Dressed the boy
alone this morning for the first time. Had no trouble about
it at all - he was just as good as he could be - I think he is
a little afraid of his Papa - the reason he worries some when
he helps me - He does really understand the difference [sic] in
our voices already - & if he is crying & "Father" speaks - he
will "hush up" in an instant - He is better today than he was
yesterday - has slept nearly all the time - have had a nice nap
with him this afternoon - to pass the time of Thomas's absence
away - Sleep passes time away very well I find at Sea, tho' I
get little o' nights.

(37) since my son is inclined to be wakeful, & will insist upon his Mother keeping awake with him. I am afraid he got that from me - I used to be very nervous and wake at every sound that was at all unusual - The gentlemen that is Mr. Stearns & Thomas are taking their exercise upon the Poop - Mr. Mungor does not make himself very sociable - for some reason best know [sic] I suppose to himself - but he was so, when first we left Bombay. Perhaps he thinks the Capt does not appeal to him often enough for his opinion - & that he is as off hand in replies as himself - for he can make himself as dissagreeable as he pleases. The other morning at breakfast, Thomas asked him if he should send him a piece of Fish - (Fresh Mackerel) his reply - "Yes"! & short at that. He passed the plate to him with a moderate sized piece - "I dont want all that" came forth in the same stern blunt way - just after asking a blessing too - Thomas thought it was fair for one as the other - & pushed his plate towards him, at

(38) the same time saying, "You can eat what you want, & leave the rest." Mrs. Harding told me that he was particularly blunt & we might think him cross at first - I think we shall not have changed that opinion very much, at last. I always thought it would be pleasant to have a Missionary Passenger with us - My first impressions of them, I am sorry to say are not very favorable - Tho' I must not judge of all, by this first one. I hope we may have some lady another time - It would be so very pleasant for me to have a companion female I mean - for my dear husband is indeed the chosen companion I would have - but a female beside myself would seem pleasant on board - & if ['our Bark'? 'one Bunk'?] is to be fitted up so comfortably - we can have one as well as not. I shall manage to fill up the remaining blank pages of this journal by the time we arrive in New York - if I go on as I have commenced writing three or four pages every day. I wish I might do as well in quality as I do in quantity - What I lack in one is made up in the other.

(39) Saturday -
July 14th

The day has been lovely. I took my little son out for a little while upon Deck - I fancy he liked it as he did not express any dislike by crying - but rather, went fast to sleep - It seemed delightful to once more breathe the ['pure of heaven'?] - I wish I dared take the boy out upon deck after tea - I used to enjoy it so much myself - I shall be sorry not to again - and I should not leave him in the Cabin to go out myself - even with Nancy. Thomas is busy painting his little Ship - He very wisely left all these things that occupy his time and attention 'till I had some one to be company for me. Mr. Cromwell says "the little fellow grows handsome every day" - and so he does - He is a very handsome baby now - I dont hesitate to say it - He may be homely by the time we get home - & I put it in here that they may know that he has been handsome once - Mr. Mungor says "it is plenty of care for you," and when I said a pleasant care, he says - "You didn't [sic] think so once." What did he mean? I dont know I am sure - for I have never

(40) expressed myself to him in any but the most endearing terms of children - He does not think much of them I know - from a remark he made to me when we were first out. We were speaking of Squalls - and he turned to me - & said he hoped I would always dislike all Squalls - as much as I did then - the Squall of the Elements - I guess the poor man thinks these that we have now are worse than any other - for he must be annoyed nights the little ['Chota?'] is very noisy for about two hours between 12. & four every night - & Mr. Mungor's room being so near ours - I am sorry - for I do not like a crying baby myself at all - It is always a disagreeable sound to those not interested in the child - Just one year ago this time we were ['beginning?'] to look for the arrival of the Sabine and its brave Commander - Rebecca & Nellie Mitchell were at our house visiting - and I was preparing to go to Boston to recieve [sic] the Said Captain - Was daily recieving some message from Jennie to come for Thomas would be so dissappointed did I arrive again & find no wife to meet him.

(41) Those were long tedious days that I spent in Boston - the most so I think of any I ever spent - for with every ring of the Door-bell - my heart would throb anew - 'till the door was opened and I had satisfied myself by looking (or the proper expression is peaking [sic]) through the crack of the door - only to be dissappointed again. For six long weeks I waited - expecting every night to be called up to recieve my long absent, and dearly-loved husband - I wonder if the arrival of the Sabine this year will create as many joyous feelings as it did then. Yes! I know it will, & why ask - only that there is no wife now to recieve her husband - But then the Grandparents and Aunts & Uncle - God bless them - I dreamed the other night of being home - & Helen Smith being there. She gave me a Silver ['Portmounai'?] - Said it was coming New Years - & I had better give it to Thomas for his New Years present. I dont know whether she intended it from herself - or from me - I will find out when I see her, & get the ['Purtmounai'?] -

(42) I suppose I should have written Helen in answer to the pretty letter I received from her in Bombay - but want of time must be my only excuse - Rather a poor one she will say. Took my first walk upon Deck -

Sunday - July 15th. The same fine weather still continues. I see now why it was that Thomas used to wish so often that a certain little Stranger might defer making his entrance into the stage of being till after we got round the Cape of Good Hope. He was aware of the beautiful weather we should have with the Trades - I wish these Trades might last us home - but I suppose we cannot expect to have them many days longer. Or long after crossing the Line - Sunday again. Thomas says if Mr. Mungor wants to Preach enough to ask him if he will have Services upon Deck - he can do so - but he wont propose [sic] it to him. Dressed my little Pigeon this morning - & put on his Bombay cloak - and took him upon Deck again. We are going to take him out again this afternoon. Shall accustom him to being out there a good deal - Think it will be beneficial - Thomas washing Dates for me this morning -
Good boy.

(43) Monday. Thomas opened a Can of his preserved Oysters for me this morning -
July 16th

& I had a breakfast & diner [sic] of Fried Oysters fried in Batter - and I must say - they were just as nice as any fresh ones I ever ate. I should speak for plenty of Oysters and plenty of Sausage meat - if I was going to Sea - & could have a voice in the matter of provisions - The Beef & Mutton I cannot eat - but there & the "Soup-de Boillon-" [sic] are both very nice indeed. Took my walk upon deck last evening - think I feel very much better for the walks - Shall not be able to go out today - for the Ship is all up in an uproar. They are busy cleaning the Ship - preparatory to painting her - We shall have a clean nice-looking ship to go home in. Chota [?] calls & I must leave to obey his orders - which are very peremptory - The demand was as usual from Babies which I executed and then took him out on deck for a little while. His Father busy up there painting his little Ship - The Main deck in terrible confusion - Looks like getting home. 139 miles today the 88 day at Sea - making in all 8425 miles that we have Sailed -

(44) Tuesday - Took Chota Sahib out upon deck - where we sat two hours beside
July 17th

his Father while he was painting the little Boats to his Ship -

The weather has been very fine indeed - So pleasant that I keep

only a pocket-handkerchief over the boys head. I find myself

knowing very little about Babies habits and how to do for them.

I can recollect [sic] when "Ned" was a Baby that Mother would

look at each Diaper when she took them off to see if they were

all right - Now I look at them and am not wiser after all the

looking. He uses a great quantity - more than any baby I ever

saw - else perhaps I change them oftener than other persons.

Kept him awake all the latter part of the afternoon to see if

he would not sleep some during the night - I shall be sorry to

have him get into this habit and keep it up - of waking, & laying

awake two or three hours during the night - He is as regular now

in his time for waking as are the watches at 8. Bells. Left him

sleeping for a half an hour after tea, while I took a little

exercise upon Deck with Thomas. Do not feel as well as I hoped

I should after the Baby was born - It may

(45) be because I have kept myself in the Cabin so closely - I do not like to leave Nancy in charge of the little fellow - she handles him so carelessly - dropping his little head about. Dinah comes in regularly every hour or two and goes directly to the Bed - & if the Baby is not there she will come to me - & look upon the Sofa - & in the State-room - if Chota is in his hammock that is - She was very jealous at first - could not seem to make out what it was - Is a little shy now if he moves his little hands - but if he lies quiet - she will get up & kiss him. My Piles are troubling me very much. and my mouth, throat & Stomach are filled with Cankers - I never had it at all before - altho' I have thought so several times -

Wednesday
July 18th

My trial proved to be quite a successful one, for Chota slept very well indeed all night. He has been ailing all day - His Father thinks it is something of the Colic brought on by the White Lead - The ship is being thoroughly painted today - & of course the air is filled with the Paints & White Lead. We tried to give him some Gin [?] this afternoon.

ammusing [sic]

(46) It was quite ['amusing'? 'unnerving'?] to see the little urchin.

He did not like it - and he would not take it. A person would

think it rather strange if we could not get a little fellow

six weeks old to do as we wished - but 'twas even so. He shut

his little mouth so very firmly together that it was impossible

to get it open - and if we did manage to get a little into his

mouth - he would keep it there 'till we got our hands away &

then frizz___z___ he would go - and the Gin would be on his

"Bib." Am suffering terribly with the Canker - Am using the

Tincture of Tannin for it - but seem to get very little relief

from any thing - I find I get every day, more and more impatient

to be at home. Was there last night in my Dreams - Saw Nellie,

& Mary Read and John were with her - Then I went to Grandmothers -

Thought I was in her room telling her all about my confinement, &

my Baby - She would not believe I had one for I did not take it

with me - Mother thinking there was too much wind objected to my

taking him out & I left him with her.

(47) I expect it will be so - and I shall be very willing to abide by her Judgment in the matter of children - for who can do as well as my prescious [sic] Mother. They will hardly enjoy our being at home when they find we are to leave again - I do not expect to enjoy it much - for the same reason - knowing that there is another siege of suffering before me - I should rather suffer over [?], a dozen times what I did having Eddie [sic] than to endure what I do in those horrid Cyclones - and Gales - and indeed when not experiencing them, I am anticipating. Wrote up Maury's Journal for Thomas this afternoon - Large quantities of Flying Fish seen around the Ship - I have the wing of one that came on board during the passage out - Saw a Bark this morning going out - I wonder if they did not ['envy'?]us being home-ward bounders - I know we used to when we were in a like situation - Just over my head are two men painting our Sky-light - One a very interesting specimen of the Lords of Creation [sic] - "Scotty" is his name.

(48) I hope that Nellie will have kept a more interesting Journal for me than I have done for her - It would be more interesting for I should see so much in it of my friends - if she puts every thing in it I mean - Thomas and I do not yet cease wondering what Helen meant in her letter - when she speaks of Nell's refusing W . . . - She would be a foolish girl indeed to do so - for I know she liked him - & I cannot yet believe she has. Thomas says if she has - he hopes she will be an "Old Maid" - if she would refuse such an offer as his would be. Patience, and we shall know if it was so - for of course Nell would tell her dear Sister Gus - Oh - how happy I we shall be together - if we are spared to meet again. Our dear Mother too - we shall have many a nice chat we three - And all our dear friends I remember tho' I do not mention them - Mother & Sister Hendee - Father & my pet Brother - who will be loved none the less, I am certain, because I have a little "Ned" of my own to claim my love & attention -

(49) Thursday - 140 miles have we sailed today - the 91st day at Sea. The little
July 19th

one not well today - Seems to be considerably troubled with his
little Bowels - I do hope he is not going to be as ['costine'?] as I have been for a long time past. It is dreadfully disagreeable. Strange, I was not at all so, on the passage out - or indeed before my confinement but since that I have seemed to get back to my old ways. My Piles are worse than ever - I can hardly sit or stand at all today - Commenced taking some Medicine - A preparation of Thomas' for them this morning. My Canker too, I hope will be relieved by it. On looking over one of Thomas' books today - I came across a piece of poetry written by him to "His Wife" - & I think it is quite right that I put it from his into my Journal - I find it is not very agreeable to him, to see upon these pages so many repinings [?] at my lot - or rather so many expressions of dislike for the Sea. Dearest husband do not believe that it is not as hard for me to be separated from you - as for you to be from me - 'Tis only my fears & seasickness that make me murmur [?]. I'll say no more against it -

(50)

To Gus. My Wife.

'Tis said that Love, the more 'tis tried,

Grows firmer, and lasts longer;

And when distress the knot has tied

'Tis closer, and knit stronger.

She who with loves best joy would fain

That fate should thus [a blank space here] her,

Must share the peril and the pain

That mark the gallant Sailor.

To hope in vain, in vain to sigh,

Deep sorrow to dissemble;

To shudder at each lowering sky,

At every breeze to tremble;

While neither wishes, prayers, nor tears,

To ease her mind, avail her; -

These dreadful [another blank space] speak her fears

Who loves the gallant Sailor.

This is the last of her alarms,

Cease, lovers [?] to bewail her! [?]

He comes ____ & in her trembling arms

She holds her gallant Sailor.

(51) Friday.
July 20th

133 miles during the past 24 hours - We are now in the same position at 92 days out that Thomas was last voyage at 119 days out - Giving us a chance of making this passage in 127 days - taking us home the very last of August. I hope it will be a little before September else poor Ned's vacation will have finished and he will be so dissappointed if it is - and he cannot be with Thomas - Tho' he would see him in Boston more than he would me and his little nephew. We are now having such warm weather that we find our allowance of water goes very little ways. I never was so thirsty in all my life before. I would really embrace that old Pump, could I but get at it - Never mind the Ice, & that great pitcher on the dining room table - Father may have his half dozen tumblers before going to bed - I wish I could see him stand there with the pitcher in one hand glass in the other, filling up. I ['recon'?] he would die to be reduced, as we are - for I almost do - as little as I am in the habit of drinking when at home.

(52) Saturday Moderate Trades and showers of Rain. We saved about 700 Galls
July 21st [for gallons?] of water - and should have saved 3000 more - but

the fresh paint made it tast badly - This will help us agreat

[sic - one word] deal - We are now a little ahead and hope to

keep so - altho' I do not feel half as much like drinking today -

as I did yesterday when we were short. 'Tis always so with us -

we crave what we have not. My son is looking over my shoulder

and his papa is teaching him to pull my hair. Altho' he thought

it was nice fun long ago to pull his Papa [sic] whiskers without

being taught. We have Sailed 112 miles - making in all 9071

miles the 93rd day at Sea.

Sunday. One of those beautiful Sundays in July that I have so many times
July 22nd enjoyed at home - and in going to church. How pleasant all

things are looking now around my dear, dear home - that is, if

all the dear ones are there - If nothing has happened to the

dear child. I suppose Ned is at home in his long vacation -

Probably went home yesterday - I believe they get thru' [?]

about the 21st of July. Nellie is very happy to have

(53) Ned with her again - and they have all been talking about Thomas & Gustie today - & how soon now we should be with them. I dont know whether they said any thing about the little boy or not - I hardly think they did at the breakfast table - but afterwards when Mother & Nell got out to their "Sanctum Sanctorum" - Nellie says - Oh! Mother I wonder if Gustie has got a baby. and Mother, rather inclined like myself to look on the dark side of the picture, says - Well, if she has one, it wont live [?], going to Sea, to have her first baby. To Nellie's question - let me just say ['Miss'?] Nell I have one of the prettiest blue-eyed boys you have ever seen - and if you dont own it I'll teach him to scratch your great blue eyes out - To my darling Mother, I would say - that we will washing in the same good God who has so his D___ & delivered me thro' my dear husba than any getting our little one home. He thing else. the little pet out today - after & poor Soul him into a tub of Salt water - has enough seemed to enjoy - He really takes of that to do.

[page needs to be rephotocopied; a piece of another page was inadvertantly placed over the lower right-hand corner]

(54) and begins to talk in their cunning little way of cooing - I
dont know - but I think he is very young for that. All on board
call him very forward. He is a splendid child - Nancy brought
me in a Loaf of Cake last night that she had made me. The very
first dish of any kind that she has prepared for me - since we
came on board the Sabine in Boston - The cake is very good indeed.
She says she laid awake the night before & Stirred it up -
Thomas is in high glee today - he seems to love his boy dearly.
I shall be jealous I expect - Where once it was "Kiss me Gus -
you are a darling" - It is now - "O! you little beauty, you do
know your Papa dont you" - and then he turns to me. "Aint he
beautiful"? Well I expected it - so I am not dissappointed -

[page appears to be ripped here, the following lines from another pg]

very fast - We weighed him again this morning it being 7 weeks
since he was first weighed and found that he had gained nearly
half weighing then 9 lbs - & now 15 - Quite a smart boy the old
Cook says - May the Lord spare him to us in as good health as he
seems to be in now -

(55) Monday
July 23rd

Moderate Trades and very fine weather. We have sailed 133 miles the past 24 hours - After tea put my baby to bed - and then went out upon Deck for a little exercise with Thomas. We walked the deck for about an hour - & then sat down for another hour, to enjoy the beauties of the Evening - hoping to cross the Equator before another Evening - and as we shall soon lose these S.E. Trades - we shall also lose the beautiful weather - for I must say I have never seen such, for this as we have had, past five weeks - hardly a cloud in the sky except such as we like to give coloring to the picture. The Baby sleeps so sweetly during the Evenings that I can enjoy our Evenings [sic] promenade very much - But I dislike to leave him in charge of our servant (?) while he is awake. She does better for

[pg. is ripped here, and the rest of the copy is the same as at the bottom of pg. 53]

(56) Tuesday
July 24th

We crossed the Equator at five o'clock this A.M. Have been having light showers - My husband says we must very soon have Thunder and Lightning with our Showers. I dread that so much. I have not yet seen a sever Thunder shower at Sea - for we have been particularly favored in that respect - and I am sure I have no particular desire to do so - I have heard so many times how much more terrific they are at Sea than on shore, & as far as my own observations have been they are bad enough there. This is the 96th day since we left Bombay - and we are now 9513 miles from there - or I should say we have sailed so many miles - We did not cross the "Line" till the morning of the 25th So much for leaving the writing up of my Journal for a few days - Eddy is gaining very fast - We weighed him again this morning it being 7 weeks since he was first weighed. and found that he had gained nearly half weighing then 9 lbs - & now 15 - Quite a smart boy the old Cook says - May the Lord spare him to us in as good health as he seems to be in now -

(57) Wednesday Wrote up Thomas Journals today - & will put the same in here -
July 25th

as there is nothing new or wonderful to speak of - Moderate

Trades from S.E. with fine weather and light showers - Barometer

30.11. Thermometers 82°.82° 30.11. 80°.80°. = 30.11.83°.84°.

Lat. obs. 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ N. D.R. 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ Longitude Chronometer 36°.47'

DR. 36°.39'. Course NW. 3/4 W. 125 miles. Whole distance

sailed 9638 miles. 97 days at Sea.

Thursday We are still jogging along with our good Trades which I wish
July 26th

we might keep, till we find the N.E. Trades - Thomas gave me

a piece today to read. that is quite amusing to us who are

acquainted with Sea faring life, & Ships generally - and as I

May have an opportunity some time of showing it to some of my

Sailor friends - I will put it in here for their instruction (?)

It is from the Note-book of a fellow traveller - who used to

put down all the interesting sights & occurrences [sic] - It

seems they had a Thunder-storm - very sudden; Captain says

there must be some thing wrong in the air (as there was no

warning) for he is sure

(58) his Barometer is correct; - deluge of rain; Lighting [sic] struck down man at the wheel - great confusion - sails making loud cracks - Capt said it was blowing great guns - Captain must be right, but didn't [sic] see any - While there was what the Capt called a "lull" he told the mate to call all hands up to "splice the main brace." When the storm was over the Mate, who was a pleasant & facetious person & who knew that I kept a Journal, had the goodness to explain to me the manner of maneuvering the ship - during the storm - which I took down very carefully from his dictation. It seems that the wind blew in violent squalls from the Sow-sow-th' east and took the vessel on the pre-quarter abaft the binnacle; the binnacle is the place where the compass is placed by which the ship is steered.) [sic] the man at the wheel (that is the sailor who steers the ship) put the helm hard a-weather which brought her stern round to the Sea, & the storm stay-sail was spread on the ['pre'?]-top mast, & kept full. At the same time the studding-sails were set to bring the ship to the wind, & all hands were called forrard [sic] to give a pull to the main-sheet. But all this would not do to keep the vessel right, & so the Capt, who was an experienced sea-man had the main-

(59) top-mast shipped on the mizzen boom, while the fore-top sail was clewed [?] up to the main rigging so as to make the vessel snug. In this way she lay in the trough of the sea so as to recieve [sic] the force of the waves on her stern, which was her broadest & strongest part; but the wind coming on to blow from the nor-nor-th'west as well as from the sow-sow-th'east, & from other quarters, the captain determined on nearing [?] the ship so as to keep her head to the wind, and the helm being lashed accordingly so as to secure its being in the proper place, the mizzen-top-sail was shaken out to steady the ship; but the violence of the gale increasing, the Capt. set the mizzen-gib [sic] & with this & main royal-fore-top-mast-sky-scraper which was standing well, the ship worked wonderfully. But at this precise moment of time the man at the wheel was struck down by a thunder-bolt which precipitated him with such violence down the fore-hatch-way that he lay there for a considerable time in a very senseless state. The wind now blew furiously from all points of the compass, & all the sails would have been blown instantly from the ['masts'?] if it had'nt been for the equal pressure of the wind on all sides which kept them in their places. While the Capt was considering what was best to

(60) be done in such an awful state of things, the Carpenter called out from the cross-trees, where he had gone to sound[?] the well [?], that the ship had sprung a leak, & that there was four feet of water in the caboose. The bosun swore that we should all go to Davy's locker (a phrase in use among sea-faring persons to signify the bottom of the Sea, altho it is difficult to conjecture the derivation of the expression.) In this time of extremity, when the ship was half submerged beneath the roaring waters, with its stern uppermost, expecting every moment to be capsized, the Capt conceived a bold idea, & he instantly called out thro' his speaking-trumpet which he held in one hand, & a glass of grog in the other, to make fast the bow sprit by the puttock-shrouds [?] of the cross-jack - so as to keep the vessel steady - on which she immediately righted to the inspeakable [sic] satisfaction of the ship's company. We now handed her foresail & kept her broadside to the wind, so as to bear the brunt of the gale on her lee-quarter. It was to this admirable manoeuvre [sic] that the safety of the ship & the lives of the crew & passengers was mainly owing. - & in order to mark my sense of our Captain's extraordinary seamanship - I signified to him my intention on my

(61) return to Europe to present him with a copy of my large work on the etymologies of the unknown Coptick [sic] dialects in 2 Vols. folio - as abridged from the original edition - for which he expressed his grateful sense of satisfaction, promising me that he would always carry them about with him as ballast in all his future voyages.

Thus endeth the Doctors Journal, and so end I today.

Friday. Glorious Trades today - carrying us along at the rate of 155 miles
July 27th the last 24 hours. At this good sailing how soon we might be with our dear friends - showing them our beautiful boy. He is getting to be a very good boy now nights, I have to nurse him two or three times but I suppose all Mothers do that, & put on dry cloths [sic] on to the little dears - My Piles are dreadful - I never had any thing in all my life so hard to endure as these are - for now I find it impossible to obey the calls of nature without nearly murdering me - & indeed sitting down is very painful - I have commenced taking Pills - every morning - as soon as I am all right with those I shall take Sulpher [sic] - as it is highly recommended.

(62) Saturday
July 28th.

We had our nice promenade upon deck, tho' not as long as usual as we were driven in by a shower of rain - Thomas & I have been supposing such a thing as my being [illegible word] another voyage and not being able to go with him -(for I could not bear to start again in that situation - & Thomas says he would take Nellie if she would go. I should love dearly to have her go with him - & instead of feeling badly at all - or jealous in the least - I should feel happy to know that my dear husband was not alone. I have perfect confidence in him - so much so that I would not fear to have any young lady go with him even tho' it were not Sister Nellie. And I know she would enjoy it so much - that I really hope if anything happens to prevent my going that she can go - tho' I hope most to be with my dear husband myself - and then I'd love to have Nellie with us both only I should not be willing to have us both away from Father & Mother - I hope "Ned" will have an opportunity of going some time. It would be pleasant for him after he is thro' with his collegiate course - & I do hope he will get thro', with honor too.

(63) Sunday
July 29th

Had a beautiful letter today from my own darling husband - and one that I wanted to keep - at least 'till I had copied some of the pretty parts in this journal - but I missed it from my trunk where I thought it in safe keeping - & upon going for it - I at once, on finding it gone - suspected it having been taken - as such things seldom go without hands - and as there is but one who ever goes to my trunk - I mentioned to that one my suspicions - & told him I'd like it, at once - The only reply returned to me was - "Its half way to Bombay by this time" - Now, wasn't I vexed? I didn't say or do any thing - but I did feel like it - and somebody shall have his come-up-ance for it - or I lose my guess - In the first place the letter was written to - and directed to me - and I do not consider that any-body has a right to take a letter - under those circumstances even if they do know the writer - & they have been commissioned by him to get the letter - I hope he wont see this - for I dont want him to know that I cared [sic] for

(64) the letter 'till he gets his just deserts [sic] - & I may not
be able to give him those 'till we get home - where we shall
have all the nice fruits which are best for Deserts [sic] -
and the nice new milk too - with Ice - I could pay him off
well, by drinking up all the milk - & I guess I would do so -
Wont he wish he had let my letters alone? - Showery all day -
so that we were not able to take my son out upon Deck - We gave
him a fresh water bath today - put him into his little Tub - &
the little fellow really seemed to enjoy it. he will laugh &
talk in his cunning way - so that only Thomas & I understand him
- kick his little feet about - is so pretty. Read some & talked
some -

Monday I have fixed upon our being at home in four weeks from this time -
July 30th tho' we shall have to sail faster than we have been doing the last
24 hours to do so - Only 71 miles - It is too bad to be so near
our destined port - and see these short tracks on the chart -
when decently long ones would bring us to it so much sooner -
This is our 102 Day [sic] - Baby seems to have a little cold -
'Tis damp here.

(65) Tuesday 44 miles only so says our Log for today - I am afraid we shall
July 31st hardly be at home in the 30 days as we had fixed upon - if we
travel on at this slow, almost a snail's pace. The weather is
still fine with showers quite frequently - and as we are obliged
to have the Sky-light on immediately it commences, to rain, on
the Baby's account - we find it almost oppressive - Took my
evening's promenade upon deck - Came in a little before nine &
after reading our portion in Scripture retired. Have finished [?]
the Book of Genesis -

Wednesday Another month has come. How fast the time passes - and still we
August 1st seem to be no nearer home apparantly [sic] than we were several
days since. We have had bad weather for our making much progress
in Sailing - Calms one day, & head winds the next. Thomas and I
spent two hours upon deck last night after getting the Baby to
sleep - and we went home two or three times from New York - Once
I went without him by the Boat. once by Rail - & had previously
telegraphed to Father to meet me at the Station without letting
the rest of the family know that I was on the way. The Boy calls
& I have to leave as usual.

(66) Thursday Baby claims so much of his Mama's time & attention that I have
 Aug 2nd.

but little time left that I can devote to this poor Journal - and

even had I time there is so little change here I have not much

to write. I have the Eve'gs that I might devote to writing could

I stay in the Cabin - but the Roaches drive me out on deck just as

soon as it is Lamp-light, & the boy is asleep - else when I stay

in - I have to be under the Mosquito Curtain - I am sure I dont

know what we should have done without this curtain - I ['verily'?]

believe the creatures would eat the baby up - when they come in

such droves as they did last night and as they do occasionally -

Thomas fought them with a flipper in each hand going - and

finally took refuge under the Curtain - but he found it too warm

under there to be endured a great while - & concluded he might

as well be eaten up as to Roast - There will be one pleasant

thing about the Bark - We shall not have any of those awful

creatures for the first passage, at all events - I presume tho'

she'll fill up in India -

(67) Friday - We were about despairing [sic] of ever getting the N.E. Trades -
Aug 3rd

when a sudden squall came up in the afternoon bringing them
along much to the joy of all concerned - myself in particular -
for I am getting heartily sick of being confined in this little
floating home. We sat upon Deck for an hour in the Evening &
enjoyed the breeze - It seems as it used to when we were coming
out - altho, I believe when we had these Trades on our passage
out - I had not been outside of the Cabin much - I find I am
not sea-sick at all now - Have not been since the baby was
born - and we have had some ['first'? 'fresh'?] breezes and
some head-seas the worst thing for Seasickness, since then.
I do hope if I am to spend the greater portion of my remaining
days - on the Sea- that I shall have gotten over it for it is
dreadfully disagreeable - besides being unpleasant for those
about you - I wonder if little Eddy will ever suffer any from
it - It is, his native element almost - so that I do not
suppose he will - Dear little fellow I hope not -

(68) Saturday Our prescious child is two months old today and the dear little
 Aug 4th

fellow does not seem to be very well today. He had a very

severe pain in his little belly this morning - I do feel so

badly to see him suffer - I am getting quite discourage about

myself - I wonder if I am never to enjoy my usual health - I

do not feel well now at all - besides being nearly dead with

Piles, & Canker - I do not suppose any one will believe but what

I am well enough - I look so well - but that is not always a

good criterion - I find it so now in my own case - This past 24

hours - we have sailed 154 miles - our 107th day at Sea. Will

the 130th day find us at Sea - [a scribble, could be 'or'] at

home - Already, I imagine, the dear ones have commenced to look

for our arrival - And altho' they do not really expect us yet,

knowing what a dull old box the Sabine is - still one feels as

soon as their friends are homeward bound and the news is

recieved that they have Sailed - they feel then as if they

could begin to look for them - or so I have always felt - when

looking for ['darling'?].

(69) Sunday We have now sailed 10654 miles our 108th day at Sea - and have
Aug. 5th

yet 2177 miles to Sandy Hook - But if these good winds could
last us we should soon accomplish it with good luck. We have
sailed nearly 200 miles today - I wish we might have 200 on
our Log every day for the next 12 days - Then I fancy we
should very soon see the dear home - that we left so many
months ago [sic]. How long the year did seem to me when
we left home - before we could be there again - And how very
soon it has almost passed - and how great a change has come
to us dear Thomas - We have a little baby born to us - A
Precious [sic] little charge - and what a comfort (as Mr.
Rev. Harding said -) the little creature has been to us -
and will be if we are but allowed to keep him - I sometimes
fear darling that we are not grateful enough to the Giver of
all our Blessings - for this most valued gift - and that he
will take it to himself again - We must trust in Him & pray
Him to spare it yet a little longer - & give us hearts to
love, & praise him for all his mercies to us.

(70) The dear child seems nicely today - & looks as handsome as a picture, a pretty picture too. I do think we have a handsome boy - I do wonder too - if he is handsome, or if I am only looking thro' eyes of love. It cannot be that, for I am certain my eyes of love do not always see beauty in the objects they look upon - and yet the love does not diminish [sic, for 'diminish'] one iota - Thank God, that that is so - for I wonder who would ever love poor homely I - if it was only where there was something to admire that the love was given. Thomas tells me today - that our baby has got all my beauty - that I am getting as "thin & lantern-jawed" - & ugly looking as possible. It is a pity I think - that I should lose any beauty - I never saw that I had any - & if any one has seen any in me - I regret it exceedingly that I have lost it - One would say I [illegible word] to read this - that Thomas must have had a powerful glass, to see the Beauty that he tells me about losing - Well, my baby has enough - & if I am homely to our home friends, they can look at him -

our precious little baby I [sic] - truly he is a darling -

(71) Monday
Aug 6th

Funny weather for these latitudes we are having. Where we thought we were having brisk N.E. Trades - we are today in the enjoyment of a Calm. Have been within the past 24 hours 108 miles. Tis too bad - when we were so confident last night of making upwards of 160 a day for the next ten days - and to be in N. York in just three weeks from last night - going in the "26th of Aug" - as Thomas did last year. Feeling a little cross - as my dissappointments are always inclined to make me - Gixed a Flannel Petticoat for my little boy. He grows so fast that those he has been wearing are all too small - & being made for night petticoats or with only one breadth - I am putting two together, & have them just right for now. I do not want him to wear either of his nice ones - He has three that I am keeping for Home wear - This is the 109th day at Sea - 2069 miles left for us to pass over - before we shall reach Sandy Hook. Thomas says he is in hopes to get in Sunday - I want to either the Friday before or after - so that I could have the dear soul to go home with me - & if we get in the first of the week - he will not

(72) be able to leave the Ship - for several days - & I will have to take our darling boy home to [illegible word] to his Grandparents & Aunts & Uncles - all alone - I would not mind the going alone at all - only the not having Thomas to be recieved with me is what I am regretting - What a joyful meeting it will be if our dear people are all living - There is one pleasure in being away from friends - the joy of meeting them again - I know that meeting with my dear husband has always been a joy anticipated for many months before the realization of it which was indeed joyful - The suspense that we are in previous to the arrival is always unpleasant - for so many months pass by after their leaving before we can again hear from them - But we trust in God in this as in all things - and pray that He will spare us all for several more reunions here on Earth & fit us to be united at last in that heavenly house where there are known no partings -

(73) Tuesday This is the 110th day at Sea - we have sailed 135 miles making the
Aug 7th whole number of miles 10897. and leaving us 1934 miles more before
we arrive at Sandy Hook - Took Eddy out for a little while after
giving him his bath - and he is getting to notice things &
persons some what when we take him out. But it is such a pleasure
to give the little fellow his Bath. We put him into his Tub
every morning now - and he seems to enjoy it so much. Will begin
to laugh & talk his baby prattle - as soon as we commence to
undress him - & the same at night - thinking I expect that he is
going into his tub again. I never saw a baby before but what
made a terrible fuss about being washed & dressed - It may be that
I was so very anxious to have plenty of water coming out - & he
has taken it from me - & then again his Father enjoys his Baths
very much. I know that Mother will love to help me to give him
his baths when I get home - but she will caution me so many
times to be careful - not once thinking that I have had him all
to myself to do with as I pleased from the first.

(74) Wednesday Aug 8th - Another fine day with rather slow trades. We have been hoping to have winds giving us at least 280 miles daily - and we are only having 135. and the past 24 hours have had but 131 miles. If we can have that every day we shall soon be with our loved ones at home - but I fear after we lose the Trades we shall have less and less on our Log every day. We have 1803 miles left - I am so anxious to get down to three figures - It will seem so much less to us - even tho' not much - Sit upon Deck every Evening with Thomas & talk over our getting home. It will be such a joyous time - if - (?) Mr. Stearns made a queer remark to me today - Said he - "Well I hope there wont be any Deaths, Marriages, or Births in my family - that latter would be worse than any other to happen in my Fathers family " - If he meant to any of his Sisters of course it would be worse than Death - but to his Mother - I should prefer it - I imagine His Father has a second wife, & their little son is only about five years old I think. I wonder if Mr. & Mrs. W.F.S. [?] have a Son

(75) or a daughter. Mr. Stearns wanted a boy, & she wanted a girl -
We used to talk about it - & say that hers was a boy & mine a
girl, we would change - I wonder if she would if she had such
a boy as I have got. give him up for all the girls in the world -
I wouldn't change with any one I have ever seen yet - Been sewing
for the little dear today - I am sorry that I have'nt his Blanket
finished - I should have had it - if I had been able to have
worked - I believe I was busy always when I was well enough -
before he was born - And now I find my time is mostly given to
him - let alone all sewing or Reading when baby calls - He lays
on the bed now talking as loud & laughing & throwing his hands
& feet - If he keeps on improving - he will walk as well as
talk by the time we get home. He calls me Gus already - Thomas
says every day "Oh Gus he wont live I know " - I dont relish
his saying so at all for I have fears of the same thing myself -
he is such a bright baby. Perhaps he is no smarter

(76) than any other - but I can say - he is the smartest one that I have ever happened to see - Perhaps those I have seen did not show their bright sides - Our little dear may be thought particularly stupid by the people at home - He'll have to appear entirely different from what he is now if he does - So ['wrote'?] it be - We'll wait & see - only a little longer I trust tho' will we have to wait -

Thursday
August 9. Very light Trades indeed - Spent a small part of the morning upon deck with my little son. The remainder of the day was busy sewing - in the Cabin - and he laying upon the bed - amusing himself, and me too. in a great measure (not a ['peck'?]) with his sweet little prattle. He will lie upon the bed and talk and laugh as long as he likes - then if his clothes are all dry he will close his little eyes - (not small either - Thomas calls them his Auntie Nell's great blue eyes) and go sweetly to sleep. Altogether every thing considered, he is a bright beautiful child if I do say it - Every day my own ugliness is made more

(77) and more apparent to me. Thomas calls me the baby's old

Mother - Says the folks at home will all say. "Why "Gus" [sic]

how old you have grown - & how homely too" - My nose he says

is more conspicuous than ever - now that my face is getting thin.

Well, I can't help it - I have got a handsome baby & can well

afford to lose all my good looks - few tho' I had, for him -

I shall try to keep all my beautiful traits of character - & we

all know that beauties of heart & soul are more valuable than

beauties of face & form - [handwriting changes here - to

Thomas' I think] "so mote it be"! [back to Gus's writing]

Some persons cannot see their own ugliness - but I can see it

for them - I wonder if he for whom that was intended will

understand? He is rather stupid - I have my doubts about it.

[Thomas' writing again] how very funny my wife is. I am really

stupid in some things more, especially in her estimation, than

in the eyes of the world. Ahem! - [back to Gus's writing] Our

course today has been N W 1/4 W. 113 miles, leaving us 1690

miles more before we reach our loved native land - "God bless

our Native Land"

(78) Friday - Bah!!! Prodigiously awful certainly - Only 94 miles within the
Aug. 10th

past 24 hours - I am fairly disheartened - I feel so miserably
all the time - and then again, I am so anxious to get home to
show this darling Baby - Ingratitude is one of my redeeming
traits, I suppose I do appear ungrateful for all favors - since
I have been accused of it so many times - but I certainly do
not feel so - and wish some persons would be convinced of it -
But it is more than I can do - The time may come when you will
see that your wife is not the worst person living - Spent a
part of the day on deck - with the baby - the remainder was busy
getting things a little in order - to carry home - Packed Eddy's
toys - & some of his soiled clothes that he wont wear any more
'till we get home - 1606 miles left according to my reconing
[sic] instead of D.R. I fear we shall not get home till Ned is
off to Cambridge - & I should be so sorry not to see him at
home if I am to leave again particularly -

(79) We have now 16 days to get in the same day that Thomas arrived last year - & we are so many miles away I dont know whether we are to do it or not - I wish & wish - & that is all I can do - If blowing would do any good I'd try my best - I want very much to get home to get relief for my Piles - They are the most painful things I ever had in my life - and I fear if I dont get relief soon - I shall get them Seated [?] so that there will be no cure at all - My Canker is about the same - I am using some Myrrh & Borac ['Borae'?] & Honey for my mouth now - & for my Piles I use Tar & Opium. & Sulpher [sic] inside - I ought to be better if dosing would do it -

Saturday Aug 11th. Nice day spent a portion of it upon deck with my young son in

my lap sleeping - and my old husband beside me engaged in finishing his "half model" that he is building for his wife - Very good of him I think to take so much pains with all those little things as he is doing. He has his Ship all completed and it

(80) a beautiful thing [sic] - He has given that to either me or the boy - One day it is mine, & the next the boys - and the third day - his own. I am not at all particular which of us three claims it for his own - since what is Thomas is mine - & so with Eddy's á la présent, at least. Ended the day by a little discussion upon Economy - not "Political Economy" - but Domestic - Hope we may both Profit from it - 114th day at Sea - Sailed 118 miles. whole distance 11353 miles -

Sunday. This our 115th day at Sea - is a most delightful one - It reminds
Aug 12th me of our beautiful Spring days - The air is perfectly divine - and we have been enjoying it - Thomas took his wife & Son upon the Poop for a couple of hours this forenoon - and we both, or all, I may say, for little Eddy seemed much pleased - enjoyed it hugely - We have been having a good breeze for the past few hours - and I hope it may continue so for several days - It will help it along towards N. York "stunning" - ly [sic] as Ned would say - Our little one went into a Tub of Salt Water this morning instead of Fresh - He does

(81) enjoy his baths so much it is really a pleasure to give them to him - 145 miles the past 24 hours - leaving us 1350 more. and with good breezes we could easily make that in 10 days - but we give ourselves about 15 more -

Monday Still we are going on at a good rate of 146 miles - bringing us
13th each day considerably nearer our destined port - The distance from Bombay to New York is 12848 miles - We have sailed 11644 miles - leaving us 1204 more. How anxious our people are getting about this time - They speak of us nearly every meal. and wonder if the Old Sabine is not most in [sic] - With the blessing of Heaven & prosperous breezes - we shall soon be there to talk it all over with them - The baby is getting every day more & more troublesome - He is a darling little creature - but he is very cross for a few days - I am sorry, for he has been such a good boy - that I was in hopes he would continue so - till he had his reputation started at least, with the home people - Oh dear - how poorly this book looks - I am writing

(82) sitting on the bed with my book in my lap - and every other word
have to stop & hush the boy - The ship too is a little unsteady.

Tuesday 14th Moderate Trades & light rain Squalls - The weather is getting
almost intolerable when the cabin is closed particularly. We
usually rise about five & a half - have a cup of coffee & a
piece of cake - Read our chapter in the Bible - then play
awhile with the boy - and we find it "six bells" time to Bathe
& Dress - for Breakfast at "8 Bells." I have taken all my
meals in the Cabin since the baby came - as I felt afraid to
leave him with Nancy. She seems to have very little gumption
about taking care of a child - (& what dont [sic]she have little
about, except washing his Diapers)! After breakfast - or just
before Eddy goes to sleep - then Thomas smokes and I get his
things ready for dressing and we bathe him - for I cannot hold
him in his Tub & wash too - he is so much pleased with the
water that he throws himself about - I am afraid of his
springing out of my arms -

(83) After his dressing I usually take him out upon Deck - where I sit while Nancy clears up the Cabin - Chota wants to eat every few moments - So that I have to come in occasionally for that purpose. Our 117 day at Sea - We have sailed 149 miles - making the distance to New York 1050 miles -

Wednesday 15 - Brisk Trades - and as this the 118th day closes we have made our run of 127 miles. bringing us into Lat. $28^{\circ} 42'$ - Long $61^{\circ} 56'$ - Our distance to Sandy Hook is now 932 miles - Have been finishing off some things prior to getting in - As I wish the boys things all in order -

Thursday 16th The distance is every day getting less and less between us and our dear friends at home. I can hardly realize that the year has so nearly passed - It does not seem possible when I look back to the day we parted with our dear Mothers on the Wharf - & our Sisters & Brothers down Boston Bay. and think how the time seemed to me - before I should again be so near them - that the time

(84) has almost come when with the blessing of Heaven, & prosperity attending us - we shall soon press them to our loving hearts -

And when I look over all the time that has passed - the various scenes that we have met with, and the birth of my baby - the greatest event of all my life - then it seems more than would be possible to crowd into so short a space of time. My baby has been with us now only a few days over ten weeks - and it seems to me that I have always had him - He seems so old too -

It my be - that is because we have seen no babies - And too!

we saw little Julie Mrs. Hardings baby - She is 8 months old - and she seemed no brighter or more forward in any thing than does little Eddy - I reccollect [sic] one Evening Mr. Harding called me into the Nursery to see how cunning she looked. She was sleeping in her little crib - & had turned herself over upon her side. He said she was beginning to do that - & he thought it very cunning - Our little boy already turns himself over - every

(85) night and really begins to have quite an idea of "cuddling."

He is such a sweet little pet of a Bed-fellow - I shall not have him sleep with me at home, I think - and too, his Father will want him to - I suppose - for the sake of himself having him in the bed with him - Since the poor man has been turned out of bed ever since Chota came. He says now he shall be quite delighted to get into a bed once more. I often tease him - telling him I have slept away from him so long that I presume I shall prefer to at home - He says if I do he shall take the baby - or go in with Nellie - We are today the 119th day at Sea - in Lat. $29^{\circ} 56' N$ - Long $63^{\circ} 23' W$. Have sailed during the day 106 miles - Whole distance sailed 12026 miles - The distance to Sandy Hook is 826 miles - and during the past week we have sailed 885 miles - so that it seems strangely unfortunate for us if we cannot be home in one more week. We have still the Bermuda Islands to pass - & they expect bad weather & Head winds -

(86) Friday 17th Sets in with moderate breezes & fine weather. We find that all sail on our ship will not sail but 7 knots per hour. Squally & black looking - and the day ended with brisk gales from S.W. Double reefs in Top-Salis [sic] - Thomas & I both suffering from a terrible headache - loss of sleep the cause probably. Had an awful fright in the afternoon - tho' Thomas calls me foolish for being frightened - One of the chain links parted at the wheel. and with such a Sea on - as we had then - I did apprehend danger - & with good cause too I imagine tho' they wont admit it. We are about 35 miles from Bermuda today - in Lat. $31^{\circ} 41' N$ - & Long $65^{\circ} 26' W$. 149 miles - leaving us with only 677 miles between us & New York - If we could only have good breezes - and make our 140 miles - for "a few days"! [sic] how joyfully we would help John Read sing "Few Days" - & any other that we can sing as well as that - I do hope that we can be in in one more week - & in Season to go home too - that week -

(87) Saturday "Lovey" (as Mrs. Harding calls her husband) sits at one side of
18th

the table writing in his journal - I, the other side writing
mine - I shall not write up mine 'till he finishes his - that I
may get from his a more accurate account of the State of the
weather - & the distances &c - than I can from my own observa-
tion - Our little son lies in his hammock sweetly sleeping -
perfectly unconscious of all danger - knows nothing but
innocence - Dear little fellow - I hope he may always be as
free from all wrong as he is at this time - We are now only 600
miles from N York - how soon with good winds we might be there -
Why can't we have them - Our dear folks are now looking in good
earnest for the Sabine - Tho' this is only the 121st day & last
year she was 157 they hope - & hoping, believe she will be
there sooner - God grant that our passage may not exceed 130
days - Lat 32° 50 N. Long 65° 57' W. Sailed 79 miles - leaving
us 600 miles as I have said once before - 12250 miles.

(88) Sunday Miserére! Here we are seven miles further from New York than we
19th

were yesterday. At this rate I fancy we shall not be in - on
our next Sabbath. Calms seem to be the order of the day - this
day at least - How dreadfully provoking it is - when with good
breezes we might reach our destination in four days - to be
driven about and back every day - I do wrong to find fault, I am
aware when we have been prospered [sic] so far - but how can I
help it, when I am so anxious to get hom? The baby too is
getting every day older & larger - and I almost fear they
wont see their first child - grand & Nephew - a little baby.
Gave him his Bath this morning which he seemed to enjoy hugely.
Thomas says he should not be surprised if the little fellow
should make a great ado about it the first time he is washed
at home. If he should, & continue it - they would never
believe he had enjoyed it so much at Sea. One year ago tonight -
I was with Mother Hendee & Jennie down on

(89) the Wharf in Boston - looking for the coming of this same old "Sabine." Little did I think that I should be one of those that would be looked for on her arrival in one year from that time. How singular everything is in this life. Jennie it may be, is herself on the great waters now - tho' I hardly think it - It would be rather strange if she were to be in N York just ready for leaving from the Golden land and from that for the Land of Wedlock when we arrive. But No! she would not leave when She is expecting her Brother so soon I know. Even tho' she did perhaps dissappoint her Charlie - I am quite anxious to hear how Nellie's correspondance has terminated - if at all - I dreamed a curious dream about her the other night - It was - as if I had just returned - & I asked her how Mr. C.W.H. [?] was - She said he was there a few weeks before & was well - I questioned her some time - and finally she said - she would tell me tho' he did not wish

(90) her to mention it to any person - He was sitting with her one evening - & says Oh Nellie - I wish you would put my daguerreotype out of sight - I dont want any one to see it here. Nellie said - You can take it yourself - & put it where it wont be seen. He then told her - he supposed he had done very wrong - in calling so often upon her - & writing to her - as he had perhaps been giving her encouragement - & he did not wish to - for he was engaged to another, & to a young lady in Andover - Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's daughter - I asked Nellie if she felt badly - & if she let him see that she did - She said No indeed she would'nt have had him - and she gave him to understand so - But I could see, so I thought in my dream that she had been troubled by something - for she was very pale & thin - & I concluded that was the cause - tho' I did not tell her so - I hope such is not

(91) the case - Thomas & I rather like the idea of Willard - "Boots" are expensive articles. And since we do so well in "Kerosine" [sic] with one member of the family - think it would be profitable to have an interest in another. I do wonder if one week from today will find us still afloat or if in N York - or in Boston. or last tho' by no means least in Lowell - Mr. Cromwell has promised to get a breeze tonight - Success attend him! My poor dear Husband dont say much about it - from the fact I suppose that the full soul is silent [?] - Lat. 32° 23' N. Long 66° 30' West. [writing changes to Thomas'] I am questioned so very much about the weather & the barometer - that if it varies in the least from what I say the results are - I am accused of telling two stories - one to the passengers - & one to my wife - so I have to be very careful what I say or what remark I make! [back to Gus' writing] One would not suppose it was neccessary [sic] to question - But I have to - & then seldom get any satisfactory answers -

(92) Monday One of my days gone - and only 51 miles in the past 24 hours.
Aug 20th

I already begin to get dreadfully impatient - I am suffering so much with my Canker - that I am more than ever anxious to arrive to get relief - for I fear if I do not soon that I never shall unless I wean my little baby - and I shall be very sorry to do that. Beautiful weather we are having - and see little Land Birds around quite a lot of them. Commenced reading a book of Mr. Stearns - The Martins of Cro Martin By Charles ['Lever'?]. It is quite a nice ['racy'?] affair - Lat. 32° 58' Long 67° 14'. 558 miles.

Tuesday. Better luck today - We have made the extraordinary run of 95
Aug 21st miles - and therefore find ourselves 440 miles from Sandy Hook. Thomas says he is quite certain that he will take a Pilot about 9 o'clock Thursday night - I hope he may not be dissappointed - I have commenced a letter to send home as soon as we arrive - Sat upon deck three hours last evening - Saw the most

(93) Beautiful Meteor I ever saw in my life. It shot from SE. about 70° high - took a slow course to N.NW. about 90°. It seemed as if we saw it very nearly a minute. Thermometer standing at 85°. Lat - 34° 10' Long 68° 27'. Whole distance sailed 12436 miles - 124th Day.

Wednesday Find beautiful weather - but oh dear very nearly calm. 'Tis too
Aug 22nd bad - only a two day Sail from New York to be "batter fanging" ['butter funging'?] round here so long. I would not care if we were two or three weeks more if I was feeling better. But to speak honestly about the matter, I think I am miserably - Not yet past all cure - but if delayed much longer I fear I should be. We have been boarded by a boat from the Bark Frederick ['Laning'?] 20 days from New Orleans for Marseilles. He gave us papers up to the 15th of July - which were very acceptable tho' they were all N. Orleans papers - not as interesting to us as Boston or N York would have been - We learn from them however that the Great Eastern [?] is in N. York - and that the price of admission is one dollar

(94) a head - We are today in Lat. $35^{\circ} 07'$. Long $69^{\circ} 37'$. making since yesterday 82 miles N.W. Whole distance Sailed is 12518 miles - To Sandy Hook 390 miles - and this our 125th Day at Sea. Oh dear will we be at home this week - Not home this week - but in N. York - I hope that Nellie will not neglect to write me in N York - that I may get it on our arrival. It will relieve the agony of suspense so much - for I find the nearer we are to getting in - the greater do I feel that agony to be. We change our plans nearly every day about getting home. Last night we decided that if we get in Sunday to send merely a Telegram saying "Sabine arrived, such a time, All well - Gus leaves for Boston &c" - Not making any mention of the little Stranger I am in hopes to take them - It would be such a pleasant surprise to them all. Then I should arrive in Boston Tuesday morning - Would go directly to Mother Hendee's where I'd remain 'till the

(95) 2½ Train, and then go up to Lowell with Father - How many

wonderings there will be - when they know that we have arrived -
as to whether we have got a baby to bring home. Prescious little
fellow! - I have one of the dearest little boys in all the world -
& I only thank God for his kind preservation of him thus long -
& pray for his continuance of his kindness & Mercy -

Thursday
Aug 23rd

Today is the one that Thomas had fixed upon to take a Pilot on
board - but I believe he has given up the idea 'till about next
Saturday night. I can't imagine who the "Jonah" is that we
have amongst us - and it is just as well perhaps that I dont
know - since if I did they could incur my sincere hatred to
the end of the passage - I know it does one prescious little
good to find fault - but yet who can help it? Surely not I -
who when well & happy have not the most amiable disposition in
the world - and now I do believe it is worse than ever - The
good I did have is fast fading away - as well as all my good
looks - I have

(96) always been fearful that if I had a baby, I should fatten up tremendously - I shall never have any more such fears - for I should prefer to be as large as is Mother Hendee to being like a spindle. My heighth will not admit of my being very poor [sic] - Oh dear - well - I was'nt to find any more fault about the Sailing - but trust in God to our getting home some time - I am so impatient - How delightful tho' it will be - the first few days - if we are not bored to death by persons calling - These same people that one "must see" are very terrible inflictions sometimes. They are always there at just the wrong time - They come in moments when their presence is only a discord to all our thoughts - and the worst of it is - they dont know it. They have such an awful amount of self-esteem - they imagine they can never be any but welcome visitors - Some there are - in my circle of acquaintances - & I shall shortly (prove this to be true -) after I get home.

(97) We are now in Latitude $35^{\circ} 55'$ North. & Longitude $70^{\circ} 20'$ West -
having made since yesterday noon - the enormous run of 60
miles - But there is a Breeze expected now I believe. The
falling of the Barometer indicates that we may expect a change -
& if we have a change - it must be a Breeze - for we have had
none lately. Whole distance sailed is 12578 miles. Sandy Hook
329 miles 126 Days at Sea.

Friday - We have not made the progress during the past 24 hours that we
Aug 24th

had hoped to - Being in the Gulf Stream - and an Easterly
Current against us - we have made but 96 miles - leaving us 230
miles from Sandy Hook - How very much more impatient do I find
myself the shorter the distance gets - I suppose it will be so
'till the end of the passage, and when that will be - we have
none of us the power of preseeing [?]. I wonder if Mother
Hendee has not consulted her old friend in regard to our
coming - and our precious baby! I dare to say she

(98) has several times - An old fool! [or '?'] she does tell some things correctly - and I must confess that she really comforted me not a little one year ago this time. Just one year ago today it was that we were sitting in Mother Hendee's parlor and I asked her to go down to the old womans - that I would pay for it - if she would - She went - and came back quite delighted - saying that the old Stone [?] said he would be there within two days - and sure enough he was in just two days - The gift of looking into the future, has never yet, I believe been given to any human power - still many believe it - and I am foolish enough to like to listen to those who think they have it - I do not want to hear the bad that they may think they see for me - Only the good - Trouble comes fast enough - & so indeed does the future - It is present with us - before we are aware - and could we see it - one half the pleasure would be lost - for now we have it in the anticipation - More anon.

(99) Latitude 37° 16' North - Longitude - 71° 23' West. 12674 miles

Sailed - 127th Day.

Saturday Only to think of it - Thomas has been to Sea nearly eleven
Aug 25th

years - and has never had a Cyclone Gale - or a Hurricane till

this present voyage. It seems to me almost as if it were to

disgust me with the Sea entirely - and I can say most assuredly

that if that was the object it has succeeded most admirably.

Two Cyclones - One tremendous Hurricane, and Cape of Good Hope

gales without number - The day commenced with brisk increasing

breezes from SSE. & black looking at SW. took in [illegible

word - maybe a type of sail] at 1 P.M. At 2. It commenced to

rain & the wind hauled South in a squall. At 3 raining in

torrents - and wind coming in gusts. Barometer falling very

fast. All hands were called - & they began to shorten Sail just

as fast as possible - & at 4.30 had the Ship under two close

reefed topsails - and the wind almost a hurricane. At 5. Thomas

came to the sad conclusion that the Ship was running into a

Cyclone whose centre [sic] would

(100) pass our position - & that 'twas best to "heave to" which he did on Port tack under Main topsail close reefed & [illegible word] topmast stay-sail - At 6 a fierce hurricane - and the Sea very much confused - The Ship pitching her bows under the water every moment - There were several little birds around some of which were found on deck in the morning. Thomas says he never has seen so fiendishly frightful, a sky in his life - of a brassy yellow tint - such an one as strikes terror to the heart of a Sailor - At 8. P.M. - the wind died away to a Calm - and at 8.30 commenced to breeze up again. Thomas was at the wheel himself - helping steer - from 2 'till 6 - not daring to trust any of the Sailors to do it alone - The morning was beautiful and at 8 o'clock we were going along 4. knots - per hour. I have kept this according to Sea account - from the noon 'till the next morning - having taken part from Thomas' journal - as I was too frightened to observe much myself - over -

((101)
no #)

Barometer Movements.

Wind	Time	Barom.	Ther at	Air	Water	Remarks -
S.S.E. PM	3.00	29.89	82°	81°	81°	Brisk rain - In gusts -
S.E.	4.35	" .79	"	"	"	Fierce gusts -
"	.40	" .75	"	"	"	"
E.S.E.	.50	" .74	"	"	"	"
E.B S.	5.10	" .72	"	"	"	Hove to - fierce gale -
"	.45	" .66	"	"	"	Hurricane -
"	.55	" .62	83°	"	"	"
S.S.E.	6.00	" .60	"	"	"	"
"	.05	" .59	"	"	"	Sky fiendish looking.
"	.10	" .57	"	78°	"	"
"	.15	" .55	"	"	80°	"
"	.20	" .52	"	"	"	Perfect hurricane - Sea awful
South.	.30	" .51	"	"	"	"
"	.40	" .46	"	"	"	"
"	.45	" .45	81°	"	"	"
S.B W.	.55	" .48	"	"	"	Pale blue lightning all
Calm	7.00	" .44	"	79°	"	about. Hurricane abating.
"	.20	" .42	"	"	"	Brightening up at the West -
"	.35	" .40	"	"	"	Hurricane & clouding up
NW.	.40	" .43	"	78°	"	black again.
SW.	8.00	" .44	"	"	"	"
WSW.	.15	" .49	"	"	"	
West.	.30	" .50	"	"	"	
"	10.00	" .67	"	"	"	

((102)
no #)

I wish I was not so terribly timid - It seemed to me last night as if I should be crazy - I was really fearful of it. My head seemed to be in a perfect whirl and I think if I am to see many more such gales as these of this present voyage, a room in Somerville had better be engaged for me at once. My little boy seems to be troubled as well as my self - He was very worrisky during the evening 'till after 8 - when I put him in his hammock - and rocked him - and the little fellow went to sleep - & did not waken again 'till after 3. o'clock. He enjoys that very much - & I shall take it home for him. The remainder of the day fine - Sat upon deck during the evening - and discovered a Brigantine close upon us - The first sail that I have seen first - since was came out. Mr. Stearns thought I ought to have a Silver medal - & Thomas said I should be upon the Lookout - for we were all sitting there - & the Lookout on, but no one saw it, till I spoke -

((103) no #) We reconed it up and concluded that with going 4 knots, we could get into N. York Monday morning at four o'clock - I do sincerely hope we may not be dissappointed again - Nous verrons - We were at noon in Latitude $38^{\circ}.09$. Longitude $71^{\circ} 57$. Our course NWBN. 60 miles - whole distance Sailed 12734 miles - To Sandy Hook - 170 miles - 128 days at Sea.

Sunday. How well do I remember one year ago today - I was at Mother
Aug 26th Hendee's waiting for the coming of my dear husband in this same old Sabine. I had watched and waited for 6 long weeks - had asked every one I knew every time I saw them if there were no vessels telegraphed - & this day, Mrs. Wheeler was spending with us - Father came in to see us in the forenoon about 12 o'clock - having just come from the Exchange - No tidings he said - but not to be discouraged for Mr. Tredick was not getting at all so - We were sitting at dinner at about a quarter of two - when Father again came to the door - Saying "the Sabine is coming

((104) no #) in tow of a Steamer will be up in two hours - What joyful news that was to us all can only be realized by experience [sic] - Suffice it to say that there were tears, & smiles - smiles & tears. We had about seven different gentlemen come in to tell us of her arrival - and at six the dear soul came himself - looking handsomer to me than I ever before saw him - But this is intended for a journal of this year - & I find myself wandering back a twelve month. This is so apropos - I could not help it, for no doubt she is as anxiously watched for now as she was then. Dissappointment is marked on the faces of us all today - We were hoping to be nearly in - and find this morning on rising - a Head Wind was to be our portion - Pray heaven it may not be, many hours [sic] of the day. [Thomas' writing interrupts here] Dont I catch it(?) Pity me - for I need it badly - [Gus again] I think it best not to give him an opportunity to say that again -

((105) no #) Today at Noon we were in Lat. $39^{\circ} 68'$ North - Long. $72^{\circ} 13'$

West. Had made but 67 miles since the noon before - Making in

all 12801 miles - To Sandy Hook 103 miles - 129th Day at Sea -

Only think of that & weep - 103 miles and here we are likely to

be for as many days for aught I see to the contrary. It is

dreadfully agrivating ! sic ! & no mistake - My darling little

baby is not well - has not been since we got across the Gulf

Stream. Thomas says they always take cold - & I fear he has -

for he is very worrissime today - and his eyes look quite badly -

Dear little creature I hope he will keep well 'till we get home -

then I can do so much better for him - Glorious nights - The

sky was beautiful tonight - We sat & gazed upon it - 'till we

got out of all patience Seeing the Ship head E.SE. when she

should be - W.N.W. that we could'nt stand it any longer - & came

to our Cabin - & soon after I was ensconced in my little bed -

beneath the curtains - away from "Roaches" - with my little

"pet" - just above me in his Hammock - and my

((106) no #) dear old pet just across the room - stretched out on the Sofa -

pretending to be deeply interested in "The Martins of Cro

Martin - but I think in his heart he was crying out - Oh Wind -

Wind - Wind - & New York Pilot - Made out some Reports -

Monday Finished the Reports for the several Newspapers - quite early
Aug 27th

this morning - lest with this delightful Head wind - we should

find ourselves in N Y - before we knew it - I suppose every one

will say what was your Cargo - & rather than charge

my memory with Linseed & Buffalo Hides - I will put down the

same that I gave the Reports - Cargo - Per "Sabine" - 2000 Bags

Linseed - 2400 half Bags Ditto - 310 Bags Saltpeter - 8 Bales

Salted Sheep Skins - 19 Bales Cow Hides - 18 Bales Tanned Sheep

Skins - 37 Bales Buffalo Hides - 100 Bales Wool. 7262 Bags

Linseed - 104 Bales ['Madden Root'?] - 320 Bags Coriander Seed -

12 Bags Carraway Seed - 169 Bags Gull ['Gall'?] Nuts - 124 Bales

Wood - 4 Cases of Marble Antiquities from the Ruins of Ninevah -

When shall we have an opportunity to see this in Print -

((107) no #) I am getting worse and worse every day - I am certain that Thomas will say "of two Evils choose the least," in going again - and prefer to leave a cross, fretful, peevish wife at home to taking her with him - for such I am now. I am aware of it all - & yet know not how to remedy it. I am sick - Bodily sick - if ever a person was - and heart-sick at being so near home so many days, and not able to reach it - And then again my dear baby is so dreadfully chafed his little legs are very sore - He is so fat and the weather has been so warm, must be the cause - for I can attach no neglect to myself as being the Cause. I do not believe there ever was a baby that had been more carefully attended to than has mine - It may be over-cure - for I have always been very particular to change his clothes as soon as he is wet - and always dusted him with powder every time I have changed. I long so much to be at home that I can have better accommodations for the dear child - & that I can get something for

((108) no #) myself too - It does not seem as if I can stand it many days

longer - But I suppose I shall have to - as there is not the

least prospect of our getting in for one day -

'Tis the dead of night, & an old man stands
At a closed gate with uplifted hands,
And the tear drops freeze on his sunken cheeks,
As with quivering, feeble voice he speaks;
And tells to the night, in saddened tone,
Of sunshine fled, & of pleasure gone.

O, ope the gate, for the night is cold -
My pulse is weak, & my limbs are old;
Afar I've wandered, & sad have been
The sights which my weeping eyes have seen;
O, Angel open - I fain would rest
My weary head on the Past's soft breast.

Unbar the gate, for the hour is nigh
For a year to be born, & for me to die.
My feet are sore, & I wearied come;
O! open the gate, & take me home!
I've wandered far since, a year ago
A babe I was cradled in ice & snow.

Bright shone the morn as I laughed in glee
At the glorious future that waited me; -
But all is past, - here at last I stand

((110) no #) At the gate of Time, with uplifted hand.
O, Angel list, - for my failing breath
Asks peace, repose, in the rest of death.

Eleven strokes from the clock had told
That the year was weary & worn & old; -
An hour, and the pealing echoes flew
To tell that the year was young & new.
The angel had heard, and unbarred the door.
And the old man rested for ever more.

Edw. Sprague Rand Jr.

Written at Sea - Aug 27th 1860.

((111) no #)

Vessels spoken by the Ship Sabine - on her
Passage from Bombay to New York. 1860.

April 28th Latitude $7^{\circ} 40'$; North. Longitude $68^{\circ} 49'$; East. Ship "Antelope"

8. A.M.

(Cole Master) 112 days from London for Bombay - Capt. came on
board, & breakfasted with us.

May 24th Lat. $24^{\circ} 12'$; South. Long $53^{\circ} 14'$ East. British Bark Brittanica

5. P.M.

48 days from Manilla to London. All well -

June 6th Lat $33^{\circ} 28'$ South, Long $29^{\circ} 38'$ East Br - Bark Glengariff

9. A.M.

54 days from Singapore to Liverpool.

June 9th Lat 36° S. Long $23^{\circ} 45'$ E. Swedish Brig "Emelie" 42 days from

2. P.M.

Bartavia for Stockholm.

June 12th Lat $35^{\circ} 45'$ S. Long $22^{\circ} 50'$ E. was seen an American Bark -

9. A.M.

double topsails - showing private signal Blue ground - red
borders - with white letters (N.C.) steering west.

June 22 Lat $35^{\circ} 9'$ S. Long $20^{\circ} 30'$ E. Br Bark "Sir Chas Napier."

3. P.M.

57 days from Bombay to N. York -

((112) no #)

June 23 Lat $35^{\circ} 32'$ S. Long $19^{\circ} 56'$ E. Br Ship "Mindoro" 43 days from
9. A.M.
Bombay towards Liverpool.

June 23rd Lat. $35^{\circ} 26'$ S. Long $19^{\circ} 40'$ E. Br Ship "Queen of the East"
4. P.M.
70 days from Calcutta to Liverpool.

July 1st Lat $27^{\circ} 55'$ South. Long $9^{\circ} 00'$ East - Am Ship "Andes" 60 days
4. P.M.
from Penang to Boston.

July 4th Lat. $24^{\circ} 10'$ South - Long $5^{\circ} 01'$ E. Br. Bark "Maid of Tyre" 59
10. A.M.
days from [looks like 'Cochin'] to London.

Aug 22nd Lat $35^{\circ} 07'$ North. Long $69^{\circ} 37'$ W. Boarded by a boat from Am.
12. A.M.
Bark Frederick Lening [?]. 20 days from N Orleans, for
Marseilles.

((114) no #) Presents recieved while in Bombay.
(113 is blank)

One silver Decanter Stand. 3 Stained glass decanters.

" Pickle [sic] " " " " jars.

These from M. Ally -

One pair Silver Salts, stained glasses inside,

One silver covered Butter Cooler. Mahomet.

One Emerald Ring. 5 Emeralds. Dossabhoy ['Dunjerking?'].

One Brocade Silk dress. Dossabhoy Merwanjer [?].

Two Bottles Attar of Roses. Cursetjer Merwanjer.

One Decker Muslin dress. T. W. Hendee.

One Infants Cloak.

One hat - for Nanabhoy Pestonjer Hendee Capt. Salter.

Six Jars - Preserved Ginger - Capt Frost.

One Can Raspberries - Capt Eames -

One Jar Butter. Two Bottles Raspberry Vinegar - One doz.

of Fresh Eggs - two tins of Liverpool Biscuits. Capt Salter.

Photographs of the Dossabhoy &c -

One Feather Head-dress - Capt Salter.

June 4th 1860 - Recieved [sic] as a gift from Heaven [sic]

Our darling little boy - a Prescious [sic] treasure.

((115) no #) Ship Sabine Left Bombay April 19th

Crossed Equator Indian Ocean May 5th

Off the Cape of Good Hope 17 Days with [illegible word] strong
westerly Gales.

Passed Cape of Good Hope - June 25th

" St. Henena - July 10th

Crossed Equator Atlantic Ocean - July 24th

Bermuda - August 18th Arrived at Sandy Hook - & took Pilot -

